

S

CREENLAND

April
25c

The
SMART

SCREEN

MAGAZINE



Norma
Shearer



THE REAL GARBO!

CONFESSIONS of a **H**OLLYWOOD **B**ABY

WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?

WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?

WHAT ABOUT TRADER HORN?

The world has been waiting impatiently while METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER has been pouring men, money and genius into the creation of its greatest motion picture! **AT LAST—**



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**FILMED IN
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Based on
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ETHELREDA LEWIS**

Directed by
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with
**HARRY CAREY
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is completed and has been
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"THE BIG PARADE"
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**"THE GREATEST
ADVENTURE
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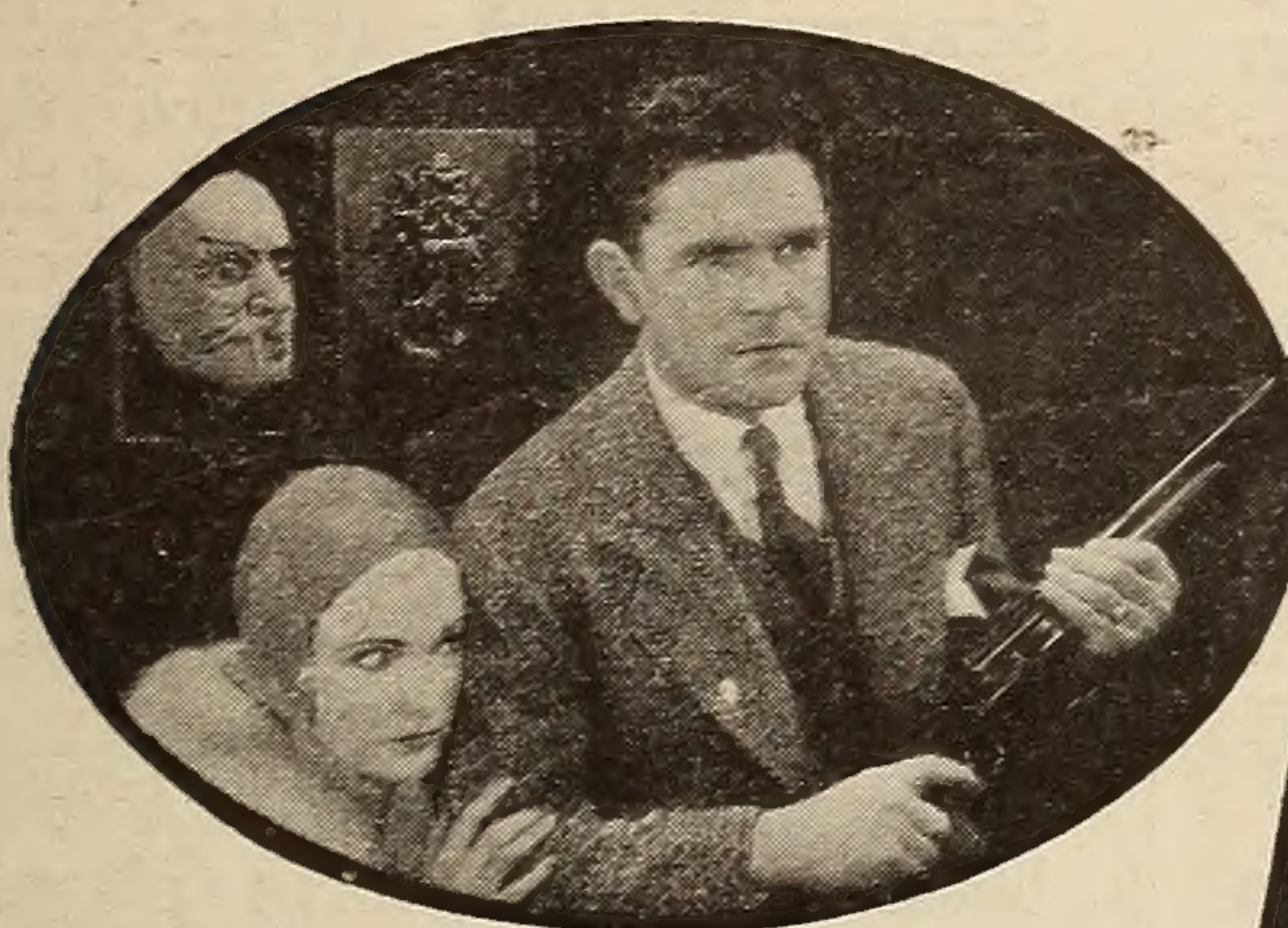
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"ONE YARD TO GO"
MACK SENNETT COMEDY, with
Marjorie Beebe and Frank Eastman. A
football story that will throw Old Man
Gloom for a touchdown of laughs.



"A HAPPY LITTLE HONEYMOON"
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They wanted a quiet honeymoon, but
what they found will keep you shrieking
with thrills and laughs.
An AL CHRISTIE Production.



"GIRLS WILL BE BOYS"
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Greenwood. Lanky Charlotte tackles her
husband's job as piano mover. "It's a
natural for laughs . . . Watch for this one,"
says Photoplay. An AL CHRISTIE Pro-
duction.



With the country headed to-
ward better times, nothing
will speed it up like a good
laugh. Get your share of
laughs by picking your screen
entertainment at the theatres
where the *EDUCATIONAL PIC-
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For *EDUCATIONAL'S* 1931 com-
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for downright fun. Here are
six new ones that prove that
Laughing Days Are Here Again.



**"THE COLLEGE
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MACK SENNETT
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Yola D'Avril. The
new "drawn" teach-
er called it Shake-
speare, but the co-
eds disagreed. As
funny a college
comedy as you ever
saw.



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This is Sterling's
greatest comedy
performance, with a
background of beau-
tiful girls, headed
by Eleanor Hunt.
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IDEAL COMEDY,
with "Seben 'n'
'Leben" (Those Two
Naturals). Popular
stage blackface
comedians in a
comedy that is one
long howl.

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SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*Alma Whitaker, *Western Editor*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

April, 1931

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Vol. XXII, No. 6

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DANGER AHEAD for CLARA BOW!

In the January 1931 issue of SCREENLAND we put the question: "Another Chance for Clara Bow?" We reviewed the red-head's hectic life and career and asked if she would maintain her place on the screen.

You all know what happened. The newspapers played up the latest episode in the fortunes of the It Girl. Clara, herself, was to have played opposite Gary Cooper in "City Streets"—but Sylvia Sidney from the Broadway stage was rushed into her part instead. Clara was given a vacation by her company, with the announcement that when she was rested she would start work in "Working Girl." Meanwhile the battle rages: can Clara Bow, after all her unfortunate publicity, really come back? Will the public accept her? Or will she be consigned to oblivion with the other screen stars whose indiscretions made front-page copy in the past?

Can Clara Bow survive? Watch for the May issue of SCREENLAND for an entirely new angle on the case of Clara!

THE MOTION PICTURE SENSATION OF 1931

RANGO



JESSE L. LASKY

IN the twenty years of my experience as a producer of motion pictures I have never been prouder of any production than I am of "Rango." With a definite idea and story in mind, we sent Mr. Ernest Schoedsack, co-producer of "Chang," "Grass" and "The Four Feathers," into the densest jungles of Sumatra, to film this story in sound. There Mr. Schoedsack spent a year, grimly enduring great privations and danger. The picture he brought back gave me one of the most amazing experiences I have ever had in the theatre, and it is with the greatest personal pride that I, with my associates, offer it to the American public.

Jesse L. Lasky

First Vice-Pres.

Paramount Publix Corp.

Paramount Pictures

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PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK CITY



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REVUETTES

Screenland's guide to the current films—dependable help to an evening of good entertainment

Class A:

★ **CIMARRON.** *Radio.* Richard Dix scores a personal triumph in this Edna Ferber best seller. Irene Dunne and Estelle Taylor are splendid. A 'must'.*

★ **INSPIRATION.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Greta Garbo is lovely as a French siren in a modern but weak story with Robert Montgomery, Beryl Mercer, Lewis Stone and Marjorie Rambeau.*

★ **LITTLE CAESAR.** *First National.* The best crook drama to date with Edward G. Robinson scoring. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Glenda Farrell provide the romance.

★ **PAID.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A Joan Crawford dramatic victory. Story well directed and well acted by Robert Armstrong, Marie Prevost, John Miljan and Kent Douglass.

★ **REACHING FOR THE MOON.** *United Artists.* Grand comedy for the sophisticated. Douglas Fairbanks, Bebe Daniels and Edward Everett Horton do excellent work.

★ **THE BACHELOR FATHER.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* An amusing comedy with plenty of laughs supplied by Marion Davies, C. Aubrey Smith and Ralph Forbes.*

★ **THE BLUE ANGEL.** *Paramount.* Emil Jannings' first American talker—with Jannings and Marlene Dietrich splendid.

★ **THE CRIMINAL CODE.** *Columbia.* A powerful drama about a boy sent to prison on circumstantial evidence. Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes and Constance Cummings are excellent.*

★ **THE DEVIL TO PAY.** *United Artists.* Ronald Colman at his best as a lovable prodigal son. Good picture—good cast including Loretta Young, Frederick Kerr and Myrna Loy.

★ **THE EASIEST WAY.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A grand film about a girl who follows the line of least resistance and repents. Constance Bennett, Lewis Stone and Robert Montgomery are at their best.*

★ **THE GANG BUSTER.** *Paramount.* Jack Oakie provides hilarious moments in this fast-moving crook comedy. His best talkie. Jean Arthur is the girl.*

★ **THE ROYAL FAMILY.** *Paramount.* Gorgeous burlesque about a famous theatrical family with Fredric March, Ina Claire, Mary Brian and Henrietta Crosman.

★ **TOM SAWYER.** *Paramount.* Enjoyment for the whole family, this Mark Twain favorite with Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, Jackie Searle and Junior Durkin.

Class B:

ALOHA. *Tiffany.* Love in the tropics supplied by Raquel Torres and Ben Lyon. A satisfactory film with capable acting.

ALONG CAME YOUTH. *Paramount.* A pleasing comedy about mistaken identity with Charles 'Buddy' Rogers, Frances Dee and Stuart Erwin.

BEAU IDEAL. *Radio.* A sequel to "Beau Geste" with an unconvincing story but an excellent cast. Ralph Forbes, Loretta Young, Lester Vail, Irene Rich and Paul McAllister are top-notch.*

CAUGHT CHEATING. *Tiffany.* Charlie Murray and George Sidney as a couple of chiselers are at their best in this broad farce comedy. Very funny in spots.

CHARLEY'S AUNT. *Columbia.* Films may come and films may go but "Charley's Aunt" goes on forever. Charles Ruggles, June Collyer and Doris Lloyd are in the cast.*



Dorothy Mackaill and Joel McCrea in a scene from "Once a Sinner," a sophisticated yarn of our modern girls.

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN. *Warner Brothers.* A weak story but goofy, slapstick comedy you're bound to enjoy, also Olsen and Johnson, Claudia Dell and William Gaxton.*

FIGHTING CARAVANS. *Paramount.* The talkie brother of "The Covered Wagon" with Gary Cooper, Lilly Damita, Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall. See it.*

GOING WILD. *Warner Brothers.* Another Joe E. Brown fun fest, all about mistaken identities. Ona Munson is the girl.

HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND. *British International.* George Bernard Shaw's first and not so good contribution to talkers. Played by an English cast.

See Page 97 for complete casts of current films. Note the pictures selected as worthy of SCREENLAND'S seal of approval. Make this your guide to the worthwhile screenplays.

ILLICIT. *Warner Brothers.* Barbara Stanwyck in an extremely sophisticated drama with James Rennie—both do excellent work.

JAWS OF HELL. *Sono Art-World Wide.* A fine picture based on Tennyson's "The Charge of the Light Brigade" with Cyril McLaglen and Benita Hume.

KISS ME AGAIN. *First National.* A pleasing operetta with Victor Herbert's music and Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon, June Collyer and Edward Everett Horton.

MAN TO MAN. *Warner Brothers.* A good picture of crime and father and son devotion with Phillips Holmes, Lucille Powers and Grant Mitchell.

MY PAST. *Warner Brothers.* This is modern, racy and entertaining. Ben Lyons, Bebe Daniels and Lewis Stone represent the eternal triangle.*

NEW MOON. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A charming operetta with Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett singing beautifully. Adolphe Menjou and Roland Young are present also.

NO LIMIT. *Paramount.* Clara Bow in an illogical tale about gamblers. The smart dialogue and Clara, Stuart Erwin and Norman Foster make it entertaining.*

ONCE A SINNER. *Fox.* Dorothy Mackaill in one of those 'does my past matter?' films not worthy of her talents. Joel McCrea and John Halliday are the male support.

PART-TIME WIFE. *Fox.* A delightful domestic comedy-drama about modern men and women. Edmund Lowe, Leila Hyams and Tommy Clifford make it interesting.

REDUCING. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Marie Dressler and Polly Moran 'wow 'em' in this one about a beauty establishment. Anita Page and Sally Eilers supply the serious moments, if any.*

RESURRECTION. *Universal.* Resurrecting the Tolstoy classic into a powerful drama with a new dramatic Lupe Velez. John Boles is opposite.*

SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED. *Tiffany.* A slow moving comedy-drama with Betty Compson as its bright spot. Lee Tracy, Dorothy Christy and Alan Hale in the cast. Fair.

THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE. *Tiffany.* Satire on a modern mythical kingdom which you'll enjoy with Neil Hamilton, Una Merkel and Albert Gran.*

THE DAWN TRAIL. *Columbia.* A good western with action and suspense and Buck Jones as the star. Miriam Seegar is the heroine.

THE GREAT MEADOW. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Eleanor Boardman splendid as a pioneer woman in a splendid film. John Mack Brown and Gavin Gordon are the male interest.*

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK. *Fox.* Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell triumph in a gripping melodrama of love and regeneration.

THE RIGHT TO LOVE. *Paramount.* Ruth Chatterton plays three different roles with her usual finesse. Paul Lucas and David Manners are the male support.

THE PAINTED DESERT. *Pathé.* An out-door western drama packed with action and thrills including Bill Boyd, Helen Twelvetrees and William Farnum. For 'he-man' picture hounds.*

THE ROYAL BED. *Radio.* A smart subtle comedy drama about royalty. Lowell Sherman directs and acts; Mary Astor and Robert Warwick give distinguished performances.

* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND'S seal of approval.

(Continued on page 129)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN

**The \$7.70 Show that Thrilled Broadway for Two Seasons
Now Bigger, Grander, Funnier on the Vitaphone Screen**

— and most of the original Broadway Stars are in it!

Why do Americans go to Paris? To taste the wine?
To meet the girls? To see the shows? Perhaps—
but especially to find out just what it is that fifty
million Frenchmen can't be wrong about!
Here's your chance to learn the secrets of
la vie Parisien without crossing the ocean
and getting your feet wet. " " " "

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN
is based on the play by Herbert Fields
The screen adaptation was made by
Joseph Jackson, Al Boasberg and
Eddie Welch

Photographed by Technicolor
Directed by LLOYD BACON

CLAUDIA DELL

WILLIAM GAXTON

HELEN
BRODERICK

JOHN
HALLIDAY

OLSEN AND
JOHNSON

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Slams and Salvos

Let's have your picture opinions!

A SALAAM, NOT A SLAM (First Prize Letter)

I have read so many letters by the readers of those magazines rendering slams galore at Greta Garbo. Seemingly, the cause of these criticisms is her aloofness, and desire to keep her offstage time her own business. Even though I, as a bit of the public, would like to know more about her, I cannot help but admire the fact that she has the brains and ability to understand human nature as well as she does and keep herself exclusive.

I am very glad that Marlene Dietrich insists that there is only one Garbo and is not going to try to ride to fame on her likeness to Greta. I should imagine she would flop if she does. Why do the directors keep on comparing her with Garbo—don't they want her to succeed? I do!

Miss Florence Johnson,
Owosso, Michigan.

PAGING ROMANCE (Second Prize Letter)

I appreciate gorgeous gowns, symphony orchestras, English accents, sculptured forms, sophisticated repartee, educated horse-play and all the complicated repertoire of a modern movie—but I miss an honest-to-goodness heart-throb!

Where is this thing called love? Soulful looks result in songs or wisecracks. Talkies pendulate between sexy, morbid, murderous muddles and sexless (often womanless), intellectual propagandistic films.

The quick-shootin', hard-drinkin', clean-lovin', Western picture is the most decent movie medium in America.

Everything glitters, but there is little golden romance, cinematically speaking. Familiarity with the stars' private lives does much damage. I never see Fredric March looking pensive that I don't imagine he's waiting for a fried sardine from Provence!

Let's get together in this department every month and see who can write the best letter. The most sincere and constructive letter will win the first prize of \$20.00. Second prize, \$15.00. Third prize \$10.00. And there's a fourth prize of \$5.00. All winning letters, not over 150 words, will be printed. Mail your letters so they will reach us the 10th of each month. Address Slams and Salvos department, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

I wish some millionaire would quit collecting antiques and try preserving the romantic aura that once upon a time surrounded 'stars' and 'movies.'

Phyllis-Marie Arthur,
Box 177,
Lowville, New York.

A DIETRICH RAVE (Third Prize Letter)

Writing a letter to a screen magazine is an entirely new experience for me. Many years I have been a devout movie fan, and all during that time I have religiously read your magazine to get the 'inside' on the pictures, but I have never attempted to contribute anything. Now I am going to break my silence.

I have just been delighted with Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco" for the second time, and it has been many months since I have been greater pleased with the second time I have seen a picture than the first. The German actress is an inspiration for greater things on the American screen. She is destined to be a great success here.

I don't feel that she has to dethrone Greta Garbo, however. There is plenty of room for such inspiring actresses. Josef von Sternberg is to be congratulated for bringing such an artist to America.

John Sembower,
702 Ballantine Road,
Bloomington, Indiana.

FOR THE DEFENSE (Fourth Prize Letter)

Why a successor for Greta Garbo? Why all this publicity for every female screen 'find,' importation or what have you, that brushes her hair off her forehead and tries to look mysterious—about as mysterious as consomme? Will the powers-that-be never realize that for the fans there can never be another Garbo? No matter how much money 'they' spend in ballyhooing. And it only antagonizes us—this vast body of

The fiercest fan fight in film history—all over two beauties whose rivalry exists mostly in the minds of their friends! But it's a lot of fun. Join in!

movie addicts which makes up that great god box-office—against such really worthwhile actresses as Marlene Dietrich. Let Dietrich stay Dietrich—she's all right as she is—but never think that she will take Greta's place in our hearts. Impossible!

Mrs. B. M. Nyikos,
1117 West Jefferson Blvd.,
South Bend, Indiana.

GRETA VERSUS MARLENE

I want to express my opinion on two of my favorite actresses—Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich.

I think Garbo is a great artist. But I have seen Dietrich in two pictures—"Morocco," which I saw eight times, and "The Blue Angel."

I have read so much about Miss Dietrich threatening Garbo's throne but that is not possible. There will only be one Garbo as there was only one Lon Chaney. But I consider Marlene Dietrich a fine actress in her own right.

Everyone remarked how much Marlene resembled Greta in "Morocco" but I didn't think so, other than her eyes. In my opinion, her hair, mouth and nose resemble those of the late Jeanne Eagels. In "The Blue Angel" I didn't think there was the slightest resemblance between the two girls. Probably because the picture was made in Germany, where they let her be herself. Anyway, there's room for both!

Miss Carella Remington,
311 Plymouth Road,
West Palm Beach, Florida.

SOFT PEDAL THE MUSIC!

My girl friend and I have just seen Richard Barthelmess in his latest picture, "The Lash." It was an excellent picture with one exception. Why didn't someone pay more attention to the sound recording?

Just when we were all set to hear the sound of galloping horses' feet, the crashing music drowned out that particular thrill.

(Continued on page 102)



The Garbo. Her friends are in a frenzy. Their letters have swamped this department. Read some of them here!



The Dietrich. She has won a small army of followers in an amazingly short time. They are writing in, too!



**A Booth Tarkington comedy-
drama for the whole family
from sonny to grandpa.**

FATHER'S SON



**LEWIS STONE
IRENE RICH
LEON JANNEY
JOHN HALLIDAY
MICKEY BENNETT
And a lot of great kiddies**

*From the story "Old Fathers and
Young Sons", by Booth Tarkington.
Directed by WILLIAM BEAUDINE*

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LEWIS STONE

IF you're the kind of father who got more fun than the kids did
out of the electric train you bought them for Christmas . . .

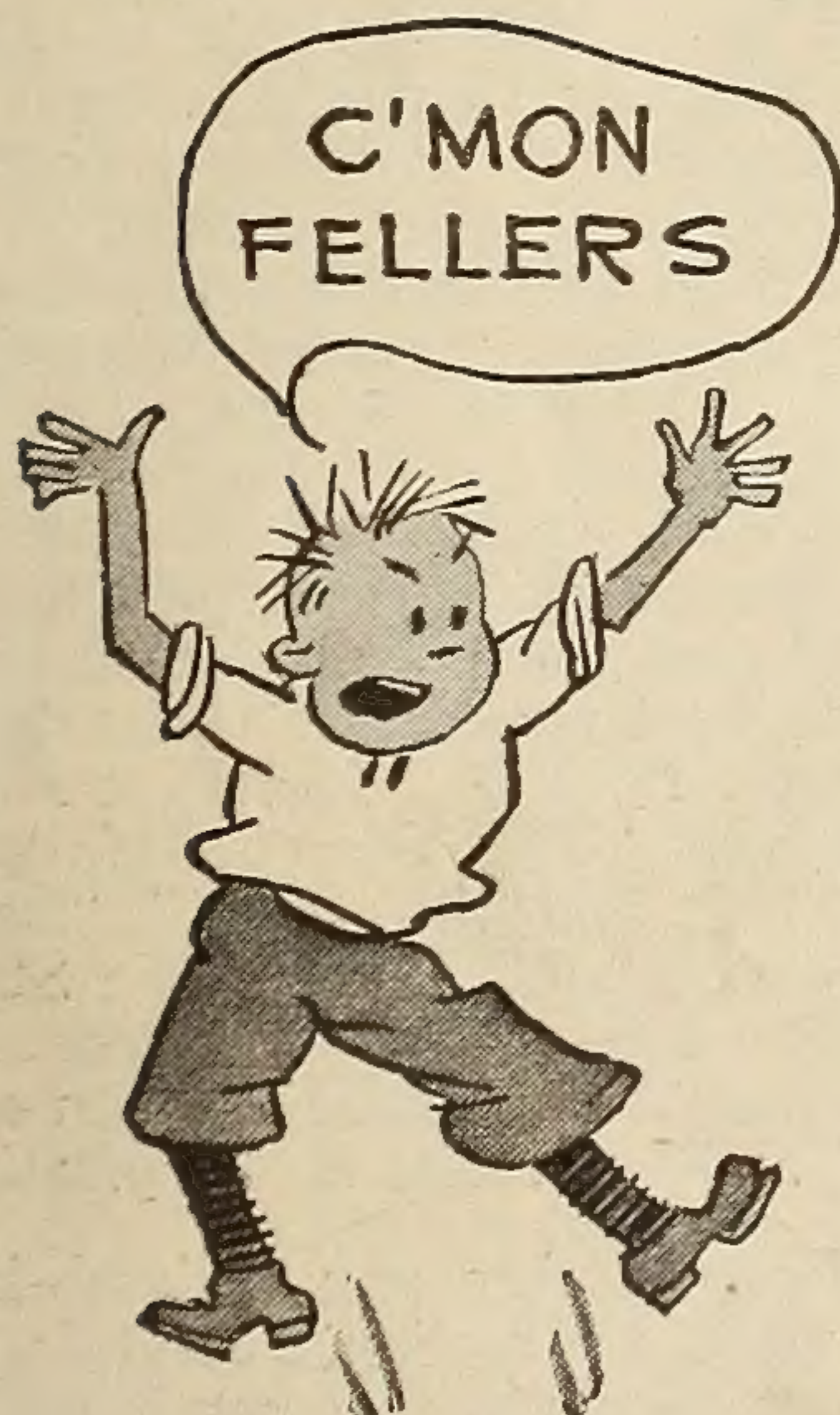
If you're the kind of mother who believes that boys will be boys . . .

IRENE RICH If you're the kind of sister who has a demon
kid brother . . .



If you're the kind of brother who still remem-
bers when you were a kid . . .

*Beg, borrow, or steal all the kids you can get hold
of and take them to see this picture. You'll have the
time of your life!*



"Let's all go to
the movies."



"I know what I
wanna see."

"Hey, get a move
on, Fatty!"

"Where you all
a-goin' so fast?"

"We're all gonna see
Father's Son!"

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

When you write advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

**Answering your questions
about screen plays
and players**

Miss Vee Dee is here to serve you. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn. If you prefer a personal reply enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.

Dot of Mass. No questions, no letters; no letters, no job for your favorite answer lady; so jump right in with your questions. Joan Crawford is starring in "Dance, Fools, Dance." Norma Shearer was born Aug. 10, 1904, in Montreal, Canada. She has brown hair, blue-grey eyes, is 5 feet 1½ inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She is the wife of Irving Thalberg. They have a son, born Aug. 25, 1930. Norma's latest release is "Strangers May Kiss."

Dorothy F. Lew Ayres is one of the leading young men of the hour and headed straight for stardom—and only 21 years old. Birthplace, Minneapolis, Minn. This handsome heart-breaker is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Before he made pictures, he was a jazz banjo player with an orchestra. (Banjo plunkers, take this to heart!) Richard Barthelmess has been married twice. One of his first big successes in pictures was with Lillian Gish in "Broken Blossoms," directed by D. W. Griffith.

Bernice Z., Helen L. and Mae C. The player you ask about, Albert Conti, is one of the many sincere actors who remain unsung but contribute much to the success of films. He appears in "Morocco" with Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich, and with Jack Oakie in "Sea Legs" and "The Gang Buster."

Miss Lonesome. Where's your chance to be a movie star? I don't know—did you lose it? Betty Compson's address will be found elsewhere in this issue. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Betty is in "The Boudoir Diplomat" with Mary Duncan, Jeanette Loff and Ian Keith.

M. P. of Fullerton. Interested in the screen kiddies, are you? There are Junior Durkin, who is fifteen; Leon Janney, thirteen; Jackie Coogan, fourteen; and Mitzi Green, who is ten. All talented youngsters who are not afraid of hard work, hard play or hard study. Jackie plays the title rôle in Mark Twain's immortal story, "Tom Sawyer," Mitzi is *Becky Thatcher* and Junior Durkin is *Huckleberry Finn*. Harold Lloyd's real name is just that.

Jane S. Sorry I can't announce your fan club in my department; haven't the space and most of my customers want personal news about their favorites. Armida, the little Mexican pepper-pot was born in

You're asking about Joan Crawford and no wonder! The girl scored a dramatic smash in "Paid" and follows through with the popular "Dance, Fools, Dance."

Sonora, Mexico. She was the *Gypsy Girl* in "General Crack" with John Barrymore, and played with Frank Fay in "Under a Texas Moon." She is now appearing in a musical comedy, "Nina Rosa," on the New York stage.

M. C. S., Jersey City. You know your stars all right if you haven't missed an issue of SCREENLAND for several years. Helen Kane, the boop-a-doop girl, was born Aug. 4, 1908, in the Bronx, N. Y. Real name, Shroeder. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 117 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Alice White is 5 feet 2 inches tall. Nancy Carroll is 5 feet 4 inches and weighs 118 pounds. John Boles was on the stage in musical comedy before the kleigs got him. His first screen part was

Consult the following service departments before asking your questions, please. Stars' addresses on Page 99. Casts of current films on page 97. Thank you!



with Gloria Swanson in "The Loves of Sunya." His first big chance was in "The Desert Song."

C. and A. Where have you been hiding that you do not know Charles Farrell is one of our best-loved cinema stars? Come on out and meet the big shot of Onset Bay, Mass. Among Charlie's pictures are, "High Society Blues" with Janet Gaynor; "The Princess and the Plumber" with Maureen O'Sullivan, and his last release with Janet Gaynor, "The Man Who Came Back."

Miriam C. So I'm one of the few persons who have a real sense of humor? Look around you, there are a lot of others just dying to be laughed at. Greta Garbo was born Sept. 18, 1906. Her first American picture was "The Torrent," followed soon by "Flesh and the Devil," "Love," "The Divine Woman," "The Single Standard" and "The Kiss," all silent films. Her first talkie was "Anna Christie," then came "Romance," and her latest is "Inspiration."

Helene, Peoria. Are you a dumb-bell? My word, what a question. At this distance, I'm not prepared to commit myself. Gary Cooper's life story to date is most interesting. His age on last birthday, May 7, 1930, was 29 years. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. His hobbies are fishing, hunting, riding, swimming and taxidermy. He attended a private school in London, Eng-
(Continued on page 101)

Find 5 out of 8 Guests...

Become Eligible...

Seven thousand eight hundred dollars in prizes will be given in our unique new advertising campaign. The first prize will be \$1785.00 cash (or the Studebaker eight-cylinder Sedan shown to the right) and there is an additional prize of \$715.00 to be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness.

There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for the prizes, which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. Can you pass this difficult test of observation?

Here is the test. The picture above portrays a young woman awaiting the arrival of her guests. Unknown to her, eight of them are already there. Their faces are concealed in the foliage around the door. Can you find them?

Look carefully. If you can find the faces of five or more of the guests who are present, lose no time but mark them with a cross, tear out the picture and send it. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties and the prizes will all be given free of all charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living outside U. S. A. or in Chicago.

T. A. HUGHES

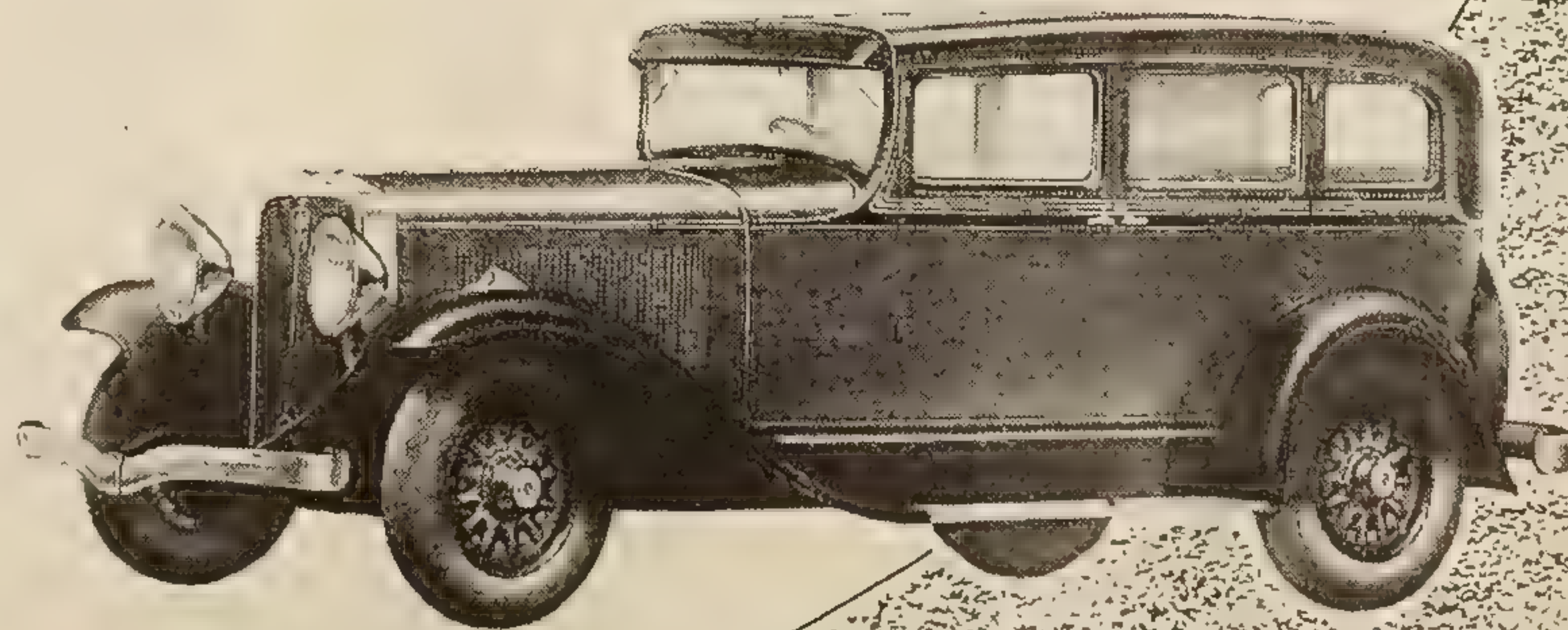
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500 North Dearborn St.,

Chicago, Ill.

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TO WIN \$2500.00**

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The Discovery of the Month

From society to the screen! Katherine Leslie, New York Social Registerite, signs for films

SHE'S a real, not press-agent, society girl, this tall, dark, lovely Miss Leslie, whom Paramount has just signed to a contract. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Leslie of New York City, Katherine has played an important and popular part in Manhattan's junior Mayfair. But society wasn't enough for 'Kay' Leslie. Last season she stepped out on the Broadway stage in a principal rôle of "Rebound," the Donald Ogden Stewart play, starring Hope Williams, another girl who left luxury for hard work as an actress. Miss Leslie's beauty and dramatic ability attracted much attention. When Paramount asked her to take a screen test she submitted more as a lark than anything else—but to her surprise the film company offered her an imposing contract. She will play a society girl in her first picture, and her statuesque loveliness will form a splendid foil to Tallulah Bankhead's blonde and sultry beauty.

Hal Phye



William Beaudine, director of "Women Like Men," surrounded by his comely cast. From left to right: Lilyan Tashman, Louise Fazenda, Evelyn Brent, Fritzi Ridgeway, Helen Keating, Marceline Day, Elizabeth Keating, June Clyde and, seated, Irene Rich.

The First All-Woman Picture!

WE'VE had pictures with all-men casts, but "Women Like Men" is the first all-woman cast in the history of Hollywood. William Beaudine is directing, and says he feels like a sultan surrounded by such pulchritude. Just get a load of the imposing cast: Evelyn Brent, Marceline Day, Irene Rich, Lilyan Tashman, Louise Fazenda, June Clyde, Fritzi Ridgeway and the Keating twins—Elizabeth and Helen. The title of the film may be changed.

It's a story of war and all its tragedy from the women's angle. But Louise Fazenda supplies the light moments. The girls dress in smart uniforms, that is, all but Louise, who is called upon to wear funny pants, large, baggy bathrobes and other comedy props.

Evelyn Brent is the hard-boiled, heart-of-gold heroine. Fritzi Ridgeway plays a snooper and is generally disliked. Irene Rich is the nice New York woman who raised the unit. June Clyde is the sweet southern girl. Lilyan Tashman is a chauffeur who always fills her

hot-water bottle with cognac before 'going out.' The Keating twins are a couple of kids collecting marriage proposals. Marceline Day is another sweet girl and Louise Fazenda is a corn-fed damsel from Iowa.

The Keating twins were the cross-word puzzle of the lot—nobody could tell them apart until someone discovered that one of the girls has a mole and the other hasn't.

Every afternoon, tea is served to the ladies by a husky disillusioned male who obviously regards this as the final insult to his sex. It's one of the most hilarious sets ever with the girls swapping smart repartee between scenes.

There's nary a man in the cast, although the masculine hubbub of war is heard going on outside all the time.

Director Beaudine flaunts a leather strap and vows that he whips his feminine cast into discipline.

Here's to the first all-woman picture, and to Liberty Productions for producing it!



S O S — *LADY* in DISTRESS!

Or Kay Francis in a torn dress. Kay couldn't go on with the show until her evening dress was mended but the seamstress came to her rescue. This is between scenes of "Ladies' Man" in which Miss Francis appears opposite William Powell. Note the café set and the studio props.

Screenland's Honor Page

Won by Richard Dix



Richard Dix as he appears in "Cimarron" a splendid picture with a splendid cast. Below, Irene Dunne and Dix in a scene from the film.

Richard Dix has at last lived down "The Vanishing American." For years his every performance has been compared with this silent epic but now he has surpassed himself. As Yancey Cravat in "Cimarron," Dix gives one of the best performances of the year. He lives the part and plays it with power and pathos. The story starts in 1889 with a land rush to Oklahoma, and ends in 1929—and Rich moves right along with the times, from a young adventurer, a leader of men, to a pathetic, heroic end. Incidentally, 'Cimarron' is an Indian word and means wild and unruly. Richard Dix does justice to Edna Ferber's best seller and SCREENLAND is proud to present him with this Honor Page.



Richard Dix as Yancey Cravat, the adventurer and two-fisted pioneer and the talkie sensation of the season in "Cimarron."

SCREEN SLANTS

By Victor De Pauw

"Dear Clara Bow":
(A cross-section of her public.)

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE



Delight Evans

YOU'LL be seeing stars from now on. And like it!

You may have thought you went to the movies to see a well-directed drama, or a sparkling comedy, or the transcription of a favorite stage play. Wrong! Whether you knew it or not at the time, you were going to see Garbo — Chatterton — Powell — Bow — Colman — Shearer — Haines — Francis — and, of course, Mickey Mouse. And I can prove it.

The producers, who have been doing a little quiet and intensive star-gazing for months past, have pounced. They are convinced, this time, that stars fill the theaters. For a while there they labored under the delusion that audiences didn't care who played in a picture so long as it was a pretty good picture. So they sent to Broadway for stage talent and pretended that they didn't care when the home-lot actors sulked. In fact, those actors began to feel like step-children after a while. They'd had everything their own way for so long that it was funny to see their startled faces when the Broadway upstarts got the gravy. They needn't have worried. The public has always known what it wants; and if it doesn't get what it wants, it knows just what to do about it—

stay away from the theaters *en masse*. And somehow that annoys the producers.

So the star system which was never really threatened, just a little shaky now and then, is back full force. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell broke Roxy house records in their come-back picture, a not-so-good melodrama. Chaplin gets \$10 a head for the New York premier of his "City Lights." Little Mitzi Green gets herself insured for one million dollars. And—

Warner Brothers began their 'talent raid.' They lured Connie Bennett over to make two pictures a year for them, at a reputed salary of \$30,000 a week. (A stipend we won't quarrel with after seeing the Bennett in "The Easiest Way." This girl, who can wear a fifteen-dollar dress and make it look like a Lanvin original, is worth any amount she asks of any producer.) Then Warners signed up Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, and Kay Francis, in rapid succession, to start work when present contracts expire. And they are said to be on the trail of other big stars who are box-office panics.

Of course the other producers are busy, too—Fox is pushing

Elissa Landi—Paramount has its Dietrich—Metro its Garbo, its Crawford and Shearer. All box-office—all stars.

And you should see the fan mail. You have—you wrote it!

The most popular star in pictures, the one star about whom there is no argument, only applause, has at last received a deserved reward — stardom, with electric lights. Mickey Mouse is the name!



Publicity for private wives is undesirable, declares Mildred Evelyn Brook. "For Clive's sake," adds Mrs. Brook. But Clive often insists upon her posing for pictures with him.

Their

By
Alma
Whitaker

THERE are certain charms for a male screen star in having a non-professional wife at home, who makes his interests her sole concern in life. Competitive glory in the domestic menage is not necessarily the ideal arrangement for happy marriage in Hollywood.

Some of these gentlemen guard the privacy of their wives with positive ferocity. This is particularly true, for instance, of John Boles, who can get really mean about it. Any poor scribe asking for a picture of the fair Mrs. Boles is promptly snubbed.

All the same, Marcelite Dobbs, born and raised in a small town, met John Boles when they were both attending the University of Texas, and their marriage was a graduation celebration. She is a sweet domestic person, who relieves her John of all the tiresome business side of an artist's life and the responsibilities of running a home benignly. They have two little girls, whose names are withheld for all the world as though publication would occasion some fearful blight. Mrs. Boles plays bridge and is an excellent hostess, both at the town and beach houses.

This matter of publicity for the private families of the stars is a controversial subject. The

Montgomerys are in the secretive class—positively no pictures of wives and babies, if you please. Even their two new babies are to be kept rigidly out of print.

We asked with affectionate interest for a picture of Mrs. Jack Mulhall. But it was a picture of Jack, with a voluminous biography which arrived—and even in the biography, Mrs. Jack wasn't mentioned anywhere! Dear, dear, and she such a nice girl, too, so popular socially.

Lawrence Tibbett, on the other hand, is immensely proud of his Grace, as well he may be. She was Grace Mackay Smith of Los Angeles, and they met when both were attending Manual Arts High School. They married right after graduating from there. When they arrived at the conclusion that Lawrence's voice was worth investing in, there were a couple of twin boys also to

be considered. Grace undertook to support the twins while Lawrence went to New York to study. It proved a highly profitable investment.

Grace Tibbett writes charming poetry and magazine articles. But her home always comes first, even since Lawrence's phenomenal success have made servants galore possible. Their home in Beverly Hills is a delightful social center, when they are not



Mrs. Skeets Gallagher gave up the stage for matrimony. Now there's a Gallagher, Junior.

Left: Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, née Cornelia Foster, with little Jane Harriet and the proud papa.

Mrs. Claude Allister—right—says one career in the family is all that any home can stand!



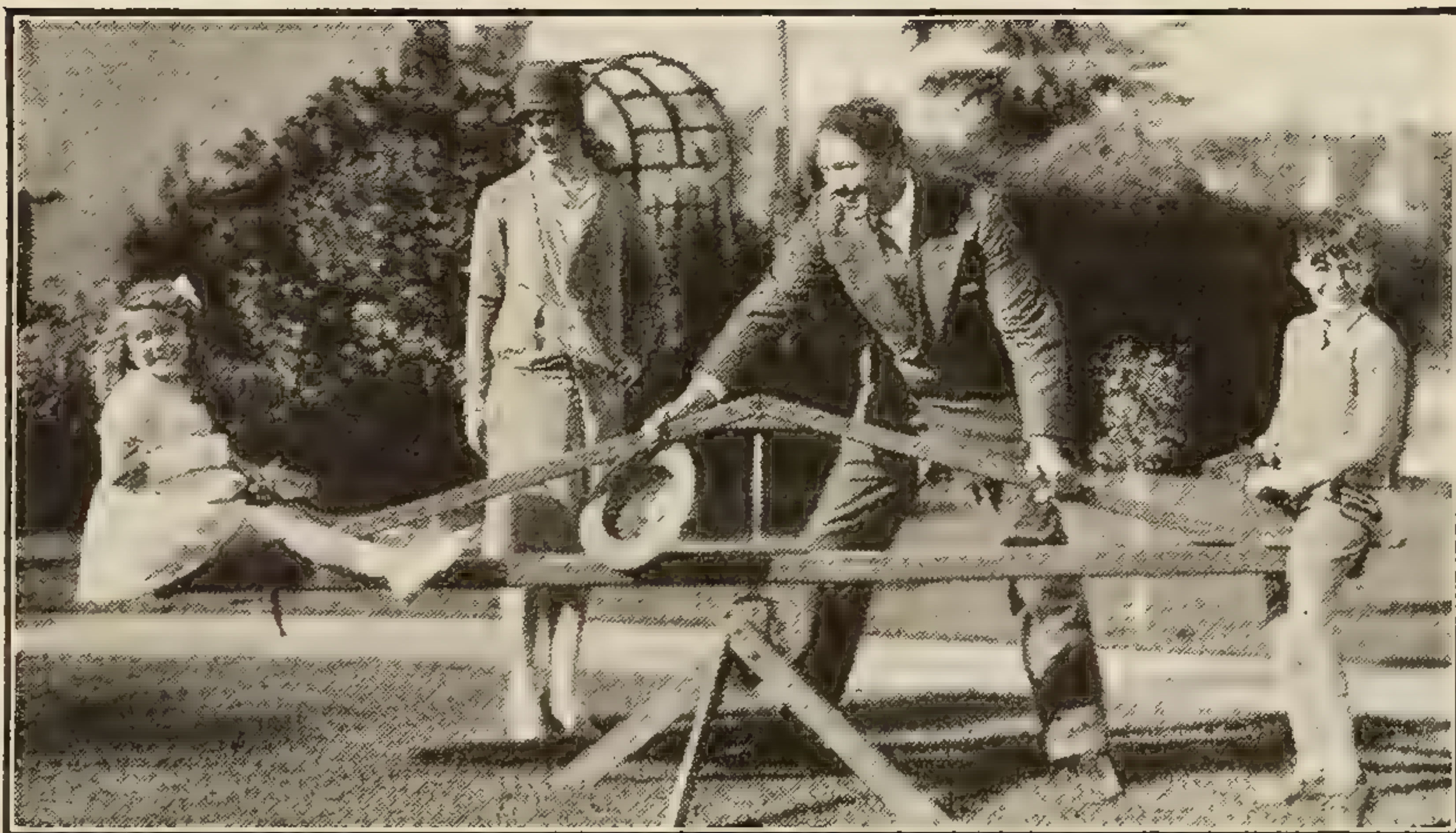
PRIVATE WIVES!

Introducing some of the little-known but nevertheless important non-professional wives of the film colony. In other words, meet the Missus!

in New York. Grace returned from a trip to Paris just before Christmas, to be plagued with eager inquiries from reporters anent a projected divorce! Anyone who knows Grace will appreciate the horror of any such supposition. No wonder she denied it indignantly.

Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown was Cornelia Foster of Tuscaloosa, Alabama. They too met in college and married when Johnny graduated. They have a little bungalow in Hollywood and are positively mushy over their daughter, Jane Harriet, seventeen months of age and already making a stylish social impression wherever she goes. The more the world adores his Cornelia, the better Johnny likes it. And it would break his heart if people didn't know about Jane Harriet.

Victor McLaglen is prepared to brag about his domestic appendages any day. Enid LaMont, who conferred the honor of matrimony upon Victor, is the daughter of a British Admiral. They married when Victor returned to England after being Chief of Police of

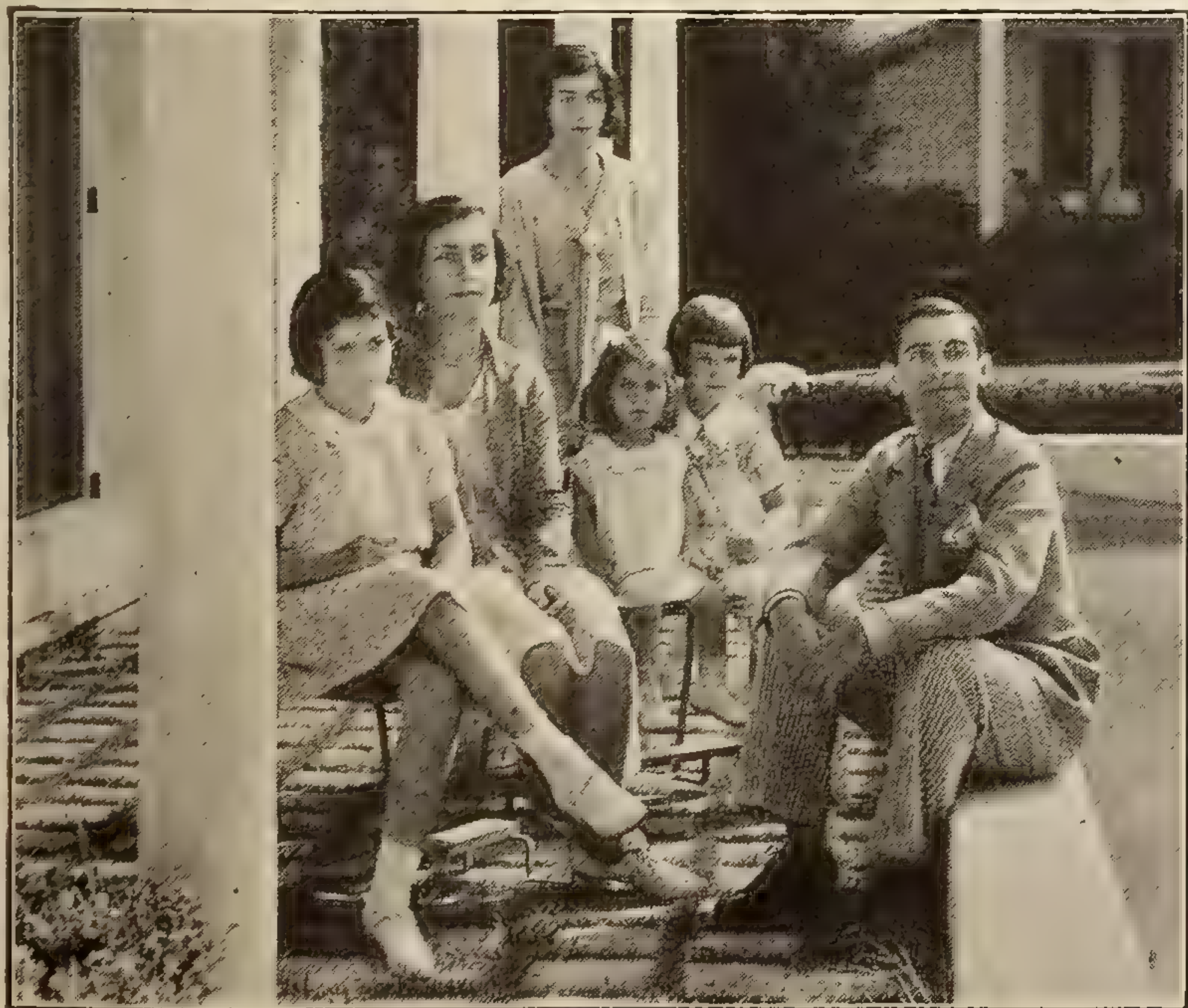


Victor McLaglen is prepared to brag about his domestic appendages any day: Mrs. McLaglen, who was Enid LaMont, Andrew, nine, and Sheila, seven.

Bagdad for the Allies during the war. There are two lambkins, Andrew, nine, and Sheila, seven, these being Mrs. McLaglen's main interest in life, together with the suitable petting of Victor after a hard day at the studio. A distinguished-appearing person, this Enid, who does her spouse infinite credit.

Mrs. Clive Brook is the one who feels that publicity is undesirable for private wives in that menage. "For Clive's sake," she says. And this in spite of the fact that she was formerly a successful actress on the London stage, as Mildred Evelyn. It was when she and Clive performed in the same play that the romance began. They have been in the States five years now and have two children. These and Clive form Mrs. Brook's most compelling interests in life, with tennis as her pet recreation.

Mrs. Skeets Gallagher is another girl who gave up the stage for matrimony. It was when she and Skeets played a show together in Chicago, that they decided to slip off and be married in Mexico. But by that time



Eddie Cantor and his five daughters beside the swimming pool in their Beverly Hills home. Where's Mrs. Cantor? She's taking this picture.



Bert Wheeler's wife was a professional dancer. Now little Dolores Patricia occupies most of her attention. Here are all three Wheelers.

Lawrence Tibbett is immensely proud of his wife, Grace. She writes charming poetry and magazine articles.



she had made her name of Pauline Mason well-known in theatrical circles.

Bert Wheeler's wife was a professional dancer. Now Miss Dolores Patricia occupies most of her attention. Bert likes this picture of the Wheelers used with this article because, in a hasty glance, it looks as if he has a huge family. See if it doesn't!

Mrs. Robert Woolsey made matrimony her career from the very beginning. Bob is her whole life; she watches his every mood, anticipates his desires, smooths out the day's irritations, and is generally the arch-gentleman-petter of Hollywood. Just being a fond background for Bob is completely satisfying.

These comedians do get the faithful wives! Where could any man find a more devoted better-half than Joe E. Brown, to whom Mrs. Brown has lately presented a baby daughter, in addition to the two boys Joe already bragged about?

Mrs. Brown is one of those large women that little chaps like Joe just naturally gravitate to—large in physique, generosity, understanding, good humor—oh, quite a dear. She loves Joe's prosperity and revels in her handsome huge apartment. Bridge is her pet diversion, when the baby will permit. She won't even mind if the baby girl developes Joe's mouth. It's beautiful to her!

Mrs. Claude Allister took on another kind of a comedian, Claude being a super-success as the Archie-Algy-Percy type of aristocratic vacuity. No one can do as much as Claude can with a monocle. Mrs. Allister was Barbara Fay. She says one career in the family is all that any home can stand.

Robert Armstrong is another lucky man, for Jean Kent really can claim to have sacrificed at least the promising beginnings of a career for him. She was studying music and dancing in New York when the advent of Robert disturbed the routine. Then he went to London with "Is Zat So?" and kept the cables sizzling with pleas. So Jean went to London and married Robert. Then someone dropped out of the play suddenly, and Jean hopped into the emergency rôle with happy success. But Bob's the whole show now.

Another much-to-be-envied fellow is Laurence Grant, who besides being occupied with parts in two pictures in the making at this writing, is vice-president or director of all sorts of actors' organizations, including the Academy, and chairman of endless committees, and forever in demand as a witty toastmaster. Fancy having to live with a person like that! But Hegge Hay gave up a good interior decorator business to marry Laurence last year. She is a remarkable combination of sophisticated charm and domestic sweetness. And oh, boy, she can cook! Her garden, tended by herself, is a ducky place. Birds galore visit her daily on the most intimate terms and the only time she ever nags Laurence is when he forgets to bring the bird seed home.

Edmund Breese has nothing to complain of either—just celebrated his eighteenth anniversary of marrying a completely devoted spouse. Mrs. Breese says she would not dream of trading on Edmund's fame; the background is quite pleasant enough.



Just being a fond background for Bobby completely satisfies Mrs. Robert Woolsey. Matrimony is her career.

Of course Mrs. George Arliss is the arch-dowager of Hollywood. She had been an actress herself for years, until she finally submerged her life completely in George's interests. It was quite a gala occasion when she appeared in "Disraeli" with her George. She is a come-

ly, placid lady, with a comfortable philosophy, and carries a pet parrot around with her wherever they go.

Of course you know about Mrs. Eddie Cantor. Mother of the six Cantor daughters, manager of comedian Eddie's homes in Beverly Hills and Great Neck, Long Island, and New York, N. Y. Mrs. Cantor was an east-side belle when Eddie besieged her for her hand. She married him despite the opposition of her family, who couldn't see much of a future for a boy who made a living being funny on the stage. But the Cantor marriage turned out amazingly well. She's his best audience and, in the words of the old saw, his severest critic. If the Missus laughs at one of his jokes, Eddie knows it must be funny, so he's not surprised when Broadway audiences howl later on.

And you've all heard how happy the former Mrs. Jessica Sargent is making your Richard Barthelmess. Yes—Mrs. Dick is an exquisite hostess, an ardent sportswoman, and an all-round good sport. Her little son by her first marriage, Stewart Sargent, and Dick's little girl, Mary Hay second, are great pals, and all in all the Barthelmess menage is one of the smoothest and sanest in Hollywood.

(Continued on page 122)



Jean Kent gave up a promising future on the stage for the career of private wife. She is Mrs. Robert Armstrong and proud of it!

No T A Ladies' Man

Bill Powell denies all!

By
Marie House

WILLIAM POWELL is disgruntled. The suave, polished, debonair Mr. Philo Vance—Street of Chance—Powell is ruffled. Indignant. He's not a "Ladies' Man"! He can't see himself as a ladies' man. He's not a Casanova. No sheik. No handsome heartbreaker. Neither in character, nor off the stage. And yet he's knee-deep in making into a talkie that sensational novel "Ladies' Man" by Rupert Hughes.

"I'm offering a direct challenge to the movie public, playing this part," he declares. "I'm throwing down the gauntlet. How *can* they receive me in such a naïve part? I'm not a ladies' man. I haven't the physical characteristics for one thing. Not handsome. Someone like Valentino should have played this part. Not Bill Powell."

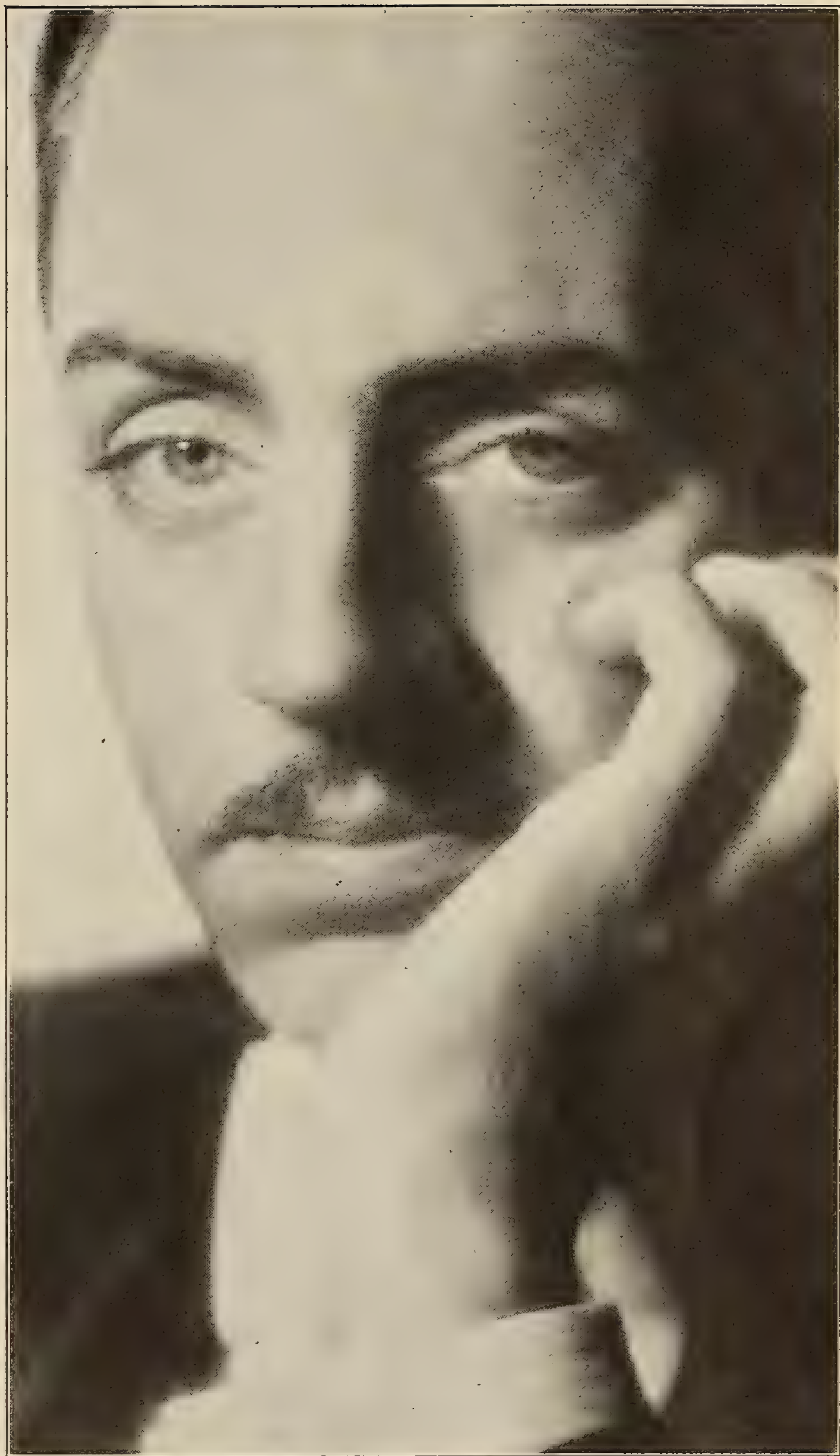
"But don't you think *Jamie Darricott* of 'Ladies' Man' was a villian?" I ventured.

"Never! He was just weak. Passive. He had to be. He hasn't any of the characteristics of the parts I like to play, that I feel I can play best. No mentality. None of those sparkling facets of character which make personality."

But most actors like a diversity of rôles, I reminded him.

"I have no particular desire to show off my histrionic abilities," he said. "I like to do a part well, and think when it is finished that it was a good job, well done. I take satisfaction in that. But there's no use putting a round peg in a square hole. Not that I always want to be the same kind of peg, you understand. But there are plenty of square pegs for square holes. So keep the round pegs for the round holes."

"But Mr. Powell," I objected, "I remember your part in 'Romola.' Wasn't that character something the same,



No, he says—he's not a "Ladies' Man." That's just the title of his new picture. Powell doesn't like the Casanova rôle.

Oh, so you're not a ladies' man? Then just how do you explain this pleasant scene with Kay Francis and Carole Lombard?

after all?" He disagreed.

"Not the same thing at all. *Tito* in 'Romola' was an ambitious man. He married the woman he loved and because he found her cold, he took the little peasant girl—remember Dorothy Gish in the part?—and had with her the simple peasant-like life he craved. But he didn't go around making fools of women just because it was easy, or he could."

"Then acting to you is a business, not an ambition?"
"Perhaps, yes. I went on the (Continued on page 119)



HERE'S THE REAL GARBO!

What's the truth about

*Hollywood's
Mystery
Star?*

Which of the many stories about her can you believe? Is she a cold, moody woman—a contemptuous genius? Or is she a nice girl who happens to have a great talent? This story answers your questions. It gives you more of the real Greta than all those

'Garbo Legends'!

AN actor once called her 'Honey.' She likes spaghetti. The living soul of Friml's

L'Amour, Toujours, L'Amour. Long and alabaster. Melts into any background.

Would be a bad poker opponent. Cool on the edge of a volcano. Greatest eloquence is silence. Timid as a gazelle. Five years ago put down ambition on biography 'to be a great star.' So did a hundred others. No one knows who they are.

Worships the sun. Has no time for prudishness. Her eye-lashes are real. Never said "Me I go home." Might have said, "I think I will go home," but never uses grammar as bad as most writers say in talking about her. Walks like a Prussian soldier. Rides roller coasters. Had same cameraman for twelve pictures. Seldom agrees with critics. Even when they say she's good. Rents her house. Has a dog. And cats. And a parrot.

Wild about children. Once said she wanted a family of six. Looks on conventions with profound, sincere contempt. Likes jazz records. Loves solitude of sea. Yet sometimes it makes her nervous. Her eyes are gray-green with black pupils. Like most talked-about personages, knows all the Garbo gags as well as De Mille knows his bathtubs. Doesn't like button shoes.

Abhors small talk. Reads anything that might yield a clue for a picture. Looks less like Garbo off the screen than any other hundred or so girls on Hollywood Boulevard. Has freckles. Smokes non-nicotine cigarettes. Never had a dentist work on her teeth. Stockings annoy her.

Doesn't give interviews. Same old flub-dub of love and inhibitions and sorrows, etc., etc., etc., exhausted patience. Doesn't think she's mysterious. Is only twenty-three years old. Wants to play boy's part in Wilde's "Dorian Grey." Don't think she'll ever do either. Didn't collapse when John Gilbert married Ina Claire. Devours ice cream cones on warm days.

By Sydney Valentine

Put a fading Hollywood café on map again by dropping in to lunch. Hasn't been there since. Crazy about

Polly Moran's buffoonery. Never saw "Anna Christie" until it played local theater. Autographs few photos. Doesn't sulk. Rowed ten miles to sea and gave director leaping-lenas on location. Has a swimming pool for bathing *au naturel*. Wonders what Amos 'n' Andy is about. Won't have visitors on set. Raw vegetables and anchovies her pet salad.

Walked into M-G-M commissary one lunch hour and almost paralyzed traffic. Always wears berets. Hair is not golden but brown. Never wears it Garbo style except on screen. Has thousands of paintings of self sent by fans. Hates parties. Doesn't like Hollywood pawing. Likes to whistle. Seen chasing bull-frogs on back lot. Writes letters in long-hand. Owns town car and drives tinny roadster. Knows few people on the lot she has worked on five years. *Vice versa*. Adores flowers but not in profusion. Uses no powder or rouge off pictures.

Actual height, 5 feet, 6 inches. Weighs 122 pounds at least standing. Sits for two hundred or more portraits at once. Tireless worker. Does not dislike publicity and never said she did. Won't do anything for it. Reads all fan magazines and picture reviews. Never had a press agent.

Real name Gustaffson. Brother Sven in films in Stockholm. He'd be a rave here, pictures show. She's very thrifty, lives modestly in comparison usual Hollywood splurge. Never entertains outside small circle. Goes to opera or theater or concerts. Usually stops show at intermission. Won't be stared at. Changes her course when stranger hoves in view off her bow. Likes crusts of French bread and sweet butter. Never known to be rude.

Likes to laugh and have good times. How? We don't know!

GARBO

Likes to whistle

Uses no powder
or rouge

Never went to a
dentist

Smokes non-nico-
tine cigarettes

Wonders what
Amos 'n' Andy
is about

Would like to
have a family
of six!



Portraits by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Confessions



Beginning the delicious diary of the son and heir of two famous screen stars. Fiction—spiced with humor, and truth!

FRIDAY, June 6. Busy being born. Weighed seven pounds. Hard day for everybody. Slept twenty-four hours without batting an eye.

Saturday. Met mother for the first time—socially. Imagine my surprise when she turned out to be Gloria Latour, the famous movie star. She is beautiful. Flowers everywhere. They smelled swell.

"Here's baby, Miss Latour," Nursie held me out. It gave me a shock to hear mother called 'Miss.' These moving picture people get away with anything.

She took a look at me. "Is that mine?" she cried. "Take it away. I never want to see it again."

That was the start I got in life. Let out a yell they

could hear down on Hollywood Boulevard. Know I'm little and new. Can I help it? Give a boy a chance!

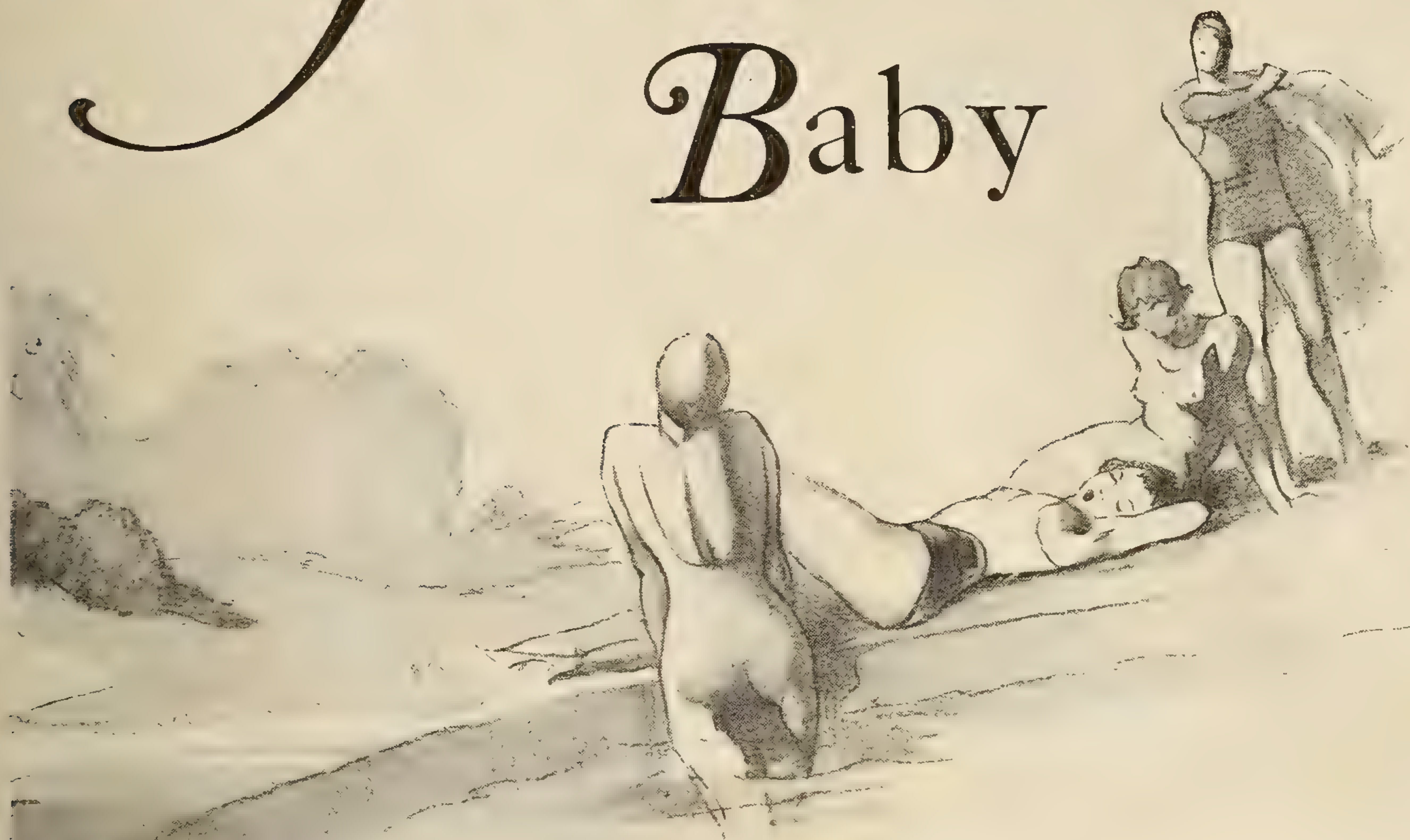
Sunday. Nursie's a peach. She's going home with me when we leave the hospital. Glad. Like her better than Miss Latour. (Just can't learn to call that woman 'mother'). One of the internes said Nursie was the prettiest little blonde he'd seen in a long time. Asked her why she didn't go into the movies.

"Don't kid yourself, John," she told him. "That's why I came to Hollywood. If I could get a job in the movies, do you think I'd be taking care of Latour's baby?"

Monday. It's all right. Miss Latour's married.

of a Hollywood Baby

By
Owen
Atkinson



Illustrated by
Raymond Thayer

"Take that kid away from here!" yelled Dad. "Want to spoil him? You're not going to put him on exhibition like this!"

Nursie says that a moving picture actress never uses her husband's name. Dad's coming to see me tomorrow.

Tuesday. Met Dad today. His name is William W. Regan, the same as mine. He's been on location so couldn't get in to see me before. Poked me and called me 'Bill.' Like him. He's big and hairy and smokes cigars that smell terrible. But he takes a boy seriously. None of this baby-talk stuff. Dad and I will get along fine when we've had a chance to get acquainted.

Nursie says Dad directed "The Prairie Schooner" which was the biggest box-office hit of 1927. "Out-door stuff's his specialty," Nursie told me. "You're a lucky kid. It'll be duck soup for you to break into the movies."

Wednesday. Had a bottle today. Say, I was hungry! First I've had to eat since I arrived in Hollywood. "Here, drink it up, sweetheart," Nursie told me. "It'll make you big and strong like your father."

Thursday. Doctor came. Nurse undressed me. Doctor poked me with a funny black dingus hooked onto his ears. Said: "H'm! H'm! A re-mark-able child!"

"You bet," Nurse agreed. "And nobody's going to mistake *him* for a girl."

Doctor left in a hurry.

Friday. Called on Miss Latour again. She let me lie on the bed. Smelled wonderful. Told Nurse we'd be on our way to the bungalow before long. "Sure be glad to get out of this dump," she said. "Supposed to start work on a new picture the first of the month. Got to get my strength back."

Saturday. Nurse showed me a pile of telegrams Miss Latour received after I was born. Fans telegraphed from all over the country. You'd think Miss Latour had done something pretty wonderful. Huh, she didn't invent babies! Nursie counted the telegrams—427. Makes a boy feel important.

Tuesday. Two new kids arrived. Nurse says they're twins and belong to a red-headed cop. They look terrible; red and wrinkled. All they do is yell. Glad I'm not like that. Nurse says we'll be going home soon. Says she wants a look at that famous bungalow of Miss Latour's.

Wednesday. Home! Mike, the chauffeur, came for us. We rode on the back seat. Could see Mike watching Nursie in the overhead mirror. Stopped in front of the house and Nurse made a funny noise. "Call that a bungalow?" she said. "Looks like Sid Grauman's Chinese Theater!"

My nursery is swell. Has windows all around and a lot of blue furniture. Nursie says it's big enough to barrack a regiment. Asked me what I thought of Mike. Didn't feel like listening to foolish questions. A boy of my age has got to get his sleep if he wants to put on weight.

Saturday. Hollywood is swell. Nursie and I made a tour of inspection. You ought to see my perambulator. Nursie says all it needs is a ninety-horsepower motor and a chauffeur and it would be a limousine. Went for a ride around the lawn. There's a funny man who fakes care of the grass. Must be a foreigner. Can't understand what he's talking about.

Tomorrow we're going back to the garage and see Mike.

Sunday. Big day. Went to see Mike. He's got a garden of his own behind the garage. It smells swell. Mike says no garden is worth a damn unless it's got a good smell.

Mike poked me and called me 'Spooks.' Funny name but I like it. Most people call me 'Baby.' I hate it! Don't mind Dad calling me 'Bill.' Mike and Nurse talked. Thought I was asleep. Catch me sleeping when there's anything going on. Mike asked Nursie why she had come to Hollywood, and what did she think of the climate.

Nurse said: "Swell! I'm going to be a star in the movies some day."

"Listen, sister," Mike told her, "forget that movie racket. What you need is a handsome husband and



Miss Latour is making a new picture called "Boudoir Brides." She's famous for her bathtub scenes!

some kids of your own."

Nurse asked Mike what he knew about the movies, anyway.

Mike said, "I was an electrician at World-Famous before I got a real job. You come up to my room over the garage and I'll show you an invention I'm working on that will revolutionize the industry."

"I don't think I know you well enough," said Nurse, and giggled.

Then I yelled.

Mike said I had a war whoop like an Indian. "Some boy you got there," he told Nurse. "Might know Bill Regan would have a fine kid. He's a swell boss. I'll get Bingo. Maybe Spooks would like to play with his Old Man's dog."

Met Bingo. He bounced out of the garage, jumped right into the perambulator and began to lick my face. Liked it. Bingo's a grand dog. Mike says he's only a mutt and that nobody knows who his father was, or his mother either. Don't care. Like Bingo. So does Dad. Mike says that you'd think Bingo had a pedigree as long as your arm the way Bill Regan carries on about him. "Bingo's a real dog," he said. "Not like Miss Latour's

A Hollywood baby reveals to be his

cat. Say, that cat of hers is so refined it won't drink out of anything but a silver bowl and it has to have a blue ribbon around its neck or it feels undressed."

"What kind of a house is this to work in?" Nurse asked Mike.

Mike winked. "Stick around, sister," he said. "You'll find out. They have parties of a Sunday afternoon that make them Roman revels look like a butterfly chase by the Young Ladies' Aid Society!"

"Hope Spooks and me don't get mixed up in any of them," Nurse said. "We're not that kind."

"Listen, sister," Mike told her. "Wait till some of them studio hounds lay eyes on you. They'll be offering to star you in the next picture if you'll have supper with 'em some night."

Went to sleep. A boy's got to rest sometime. Life in Hollywood is certainly a strain on the nerves.

Tuesday. Met Mitzi. Don't like that cat. She spit at me when I tried to pull her tail.

Wednesday. Embarrassed. A boy of my age has no more privacy than a canary. Nurse was dressing me when Miss Latour arrived with a bunch of friends. All women. Famous movie stars, Nurse told me. Made gurgling noises and talked baby-talk. Sickening. Stood it as long as I could. Yelled. Nurse told them too much company was bad for me. When I get excited I whoop up my formula. Lost two good meals. I guess Miss Latour will know better than to run a bunch of sight-seers in to see me when I'm not dressed.

Friday. Getting acquainted around the place. The foreigner who takes care of the garden is a Japanese. His name is Ozaki.

Cook's name is Bridget. She's Irish. Polly's the maid. She used to be Mike's girl until Nurse came. Don't think she likes me.

Sunday. My first cocktail party. Had on a blue dress and a blue beret. Looked pretty nice. Everybody crazy about me. Met some nice people—and some of the other kind. Doak Williams was nice. Nurse said he'd been a popular comedian but got into a row with the producers and hasn't worked in three years. He's fat and jolly. Nurse says he's been living on a liquid diet ever since he got fired. He winked and asked how I'd like to go for a swim in the pool. Later he fell in with his clothes on and everybody laughed.

Miss Grace Rhodes was nice. Used to be on the stage in New York. Made a great hit in Hollywood. Nurse says she's the only movie actress alive with a sense of humor. Grace is trying to reform Doak but nobody thinks it will do any good.

Met one of the other kind. His name is Roland Del Santo. He's a South American. Making Spanish versions in Hollywood. Tall and slick-looking. Has a little mustache and wears the funniest pants. Nurse said they must have been tailored by a blind woman under water.

Del Santo hung around Miss Latour all day. Nurse said Miss Latour had better lay off that gent or she'll get her name in the head lines.

Dad found me at the edge of the swimming pool with a bunch of girls in bathing suits. Raised the devil with Nurse. "Take that kid away from here!" he yelled. "Want to spoil him? You're not going to put him on exhibition."

Didn't get to sleep until almost six o'clock. Nurse says these parties are not good for me.

Monday. Started having sun baths. Embarrassed at first. Had one minute on my face, two minutes on

the private lives of the two movie idols who happen parents! And Baby doesn't miss a thing!

my back. Feel swell. Going to like sun baths.

Tuesday. Nursie and Bingo and I took a ride down the street. Met those two red-headed twins who belong to the cop. Awful fresh. Waved their arms and yelled. We all yelled. Bingo started to bark. The cop, their dad, came over from the corner. Wanted to know who was disturbing the peace. Nurse told him who I was. He grinned and shook hands. "Bill Regan's kid, eh? Sure, an' didn't Bill an' me pound a beat together down in the old Sixth? 'Tis pleased I am to meet the son of me old friend."

Going to have a tough time with those twins. Can lick them separately. When they stick together it's going to be a hard job. Their name is McGuire.

Thursday. Spent the day with Nursie and Mike and Bingo in Mike's garden. Talked about everything. Miss Latour's making a new picture called "Boudoir Brides." Mike says that she's famous for her bathtub scenes. Dad is working on an outdoor epic which is supposed to be greater than "The Prairie Schooner." Mike told Nursie all about the studios. Gave her a lot of advice. Said when his new camera is finished a lot of punk directors and actors are going to be out of jobs. Mike's working on a camera that has two lenses and makes stereoscopic pictures in natural color with the sound track cut into the edge of the film. Says it can do everything but write dialogue and lay out billboard advertising.

Nurse asked him if his invention was so good why the studios hadn't snapped it up.

"I'm so far ahead of the rest that they won't believe me," Mike told her. "All I want is a chance to show what my camera can do. I talked to Bill Regan about it. He said every mechanic and electrician in Hollywood has a new camera in his hip pocket. If the studios gave them all a trial, they wouldn't have time to make pictures."

Nurse said when she got to be a big star she'd have all her pictures made with Mike's camera.

A good day. Bingo slept under the perambulator. Mike smoked his pipe. Nursie sewed on a new dress. Sun was warm and Mike's garden smelled swell. That's the kind of life I'd like to lead all the time. First peaceful moment I've had since I arrived in Hollywood.

Friday. One month old today. Weigh nine pounds, four ounces. Not bad for a bottle baby. Dad came to see me. He's been on location again. Haven't had a chance to get acquainted. Asked me what I thought of the family. How I liked living in California. Said he knew where he could find one native son. Put me over his shoulder and took me for a walk. Grand. Went to see Bingo. Afraid I goozled over his coat. Couldn't help it. He asked me how I'd like to have a pony when I got a little bigger. Dad's swell. Wish we knew each other better.

Saturday. Grace brought me a stuffed rabbit that squeaks. Nursie put it away until I'm old enough to play with it. Would like to get hold of that thing and bite its ear.

Family had a telegram from Grandfather Hinkle. He's coming to visit. Wants to have a look at me.

Sunday. Cocktail party this afternoon. Didn't go. Nursie and I were in Mike's garden while the party was going on. Mike was driving Dad on location. Been asleep all afternoon. Something woke me up. Couldn't make out what. Started to yell. Stopped. Somebody was talking to Nurse.

It was Del Santo. He was bending over Nursie and

his face was flushed. Oh, these Latin lovers!

"Ah, you American women," he said. "How can we Latins resist you? Such hair, such eyes, such a figure. You are the nurse, eh? But that is a shame. You must be in the moving pictures. What is your name, little one? I will see that you get a job."

"On your way," Nursie told him. "You'll wake the kid."

Del Santo only smiled. "You do not like me, eh?" he asked Nursie. "In the future, it will be different. Some day you will love me." He put his hand under her chin and tilted her head back. "One little kees to celebrate our meeting!" He put his arm around Nursie.

This had gone far enough. Yelled again. Bingo began to growl.

"Stop it, you fool!" Nurse pushed Del Santo away.

Kept on yelling. Bingo barked. Could hear somebody coming. Was what I wanted. Del Santo wasn't going to get away with anything as long as I was around to protect Nursie.

Miss Latour came running into the garden. Saw Del Santo and Nurse together. Her face got red and then it got white. "So!" She looked from one to the other. "This is where you've been, Roland? You didn't come back? Perhaps you like blondes better than brunettes."

Del Santo talked very fast. "It was the baby," he said. "I hear him cry and come to see what the matter. The little blonde girl do not know (Continued on page 108)"



Miss Latour saw Del Santo and Nursie together. "So this is where you've been, Roland?" Del Santo talked fast: "It was the baby. I hear him cry and come to see what is the matter."



Doug, Jr. is collegiate, naive, ingenuous, and handsome in a boyish way. He writes, dabbles in drawing, and gives some very good performances.

BEARING up under the title of Hollywood's happiest young couple cooperatively engaged in matrimony, the junior Fairbankses behaved themselves as well as Emily Post or even the more austere *Saturday Evening Post* could ask. In fact they acquitted themselves splendidly, exercising such artistic restraint as to lapse only once into what is euphemistically termed Baby Talk.

Before going on, perhaps we should place them, for the purpose of the records. There is the elder Fairbanks, also Doug, married these many years to America's Sweetheart. (Gaffers among us will remember when the lady actually was America's Sweetheart, in a nice way.) They do not go in for picture-making save sporadically, but let a visiting bit of royalty so much as show his monocle in Hollywood and he is immediately fêted at the ancestral halls of Pickfair.

The former Mrs. Fairbanks, Junior's mother, married a young musical comedy hero, who is now young Fairbanks' stepfather, which is not a pun, despite the fact that the nimble Jack Whiting does hoof a bit.

Thus we come by easy stages to Doug, Jr., himself, in pajamas, quite as much in person as you may ever expect to see him. Also in pajamas, also in person, we find Joan Crawford at his side, breakfasting lavishly upon skimmed milk and Post Toasties or Bran Flakes or something—which is an idea for Mr. Ripley.

They were in New York on a holiday at the newly risen St. Moritz, facing Central Park in an extravagant manner.

They are two attractive young people, Master Fairbanks and his Joan, the dancing daughter of Culver City, the flaming prom-trotter who became a devoted wife addicted to hook rugs, the musical flash who settled down to act.

Doug, Jr. is collegiate, naive, ingenuous, and handsome in a boyish way. He writes sober little tracts about his friends in Hollywood, dabbles in drawing, and acts

STAR COUPLE:

A close-up of "Hollywood's happiest youngsters"—Joan and Doug, Jr.—at breakfast!

with a range that bears no slight resemblance to the stock market. He can be very good, as he was in "The Dawn Patrol," and he can be distinctly Crane Wilbur upon occasion. Those of you who have seen "On the Spot" will know that that is not intended as praise.

Joan is still youth itself, but no longer inflammable. She is a domestic flower bent upon seeing that Doug gets his calories, stays out of draughts and gets plenty of sleep.

She calls him Darling, and he calls her Billie, Baby, and something short and sweet that escaped my good ear.

They seemed to be very happy, without overdoing it for my benefit. That was by way of pleasant surprise to one who had seen more than his share of magazine pictures featuring the young people caught in affectionate poses that had apparently been directed by Dan Cupid and Harry Beaumont. Even a supervisor with an eye to the box-office might conceivably have had a finger in the composition of those highly impromptu shots of Doug kissing Joan, Joan gazing at a bust of Doug in silent adoration, and other bits calculated to demonstrate precisely how reciprocal love can be, even among the married.

In New York they were happily free from exhibitionism.

"This is the first vacation we've had together in years,"



She calls him Darling, and he calls Here are the young Fairbankses, and very much

INTIMATE VIEW

By
Rowley Trench

said Joan. "I left New York when I was sixteen. I'd been here just six months, fresh from a convent, when Hollywood got me. I've been there ever since. They had me working on my next picture, 'Dance, Fools, Dance,' up to within a half hour of train time."

She didn't see a Fairbanks picture until after she married young Doug. Then she had some screened at home in order to be up on family lore.

She was excited at hearing from Marlene Dietrich, who cabled congratulations on Joan's work in "Paid," the new version of "Within the Law." "I think she's simply marvelous," Joan will tell you, in hushed tones. "And she likes my work! That simply thrills me."

When the senior Fairbanks' name cropped up in the course of idle conversation, Joan launched into a eulogy of his acting in "Reaching for the Moon." According to her, he is the most perfectly groomed male on the screen as we go to press; his love scenes are, to quote his daughter-in-law, divine; and the whole picture is a super-jewel that is just too ducky for words. She liked it.

Doug, Jr. takes gym exercise daily to keep fit. He told me he misses the football games he was accustomed to playing with Johnny Mack Brown, Doug, Sr., and other coast athletes.

Both the young stars enjoy yet dread being recognized by strangers. They don't want anyone to be disappointed



her Billie and Baby!
breakfasting in pajamas
in person.



Joan is still youth itself, but no longer inflammable. She is a domestic flower bent upon seeing that Doug gets his calories and stays out of draughts.

in them. "Our taxi driver turned round after driving us up from the station and said, 'Jeez, I didn't know ya!' Ever since then he has carted us all over town," said Doug.

They had been seeing New York at the Mayfair dance the night before. Peggy Joyce, Texas Guinan, Fannie Ward, and other landmarks had been there, much to the childlike delight of the youthful pilgrims. They even saw Walter Winchell.

After coffee, Joan decided to smoke. Her lighter was not to be found.

"You left it on your dressing-table, dear," said Doug.

"I brought it in here," said Joan.

"It's on the dressing-table," said Doug firmly.

"Go and see, darling," suggested Joan. "Wait! Five bucks it isn't there."

"You're on," said Doug.

"Wait a minute. You must shake on it to seal the bet."

They shook hands formally, then Doug disappeared into one of the bedrooms, to come out grinning. The lighter was in his hand.

"Oh, you had it in your pocket all the time!" said Joan.

"It was on your dressing-table," said Doug.

"Oooky booky beeches?" queried Joan.

"Oooky booky beeches!" replied Master Fairbanks, leading one to assume that 'Oooky', etc. is Indian for 'Cross your heart.'

They both manage to be quite serious about their means of livelihood. Joan is ambitious to appear in something dramatic on the New York stage, nothing daunted by the fate of Colleen Moore, Vilma Banky, Olive Borden, and other Hollywood moths who have been singed by the bright lights of Broadway.

In pictures Joan has been cast in a series of pure commercial gems. Only in "Paid" was she permitted to be a legitimate actress. A less fortunate venture was the musical comedy "Great Day" which was filmed as a Crawford vehicle and shelved (Continued on page 127)



WILL

According to the science of numbers, Norma Shearer may choose between glamour on the screen or contentment in domesticity, in 1932.

Norma Shearer Retire?

Startling revelations by numerology of the future of this popular star

By
Clifford W. Cheasley

ACCORDING to the method of practical numerology the complete name given at birth is analyzed from the two important angles of the inner nature, the number of which is decided from the total of its vowels and the outer nature, or general temperament, which is found by the addition of every letter of the name.

The inner nature is technically known as the 'Ideality' or motive number, the outer nature as the 'Expression' or method number.

According to your original name, Miss Shearer, I find the interesting calculation which gives the same vibration and number to your inner motives as to your outer abilities and this number is 9,

arrived at through the combination of 7-11.

The general affect of this upon your temperament caused you to be born with the ability to express rather easily any thing or desire you might become really conscious of being interested in; but number 9 is the broadest number in the scale of Numerology, which means that usually your ideas are so general that you find it rather hard to decide why you should concentrate your thought and attention upon any one thing in preference to something else. Therefore, your mind is still often cluttered with a great many half-formed, intangible ideas which cause general emotional congestion and make for moodiness.

You must have been always interested in human be-

Norma's Numberscope by Cheasley, famous authority on the fascinating science of numbers

ings. A '9 person' will often have to admit that the only consistent interest he or she have ever had has been in some way or another desiring to champion the cause of the weak and oppressed, educating other people to a higher ideal, or contributing something to the artistic inspiration of their fellow beings.

When it came to putting your attention to the ordinary ambitions, which interest so many people in the acquisition of a certain social position or a certain amount of financial freedom, you would originally find it hard to awake very much interest in your mind; but you could dream about being of great inspiration to large numbers of people through the things that you might do and say, and the harmony and beauty which you might reveal through artistic efforts.

Nine is a very artistic number but it would never be very clear in your mind whether you actually preferred color, drama, music, or literature as the vehicle through which to express your talents, for with such a vibration it is always easier to decide what we do *not* want than it is to decide what we do!

The presence of the number 9 in both your inner and outer natures makes you very friendly disposed toward the whole world, but when it comes to personal friendships it is likely to cause you some difficulty and disillusionment. This is because the 7-11 or 9 is a combination of ideals, dreams, and emotions and the usual opportunities for love and friendship serve only to convince you that you have placed too high a



A new camera study of Miss Shearer—the first, by the way, since her return to the screen after the birth of her baby son, Irving Thalberg, Jr. Norma's new film is "Strangers May Kiss."



Acme Photo.

The only recent photograph of Norma with her movie-magnate husband, Irving Thalberg. A camera-man sneaked up on the Thalbergs at the Wilshire Country Club where they were watching a golf match.

value upon the other person, which they are unable to live up to.

You ought to be very well liked by everyone, but with the meaning of your 7-11 combination, recognise that you can intuitively understand the motives of nearly everyone as well as measure their worth, very few individuals can really be permitted to penetrate into your deeper nature.

The generality of the number 9 which predominates in your name would also account for the fact that as a child you would not be particularly anxious to push yourself to the front in any very individual matter or to be ambitious to improve the circumstances around you.

If circumstances of your (Continued on page 115)



Charles Spencer Chaplin, Esq.—comic genius, talented composer, talkie hater, and devoted father!



Charlie in his long-awaited new comedy, "City Lights," with Virginia Cherrill. This feature will have sound and synchronization, but Chaplin won't talk.

The TALKIE

By
Alma Whitaker

The new 'silent' film, "City talking pictures. Read the still true to pantomime—

CHARLIE insists that pantomime, his pantomime, will survive long after the public has tired of talkies. "City Lights" will confirm or break his faith. He has staked a huge proportion of his fortune on this faith. And he has put every ounce of his heart's blood into it—that was left over after his two small sons had annexed their full due!

It's the general impression that, during the throes of creation of "City Lights," Charlie Chaplin almost renounced the world. No new love affairs or court suits, and the minimum of sociability.

Of course, there has been dear Georgia Hale, but she is a quiet, companionable soul who seemingly does not crave the bright lights and asks for nothing better than to respond sweetly to Charlie's moods.

But there have also been the babies—aged four and five respectively—the jolliest little boys you ever imagined! In spite of the fact that Lita Grey Chaplin was given their custody after the last agonizing court case, Charlie is a devoted father. He adores these youngsters and gives them



Charlot! The most illustrious figure developed by the motion picture. He's funnier than ever in "City Lights."

every available moment of his time. When they are in New York with mamma, and dad is in Hollywood, there is almost daily correspondence.

Lita is of Spanish extraction, so the small boys are learning Spanish easily. *Voila*, then Papa Charlie must learn Spanish, too. He can say "Buenos Dias" and "Como Esta?" with no end of a dash, and puts more emotion into "Adios" than the small boys quite realize.

So besides creating "City Lights," besides composing all that intriguing music for his 'silent' sound picture, besides taking a most practical interest in the business matters pertaining thereto, this remarkable Charlie has been learning Spanish, and reading up studiously on child culture—the Parent-Teacher Association has high hopes of a new stylish member at no distant date!

Photographs of these small boys at various ages adorn Charlie's bachelor home, and Kono, his faithful Japanese majordomo, sees that they are kept neatly dusted, that no whit of their baby smiles (Continued on page 124)



Lillian Gish in her first, last, and only talkie, "One Romantic Night," with Marie Dressler. Lillian still has faith in silent pictures.



The 'lily maid' of many Griffith silent films, now a great success as a stage actress: Miss Gish.

TEETOTALERS!

Lights," will test the pull of views of two famous artists Chaplin and Lillian Gish

By

Rosalie Lieberman

THE talkies have become the Pied Piper of Hollywood. They made a few mechanical noises and the people of the movies were immediately charmed. They made some bigger and more elaborate noises and the people of the stage, practically *en masse*, followed. But one sensitive player didn't hear these sounds as music. Charlie Chaplin was not charmed. He continued to go his pantomimic way even though there was gold in that thar microphone. And for awhile it seemed that he would go the way alone. But now things are changed. He has a would-be companion in the determined person of Lillian Gish. For, she, too, has faith in silent pictures.

True, she made a talking picture. True, that film, "One Romantic Night" did something beneficial for her. It caught something of the real Gish personality and it smashed something of the false Gish tradition. For it helped to prove that lily maids could laugh as well as languish, and that even years of cinematic suffering did not necessarily make for a beaten person-



Remember "The White Sister?" Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman made it a memorable motion picture.

ality. Yet, Lillian Gish does not believe in the talkies because they are not to her a pure medium. She cannot embrace this hybrid child, part stage, part motion picture, as her own. The mechanical imperfections, in themselves, loom up to her as something large not only because they record unnaturally the sounds that the voice in reality *does* make, but because they record as well, sounds that in life, do not come from the voice at all. She does not believe talkies artistically sound, and because of that, she cannot sincerely identify herself with them.

But her multitudinous admirer, the movie-going public, need not come to any hasty conclusion that Lillian Gish has stopped forever being an expressive shadow. She has not. Instead, she hopes for and believes in the re-birth of silent pictures. And with them lies her film future. But as strong as her hope is for the second coming of non-talkies, equally sure is her realization that the new silent film will differ from the old. If talkies obviously sound out their own faults, they point, too, a mean- (Continued on page 106)

Let the HOLLYWOOD STARS be your Fashion Guides!

The screen's smartest women advise you here on your clothes problems. Read this story before planning your new wardrobe—it will help you in your selections

By
Helen Ludlam

WHEN I started out to ask what characterized a well-dressed woman it was tremendously interesting to find that all the Hollywood girls I interviewed, authorities on clothes, had exactly the same principle—trimness and simplicity. Gloria Swanson, Hedda Hopper, Kay Francis, Lilyan Tashman and others.

Most of the girls started out with almost exactly the same words—and if they didn't start with them they got around to them sooner or later—which were: "Well, of course, I always love a smart black suit," and, "black velvet or black lace is best for evening, that is, if black is becoming to the wearer. If not, then a solid neutral color."

"If one has a limited income it is best to avoid materials that are patterned," Kay Francis said. "Solid colors are better, more inconspicuous and much smarter usually. Every woman should study herself and decide what style to adopt. One woman cannot wear strictly tailored things; another does not look her best in anything else."

"One can always be well-dressed if one's wardrobe includes a dark suit," Kay went on. "Changes in vests or blouses give variation to it. In my work I find that afternoon dresses are utterly useless. During the time I am making a picture I leave my house at an early hour and go to the studio where I put on the costume my part requires. I do not leave the studio until seven or after and if I go home I go straight to bed, and if I go out I wear an evening gown. When I am not working, if I am at home I like lounging ensembles; if I am on the boat I wear dungarees; and

if I have errands or shopping to do, I wear a suit. I like either to be very much dressed up or not dressed up at all.

"But some women have a great need for afternoon gowns. If I were a woman not in public life and had to watch my budget I'd have a smart suit, two well-chosen afternoon gowns for bridge or afternoon teas, and one, or two if I could, evening gowns and a wrap. If you choose black velvet or black lace for this you will be able to wear it twice as long as you would anything else without tiring of it. It can be relieved by two or three sets of very good costume jewelry, which is inexpensive and very smart. With black velvet your choice must be very discriminating, however, or you will ruin the whole effect of the gown."

Gloria Swanson, reclining gracefully on a day-bed in the boudoir of her Beverly Hills home, said practically the same thing. She was wearing a beautiful black velvet negligée that fell away in the most unexpected places and with every movement of her arms hiding and revealing at the same time, if such a thing is possible, her lovely shoulders. Gloria thinks that line and material are very important and accessories more important than the costume itself—in fact, they all said that. I really could write the entire story and begin it by saying: Gloria Swanson, Lilyan Tashman, Hedda Hopper, Kay Francis said—so and so. Because, except for a few individual touches, they all had the same idea which, since they are said by those who should know, to be the best-dressed women in Hollywood. (Continued on page 113)

HINTS TO CHIC FROM HOLLYWOOD'S BEST-DRESSED GIRLS!

"Watch your accessories," says Gloria Swanson. "It pays to get good gloves and a good bag."

"Stick to solid colors," counsels Kay Francis. "Black lace or black velvet is always smart."

"Select good materials," advises Hedda Hopper. "Not only for utility, but for elegance."

"Never shop haphazardly," warns Lilyan Tashman. "Plan and budget your wardrobe."

SCREENLAND'S
SPRING
FASHION
SHOW

Greta Garbo introduces this special spring fashion section looking even more alluring than usual in her favorite negligée pajamas of soft blue transparent velvet, made with very wide trousers so long in the back that they form a train, and unusual treatment of sleeves and belt.

Clarence Sinclair Bull

SCREEN BEAUTIES

in

BOUDOIR FASHIONS



Richee

It takes a girl of Kay Francis' statuesque loveliness to look charming in a hostess gown like this! But its green and gold lame with medieval sleeves and individual neckline sets off Kay's commanding beauty perfectly.

And only a dewy ingénue like Loretta Young can wear this type of luscious negligée. It's fashioned of eggshell satin, with a train—and note the clever use of lace.

Fryer



June Mac-Cloy, one of the blonde newcomers, wears these pajamas of brilliant flowered design in white, green, and yellow.



Dyar



Fryer

Barbara Stanwyck wears this two-tone green pajama ensemble, with pale satin trousers and dark green coat. The vest is doubled and duplicates the pale green used in lining the coat.

A jaunty jacket applied in silver oners a distinct note in this lounging costume of Barbara's in chartreuse chiffon velvet with lower side flares contriving a skirt effect.

Fryer

STREET CLOTHES *for* SPRING

Garbo proves that she can wear clothes as smartly as any of her American screen sisters, when she poses in this clever crepe frock in two tones of beige. Note novel neckline.





Richee

Fay Wray's bolero ensemble is a two-timing affair! In black and white canton crepe, it's a smart little suit. And then—

Fay removes the bolero and appears in an afternoon frock, with black gloves and a black and white hat to complete the effect.

There's a military air to Dorothy Jordan's new spring suit achieved by the cut and button decorations of the jacket.

Richee

Hurrell



NEW NOTES in



Marian Marsh, left, wears a parrot-green three piece wool crepe suit, with linen straw hat of the same shade.



Fay Wray likes her street frocks of tweed mixtures. This one she is wearing, left, is bright blue, with piqué accents.

An all-occasion frock in the new 'Greer green,' designed by Howard Greer of Hollywood and worn by Evalyn Knapp, is trimmed with beige fox.



Leila Hyams wears this black and white straw hat with its clean-cut, off-the-face line.

Fryer

Richee

Hurrell

Fryer

DAYTIME CLOTHES

Right, Clara Bow's new suit is of beige twill, with collar, belt, and elbow cuffs of leopard fur. Note pleated skirt.

Below, Kay Francis selects a coat of green tweed trimmed at the elbows, pockets and collar with natural lynx fur.



Fryer

Above, Loretta Young wears a three-tone wool lace street frock in black, delft blue, and gray. Its somewhat severe lines are relieved by elbow-length cape sleeves and a self tie at the yoke. Accessories include a black felt hat, black fur scarf of baby foxes, and a calfskin bag.



Richee

A close-up of Dorothy Jordan's youthful and novel tricornered hat with pom-pom trim.



Richee

Hurrell

HATS—

HATS—

HATS!

Right: Marion Davies demonstrates what the well-dressed equestrienne should wear. Her felt hat is simple but smart; her gloves are of pigskin, with perforations.

Every girl wants a hat with a veil! Evalyn Knapp's nose veil has a dotted chenille pattern.



Fryer



Hurrell

One of the smartest straw hats of the new season: Hedda Hooper's, with its interesting feather trim.



Hurrell

Left: Leila Hyams saves this black lace straw with its bandeau across the forehead for 'supper hour' wear, with a black lace frock.

AND MORE HATS!



Bull

Greta Garbo's new felt has a novel brim fulfilling the new fashion dictations but remaining individual.

Below, a lovely hat, worn by Leila Hyams, boasts a bandeau of a cluster of pearl flowers.



Hurrell



Hurrell

Black lace and ostrich feathers in black and white fashion this newest of evening hats, worn, above, by Miss Hyams.

Large lacy straws will set off the summer dresses, says Dorothy Jordan, looking even prettier than usual in this sheer braided straw.



Hurrell

THE SPORTS MODE



Loretta Young illustrates the importance of accessories. The same frock may be enlivened with different hat, shoes, and bag. Above, carrying out the all-white idea.



Loretta changes to a black beret and patent leather shoes to match.



And still another change—a close-up of shoes of snakeskin and patent leather.



And, right, black suede pumps with reptile trim. As Gloria Swanson says, choose your shoes and bags with discrimination.

Photographs of
Miss Young by
Elmer Fryer

White and sapphire-blue three-piece beach pajamas are worn by Marian Marsh—blouse, trousers and shoes of white, jacket of blue. Pretty, too!



Fryer

A decorative young golfer is Dorothy Jordan in her costume of brown jersey with beret and oxfords blending. A gay scarf sets off the ensemble.

Hurrell



Ideally suited to the business girl is this 'two-in-one' costume worn by Joan Crawford. Worn with the jacket either tucked under the trim skirt, buttoning down the front in double-breasted effect, or as a smart little jacket suit with blouse underneath. The initials on the lapel are smart.



'Ric Rac' is the name of this tan and white-trimmed crepe frock with its deep box pleats and fitted hipline, worn by Evalyn Knapp and designed by Howard Greer.



Fryer

Very important in this dinner frock is the fur motif, expressed in the sweeping black chiffon in cape-sleeve cuffs. Greer-designed—and becoming to Evalyn Knapp's blonde beauty.



Richee

A gown of piquant formality, this, fashioned of tulle and silver sequins, with a shoulder-line conforming to the new trend. Doesn't Fay Wray look lovely in it?



Hurrell

Girls of demure personalities—like Dorothy Jordan—should choose evening frocks like this, of flower-designed chiffon with graceful wide flounce and short sleeves.

GOWNS for OCCASIONS

Picture girls present their latest
and loveliest evening frocks



Fryer



Fryer

Lace is still—and always—very smart. And white lace is particularly good when it is fashioned into a gown as sophisticated as Loretta Young's. Just a word of warning: don't choose the tiered frock unless you are, like Loretta, rather tall and willowy!

One of those 'romantic' frocks—and you have to be a romantic-looking lady like Evalyn Knapp to wear it, too!—has quaint long sleeves with lace puffs, and interesting tucked treatment.

FORMAL FASHIONS



Hurrell

There's a ripple to every ruffle of this dainty frock worn by Dorothy Jordan. Cascading from the form-fitting line to the instep it gives grace at every step. There is an accompanying ruffle outlining the sleeveless bodice which fits to the figure with a velvet sash. Perfect for dancing!

Clara Bow has wisely chosen a gown of white satin that uses tucks and bias folds to achieve its chic. Clara wears with it a sparkling crystal necklace.

Richee



You've seen the clothes of a perfect day—now consider the clothes of a perfect evening, worn by Hollywood stars!

Flowered taffeta is revived with the spring season. Fay Wray has selected cream taffeta printed with clusters of roses and lavender flowers.



Richee

Fryer



Only a Clara Bow would dare to wear a wrap like this! Of black velvet and white fox, it depends upon its extreme lines for its startling effect.

Howard Greer's beautiful white 'Butterfly' gown, with its sleeves edged in gray fox, is classically lovely as worn by Evalyn Knapp, the new Warner star.



Richee



Kesslere

That blonde from Alabama! Meet Tallulah Bankhead in the story opposite. She'll make at least two pictures for Paramount; and if we like her—and she likes us—she'll make some more!

Tallulah's *in* Town!

What's a Tallulah? It's a beautiful blonde named Bankhead who returns to America after triumphs in London, to give our old talkies a new thrill!

By
Barton Boone

AS the Aquitania steamed up the much-ploughed New York harbor, a sprightly young woman, sloe-eyed, droopy-lidded, svelte and sophisticated, mounted to the bridge, adjusted her mite of a beret and saluted Manhattan and America with a cheery "Hello there, you chaps!" And the buildings bent forward and the mother of Liberty dipped the torch in salute, the tugs shrieked and the movie palaces girded themselves to house another star's first talking picture.

It seems that Tallulah Bankhead's in town, honey.

The honey business is the McCoy, too, because she springs from below that well-worn Mason and Dixon line where Mam-mies have nothing to do besides waiting for the choo-choo to bring their boys back to them from the Northlands.

Yes, and we wondered what that name 'Tallulah' meant, too, until the Bankhead herself described a scenic spot in Georgia named Tallulah Falls. It seems that Tallulah's grandmother had a memory in connection with the falls and wanted to perpetuate its name for generations to come. Besides taking it for her own front one she passed it on to the present Tallulah who in turn says she delights in seeing it in electric lights.

Well, Tallulah arrived and found it good to be back on the auld sod after an eight-year

leave during which time she became the darling of London's Mayfair and the adored of Piccadilly. It is gospel that she cannot walk down any street in London without attracting a crowd that trips after her in boisterous adulation.

New York, she told me, is "Too, too divine," in a voice that retains a sugar-cured Southland accent in combination with London's broadest Oxford. Like many another she breathes evenly and deeply through her nose,

droops her lids most fascinatingly and is a completely engaging conversationalist, having given and received with the world's best.

Of wit she has a plentiful store and shoots loads of wise-cracks right back at anyone who might care to bandy with her. At a press luncheon she thinks nothing of entertaining newspaper and magazine people by the dozen, keeping them all ears for her next anecdote, most of which concern famous personages.

Her acquaintanceship, stretching from Huntsville, Alabama, through New York and across to England, where she is known from the rough-hewn boards of the country inn to the oak-pannelled walls of the swank West End flats, is so varied she keeps a woman secretary for appointments alone.

She cares nothing about appearing beautiful and does it by sheer neglect. I saw her one moment before she was ready to meet some people, attired in lounging pajamas (they were English ones), and then, after a moment's disappearance into an adjoining room, she once more came on the scene in a black dress—a very plain
(Continued on page 111)



She's the darling of London's Mayfair. Tallulah Bankhead, the blonde from Alabama, comes back to us home folks after eight years of stage supremacy in England. She'll do "New York Lady" for Paramount, with Clive Brook. Those droopy-lidded sloe eyes may become famous in the films.

The GIRL *stood on the* BURNING DECK

By
Marie Dressler

Continuing the true life
story of our greatest
trouper

EDITOR'S NOTE:

This second installment of Marie Dressler's story is even more fascinating than the first—and funnier! Last month Marie told you of her early days, her struggles to succeed on the stage, her triumphs. Then the lean times—and her gallant efforts to keep her flag flying. Now, this month, she plunges headlong into the merry movies—and her intimate account of her Hollywood experiences is at once hilarious and moving. Now, go ahead and laugh with Marie Dressler!

PART II

I BEGAN to consult my bankbook with increasing frequency. The reading was less and less good. Still no word came from importunate producers nor did any ideal workless job present itself as my friends so fondly predicted.

I began to worry some for fear that in the near future I would have to borrow or go in debt. Faith and Hope were with me and they are fine girls, but deliver me from Charity. Charity never turns out a very good girl anyhow, if we can trust the story. Perhaps you remember how Faith came to the city, got a job in the chorus and was glorified. She got pearls, a Rolls, a vermin coat, and a Peke. Having made good she sent home for dear little Hope to give her a chance. Hope made good in the city, got pearls, a Rolls, a vermin coat and a Peke. Then she decided with Faith that something must be done about poor little Charity so they sent for her to give her a chance. Charity arrived in the city with pearls, in a Rolls, wearing a vermin wrap and carrying a Peke. You see, Charity began at home!

Well, I stayed home, but nothing happened to me. I was living at the Ritz and broke!

To make matters worse, my telephone rang constantly for enthusiastic good-byes of friends who were off for Hollywood with fat contracts and all expenses paid. If I had wanted to feel sorry for myself I never had a better chance. I just wasn't wanted anywhere—except at parties—and you can't live on banana cake! I'd been in pictures myself when Charlie Chaplin was a pup. In fact, Charlie, Mabel Normand and I spent fourteen weeks working together in the early movie days making "Tillie's Punctured Romance," which is revived every so often even now despite the fact that it was hawked about for nine weeks in an attempt to sell it after it was made and despite the fact that eight men have since told me that "Tillie's



A figure of fun and Broadway fame—Marie Dressler in the days when she was the comic pride of the theater. She played to packed houses everywhere—but she didn't know what real success meant until she went in the movies. Now she numbers her audiences by the million—and winning new ones with every picture.

MARIE DRESSLER'S OWN STORY

Punctured Romance" built their theaters. This was followed by "Tillie Wakes Up," "Tillie's Tomato Surprise," and several two-reelers. That was supposed to end me for the pictures, but I still felt that there were laughs in the old girl yet. I refused to believe that a person schooled and trained in all the tricks of the trade couldn't cope with new conditions which were proving the Waterloo for the beginners of the business. Beginners' luck makes a good start, but it doesn't win championship games. I was standing on the sidelines just clawing the air to get into the scrap and nobody would let me make a hit. I might have been reconciled to a restful shelf if strangers in the street hadn't stuck complimentary pins into me by accusing me of sitting down on the job.

"Why don't you come back to us?" was the universal plea. "We need to laugh." One timid woman even went so far as to say, "Miss Dressler, I've been trying to get up courage to speak to you for a long time. Do you know that you've done my liver more good than all the doctors in Carlsbad?" This public clamor increased rather than diminished, but somehow the managers never heard of it. I can say this without vanity since subsequent events proved that these were not empty compliments.

I decided then that I would start out on a little voyage of discovery. I would go in search of that colorful dame Opportunity, and when I found her I would waltz right up, grab her by the feet and shout, "Baby, I'll have this dance with you!" Then I would hang on no matter how hard she kicked. Yep, she could even scratch and I'd still hang on!

Reasoning thusly, I breezed out with some of my remaining nickels and a penny or two and purchased a crop of the best-looking luggage that was to be had and announced to my friends that I was going to Hollywood. Yes, Hollywood—the land of the wave and the home of the fee!

First, my friends scolded me for undertaking such a crazy venture, but what really annoyed them more than my going was the extravagance of my bags, but I had a right to my luggage complex. When I first left home



The kindly, tolerant face of the woman who has made homely humor pay and pay—Marie Dressler, who is telling her own story for you in these pages.

to join Nevada's stock company, my father built me a trunk out of some lumber. It was a cross between a tool chest and a summer house. I'll never forget it. I always felt that since my father was a marvelous musician that the least he could have done was to make it look like a piano. In its neither here-nor-there-ness it caused only laughter wherever it was taken and brought me acute embarrassment. This explains why I didn't want to go to Hollywood in a dog house!

After I had climbed over the baggage hurdle with my friends, they wouldn't give up. "Oh, Marie," they protested, "in your position you can't go to Hollywood with no contract. Besides, you are so well known for your kind of comedy—and they don't do that kind any more."

"New things are coming up in the pictures all the time," I retorted. "The talkies are still in their infancy. I see tremendous possibilities ahead. The picture producers used to sit in their swivel chairs and think they had the world by the tail, then the talkies came and the tail broke off. Now they're running around with the tail in their hands trying to catch the animal. I've always been good at blind-fold donkey games; maybe I can help them pin on the tail."

Despite pleas and warnings, I bought my ticket. I arrived at the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, March 7th, 1927, and I stayed there for two months shooting the roll but no pictures. I saw people you see on the screen every day going by in handsome cars; I heard guests in the different restaurants murmur with awe the name of some passing girl who had been in my



A movie queen's life isn't all love and limousines! Sometimes a screen idol has to get down on her hands and knees to earn her living. Here's Marie Dressler, with her director, Charles Reisner, making a scene for "Reducing."

choruses and who had flopped on the one line that I had tried to give her; I saw the magnificent homes in which the great and the near-great live.

I passed fruit and vegetable stands succulent with appetizing bright-colored wares. I never can pass bunches of bananas and fuzzy okra without wanting a home. Nobody will ever know how I yearned for a little house, but I was lucky to have a room. Here again it looked like better business to stay at an expensive hotel than to go out to a three-room bungalow which would have been nearer my heart's desire.

Meanwhile, I declared myself in the movie haunts.* I was not in the West as a star—just star dust. I didn't ask for the whole milky way. I was perfectly willing to look at it. I didn't even aspire to be a lightning bug, the glow-worm would be enough—and if I didn't glow to the extent I ought to, well, then it could get dark!

It grew embarrassing to live at the Ambassador. When I arrived there, everybody assumed that I was up some company's sleeve. I naturally let this assumption ride. Then I would meet some friend who would say, "Let us in on the secret. What picture are you scheduled for?"

In reply to these questions, I had to smile and look mysterious and it's mighty hard to say nothing and look mysterious for two months with my open nature. Everybody could see that if I was up some company's sleeve, it ought to begin to bulge by then. Finally people began to inquire when I was going back to New York. This made me decide to look permanent—so I leased a house.

Now I had owned houses before. I bought a place in the rush of enthusiasm and extravagance when I was making a lot of money in "Tillie's Nightmare." How well I remember it! The barn had sixteen stalls so I bought sixteen cows and I was perfectly entranced with delight when I received word that the sixteen cows had made ninety-one dollars. Of course, I got a statement later that it cost two hundred and one dollars to make the ninety-one, but no owner of an estate ever quibbles over a detail like that. It's not farmer's etiquette.

It was at that time that I tried raising chickens that wouldn't set, ducks that got drowned and everything that wouldn't grow. The final straw was buying a carload of hardy plants, which turned out to be hardy, but not fool-hardy. I swore that I



Miss Dressler having her first taste of what it means to be lionized. Marie was in the movies, as she says, "when Charlie Chaplin was a pup!"

would never again have anything to do with another house. The circumstances, however, were now different, because any fool could raise plants in California.

Usually one buys or builds a house and starts a garden. In California you buy a garden and hope there is a house with it. Well, I saw a garden and went mad. Luckily there was a house on it with all future improvements. With a house on my hands and no job in sight I was up against it. Instead of the picture of a determined woman looking for work by rooting myself in the soil, ironically enough I gave the impression of a jolly woman from the East who was out there for the sunshine and flowers. I realized now that if I were actually starving to death and told any of my friends the sad fact, they would think I was trying to be funny and would pass me a caviar sandwich while I was reaching for cabbage.

I tell you, friends of the radio audience, this little girl stood on the burning deck, deep water ahead, and the scenery was going up in flames behind!

I prayed that the movie studios would send out a life-line. I hoped that they would add a derrick and a landing net. Yet in my wildest dreams, it never occurred to me that anyone could climb to fame, be dropped into obscurity, and again be whirled to triumph greater than

any I had known in the hey-day of my former success. I had been feeling like a regular Jonah. I didn't like the burning deck, but I was afraid to jump lest a whale should come along and swallow me. But a miracle lay ahead! This time Jonah was going to swallow the whale!

Of course, I first had to catch the whale. I'd been angling for any small fry that might come to the hook—a bite from a shiner would have thrilled me at this stage! But the cork sat on the top of the water and even my angle-worm wasn't nibbled. A fisherman doesn't feel discouraged if his bait is swallowed though he doesn't

land his fish. To tempt a whale's appetite it seems you can't use the pickled minnows one sees in fishing tackle windows nor the sardines from delicatessen stores. Moreover, few people fish for whales so no one has bothered to write a book on whale angling.

Then one day the bait for the whale appeared. Frances Marion, who I think has contributed more to the movies than twenty other writers, sent for me. I could have a part—a part, at last! Right on top of that I was offered one hundred and fifty dollars per week for eight



No professional jealousy here! Marie Dressler and Polly Moran have co-starred in "Caught Short" and "Reducing" and they are still friends.

Hollywood once ignored Marie Dressler! She confesses: "I just wasn't wanted anywhere except at parties, and you can't live on banana cake!"

weeks to play the rôle of the Queen Mother in the stage version of "The Swan." Since these opportunities were simultaneous it was a great temptation to inform the producers of the play that I was through with the stage, but I didn't. One can never tell what form opportunity will take. A small object that may look like a button sometimes proves to be an acorn—and one can sit pretty under the shade of the oak later. I do love to mix my metaphors. I may employ burning decks, whales, acorns and Congress to dress up my thoughts, but I use them on the principle that if you don't understand one, another might be more enlightening, just as one of my great theories of life is to go around driving contact tacks—if one goes in, fine and dandy, if none goes in that's all right, too.

Well, when Frances Marion sent for me, I went off in a body. I was to be *Ma Callahan* in "The Callahans and the Murphys" in which Polly Moran and I established our game of give and take which has appeared in "Caught Short," "Reducing," and other pictures since. We are like that old idea of a perfect match—"Him so dark and her so fair."

One thing leads to another, as they always say. I next appeared in "Bringing Up Father," then in a picture with Constance Talmadge called "Breakfast in Bed." "The Divine Lady," "One Romantic Night," etc., followed. I felt contented and happy and grateful. I was working again. No part was too small, no gratitude was too great for having been given this chance. I was willing to have all work and no play because it made lots of jack and I could likewise write home to my friends in the East that I was in pictures.

Here's another detour! We all do more for the good opinion of our friends or the envy of our enemies than we do for ourselves. Funny, isn't it? Folks who have neither severest critics nor dearest enemies sit on a park bench and don't mind it. If you can't make friends to make good to—get a successful enemy. I was fortunate to have friends who believed in me, but, honestly—I am sure there is no human being who doesn't need a gallery, either friendly or unfriendly, to play to. If you were on a desert island and never expected to be rescued, you wouldn't exert yourself beyond getting food and shelter. Make friends—for they make you! Even a mild enemy is an asset. He's gasoline in your tank to feed your speed.

Fortunately I wasn't spreading any peacock feathers, just emulating the hardworking hen, when there came another year of idleness. Perhaps this was harder to bear than the long hyphen of nothing-to-do which went before. People kept writing me to ask what my next picture was and told me how they had followed my films around from *de luxe* house to where-were-they. Although I did only bits and was not starred, in many cases the house managers had stuck my name out in front in the great open spaces underneath the stars.

Now followed another low tide. It was so low there wasn't enough water to float a pollywog, much less a whale.

After a lapse of a year, I was sent for to play in a picture called "Dangerous Females." I may have looked dangerous in size, but goodness knows I was tame in spirit.

(Continued on page 114)



Byron, N. Y.

A grand old photograph from the good old days when Marie Dressler was appearing with Weber and Fields. This shows Miss Dressler with Joe Weber in "Twiddle Twaddle."



The Puppet Theater proves that the stars enjoy a good joke even when it's on them!

The puppet of George Arliss in his famous rôle of "Disraeli" is the master of ceremonies for the puppet show which belittles the Hollywood stars and makes them like it.

AND now they're belittling Hollywood. Can you imagine that? No, they don't do it maliciously—it's all in fun—and it's accomplished by means of knee-high puppets of the stars, who are the most enthusiastic of audiences to their own puppet selves.

Getting down to facts, 'they' are the Yale Puppeteers, a quartet of gifted young men who run a puppet theater on the little Spanish Street in Los Angeles, where their nightly programs of comedies, dramas, musical numbers, fantasies and satires draw capacity houses.

Harry Burnett, director, who has practiced puppetry for ten years, here and in Europe, is at the head, and Forman Brown, author of several books of poetry, writes both lines and music of the lyrics used in the shows.

Teatro Torito is the name of the theater. That means, according to my Spanish, Theater of the Little Bull—take that any way you please! It seats about 80 people, anywhere from one to 80 of whom are picture people as a rule. Sometimes Colleen Moore or Leatrice Joy or an actress intensely interested in puppets takes over the playhouse for an evening and then the little Spanish Street becomes a starry lane.

Gloria Swanson was 'belittled' about a year ago, but her tiny duplicate wasn't used in the

show until she came down to view it herself last week. The puppeteers maintain an atmosphere of gracious informality always, but, of course, nothing can control the manners of the general public, who sat and stared at Gloria avidly, whispered to each other, nudged one another, took in what she wore and marked when she laughed.

But Gloria has tremendous aplomb. Not by so much as a wink of an eyelash did she show that she knew herself the center of attention. Under 78 pairs of curious eyes, she autographed the brown wall and went backstage to examine the animated actors. She was interested in how they worked, which strings effected which actions and so on, an item not so much noted by the average actor.

"I'd like my little girl to see the show," she observed, at length.

Mr. Burnett spoke of the children's matinées featured every Saturday, to which no adult may go unless accompanied by a child.

"Oh no!" said Gloria. "She wouldn't care for that. She's much too sophisticated for a child's performance. She must come at night."

Little Leatrice Joy 2nd, on the other hand, has a zestful interest in the children's shows. In fact, so intrigued is the small daughter of Leatrice and Jack Gilbert that the puppeteers have arranged to permit her to keep

Marie Dressler's puppet—Marthy of "Anna Christie"—is a favorite. Here's Miss Dressler saluting the Garbo Anna puppet.



Gary Cooper with the minute representation of himself as "The Texan." He sent his mother down to see it.

Lovely Loretta as she is today — an honest actress who says there's no such thing as a 'self-made star.'



Loretta YOUNG'S

Theme Song:

"They Made Me
What I Am
Today!"

In which Hollywood's prize ingénue gives credit to those who helped her to stardom—and she hopes they're satisfied!

By Wilton Chalmers

LORETTA Young is an even-tempered young lady who looks at the world with the tolerance of her sophisticated generation. But she does hate persons who are ungrateful.

She is striving to avoid being classed in that category herself. She blushes for some of her stellar contemporaries because of their lack of sense of proportion.

"I'm a self-made star!" they boast.

"Rot!" snaps Loretta. "There isn't any such animal."

Indeed, she is watching herself like a hawk, she declares, to see that she doesn't go 'Big I am' now that First National has torn up her old featured-lead contract, and has substituted a very grand starring agreement with a fat salary.

"I've even heard some of our best celluloid people boast that they succeed in spite of everything and everybody in the motion picture industry!" exclaims Loretta, a note of wonderment in her voice. "That's so absurd it's amusing. I can name at least fifty persons who helped me so vitally that I should credit every one of them as a necessary factor in what progress I have made, and what luck I have had."

Someone told Loretta, the other day, that she must "forget that stuff about people helping." Geniuses are rare, said he; people who help them may always be replaced and those who claim credit for having discovered them are legion.

More rot, says Loretta.

However, that brought up a point on which she is sensitive. She is deeply grateful to the various big stars who helped her, but even now she is a bit bashful about linking their names with her own in this way.

Of course, many another budding luminary in the motion picture firmament has credited great stars as his or her 'inspiration;' or even admitted that they "had the good judgment to see my possibilities before the rest of the world awoke to them."

Not so Loretta. She is too honest with herself. She says:

"Linking your name with that of a big star when you're of no importance smacks of a publicity dodge, because the name of the star makes that of your comparatively insignificant self worth printing and speaking about."

"Therefore, while I have always been grateful for the splendid things Colleen Moore, the late Lon Chaney, Florence Vidor, Richard Barthelmess, Otis Skinner, Charlie Murray, and several other famous persons did for me, it was the publicity men who sent out stories to that effect and not myself."

"Colleen Moore saw me when I played an extra bit in 'Naughty but Nice,' gave me a bigger part, and praised me where praise counted when the picture was finished. That won a contract for me and the publicity men called me Miss Moore's protégée!"

"Then I seemed to stop moving for a while. I was afraid I'd pass out of the picture, contract or no contract, with no chance to show whatever ability I had as an actress."

"A test I had made, however, thanks to Mervyn Le Roy, who directed it, Dev Jennings, who photographed it, and the costumers, make-up men, the hair-dresser on the set and others who made me appear well and confident in myself, attracted the attention of Lon Chaney."

"Now if there's anything more disagreeable and generally piffling and



Sol Polito, ace movie cameraman, gives Loretta some tips before the action starts.



Loretta expresses gratitude to Elmer Fryer, who takes those art studies of her that you see in this and other magazines.



Loretta Young says she owes a big debt of gratitude to Mervyn Le Roy, who helped her to find herself in pictures. Here's Mervyn directing Loretta and her husband, Grant Withers.

Near the top of Loretta's list of 'people to be grateful to' is Percy Westmore, make-up chief at the First National studios.

unimportant in the cameraman's, make-up man's and costumer's line of duty than making tests of unimportant players, I don't know what it is. Only altruism, sportsmanship and pride in their work makes them turn out good tests instead of bad tests.

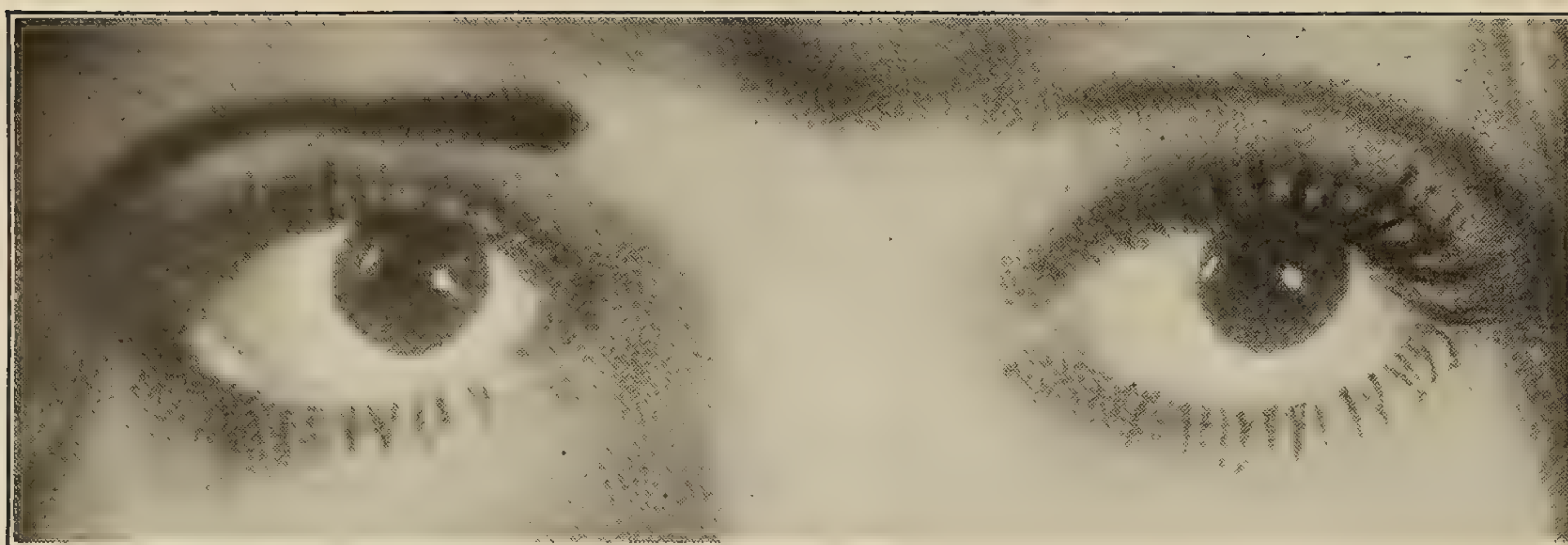
"Then came a second lead in Florence Vidor's 'The Magnificent Flirt.' Again the press agents helped me. They called me 'Miss Vidor's gifted protégée.'"

"After that I came back to my own studio and appeared as romantic lead in Charlie Murray's comedy, 'The Head Man.' That grand and dear old comedian laughingly said he couldn't claim me as his 'discovery,' because Miss Moore, my original 'discoverer,' still topped the studio's list of celebrities. We compromised. I became his youngest pupil."

"It is true that Charlie Murray has been teacher to more ambitious young players than almost anyone else among film celebrities. Among directors, William A. Seiter and Edward Cline probably tie for the same honor. Louise Fazenda is also a dear in that respect. They are all ex-Sennett fun-makers and therefore grand scouts."

"Just recently I played for the first time in a picture directed by Frank Lloyd, one of the most famous directors. It was 'The Right of Way,' in which I played the feminine lead, and I was particularly glad to do the part, chiefly because of being able to work with Mr. Lloyd."

"John Francis Dillon, who directed me in 'Fast Life,' was one of my most patient and sympathetic teachers, and it happens that I owe Mervyn Le Roy, director of many popular pictures, more than anyone else. That came about in a funny way. (Continued on page 112),



1. You've heard about the ayes having it; now you're seeing eyes that have It. Whose eyes are they?

THERE'S BEAUTY *in* YOUR EYES!

WHOEVER originally said that the eyes were the windows of the soul was just a little bit old-fashioned, even though poetic.

The eyes can be the windows of the soul. Sometimes they are. But more often, now-a-days, they are the charming show-cases of personality.

Of course, I have to break down, right here, and admit my enthusiasm for modern beauty and beauty methods. I think it is just grand and glorious. Beauty used to be such a hopeless proposition. You either had it or you didn't. And to have it was almost as tragic as not having it. A beautiful woman of fifty or a hundred years ago was looked upon with suspicion.

Men were afraid of her and other women hated her. Still and all, she did get along, since beauty has a way with it.

But the poor little girl who was just naturally plain had to take up school teaching or become the best cook on earth in order not to ruin her life.

And now, hurrah! If you are beautiful, you can be more beautiful—(and maybe, go into the movies!) If you are plain, you admit it and immediately do something about it—and the next thing you know you are no longer plain, but very fascinating and

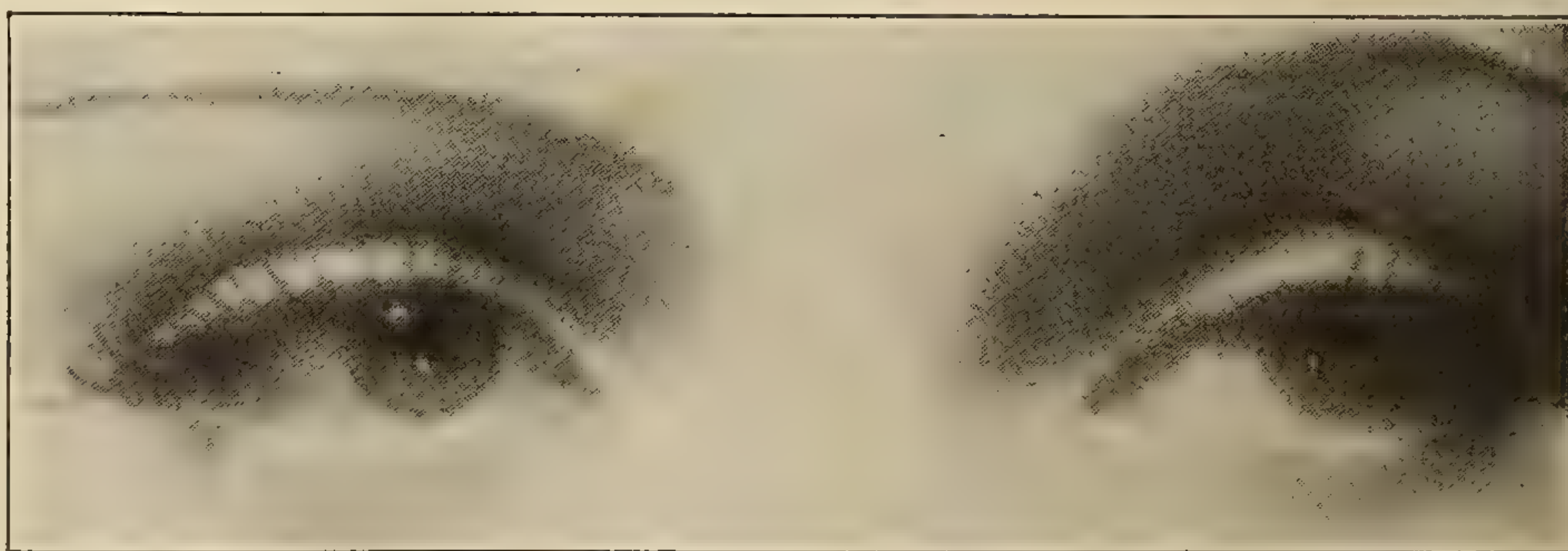
And this article tells you how to bring it out!

By

Anne Van Alstyne

interesting in appearance. And the way you get that way is by studying beauty methods, taking care of your appearance and learning all the marvelous cosmetic tricks. Isn't it true?

Now there is no cosmetic trick quite so new and effective as the things we have learned, just in the last year or so, about cosmetics for the eyes. Do you remember the successive stages our make-up education has gone through—first, a bit of talcum for the nose, applied with a chamois cloth? (How awful that was, too.) Next, a tiniest touch of rouge on the cheeks, and replacing the talcum with rice powder, usually white. Next, a more vivid use of rouge and the acquisition of the lipstick, and the banishing of white powder for the subtle shades of pink, rachelle, suntan or even lavender.



3. The clever use of cosmetics makes the eyes ever more enchanting than nature did originally! Above, the eyes of a lovely imported star.

4. Left, interesting orbs that belong to a lady popular for her exotic portrayals.

Do you know which to? For their names

2. *Mystery and romance look from these lovely, long-lashed eyes. To which star do they belong?*



IT'S EASY TO BE BEAUTIFUL!

And, currently, the use of eyeshadow and mascara, on the eyes. Personally, I feel if I could only have two aids of make-up, I'd select lipstick and eyeshadow. These two, more than all the others, can re-make your face. And if I could only have one, I'd say, concentrate on the eyes. For the beauty of the eyes is less dependent upon shape or color for beauty than upon expression for beauty. Teach your eyes a few tricks and all your beauty problem is solved.

The magic, the beauty of the eyes! In the old silent days of movies, the greatest actresses used their eyes to express their every emotion. Have you ever watched Garbo in a love-scene, particularly in a scene where she expresses love and something else—fear, perhaps. She does it all with her eyes. Put her in a close-up, where her gown, her figure, her hands do not show, and still you get every value of her emotion. The eyes have it.

Well, your eyes can have it, too!

Now that old business about their being soul window-panes is right to this extent. If you're tired or ill or discouraged or sleepy, your eyes will give you away just as plainly as they will when you are weeping. But there are times when our eyes look dull and tired, when you yourself don't feel that way at all. You may

Beauty, today, is no longer restricted to perfect features. We have grown wise and make our own beauty. Still we need rules to guide us. Anne Van Alstyne knows those rules. Write her, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a personal answer to your particular beauty problem. Address Miss Van Alstyne, in care of SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City

not even know that you look as though you found life just a wash-out and that you wanted to get away from it all.

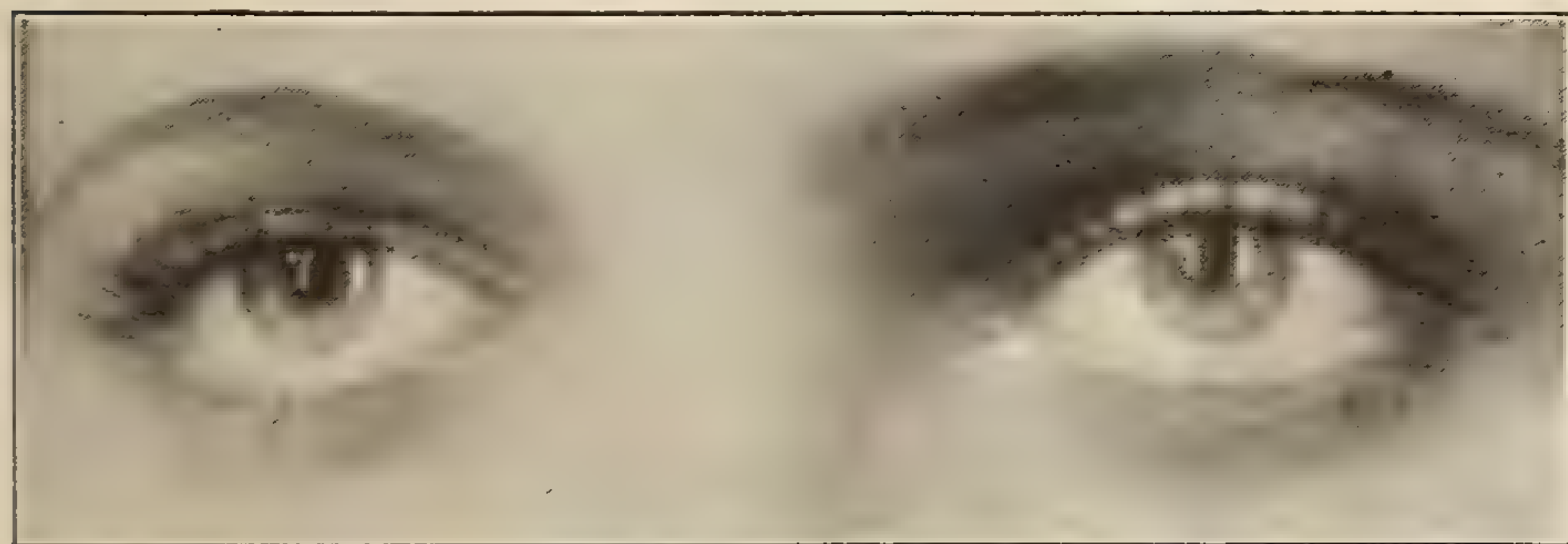
Occasionally, a well-managed house has dusty windows, but they never stay that way for long. If they remain uncleaned for a long time, you know the house is neglected. So it is with you. If you let your eyes stay dull, you are just

being careless, careless with a possession more valuable to you than all the jewels in the world.

The first principles (there I go again emphasizing first principles—but they really are just as important to beauty as to life) of caring for the eyes are to stay in the best of health. Then you must get your eight hours' sleep just as many nights as possible—and if you can catch an occasional nap at noon or before dinner at night, that's just so much money in your beauty bank.

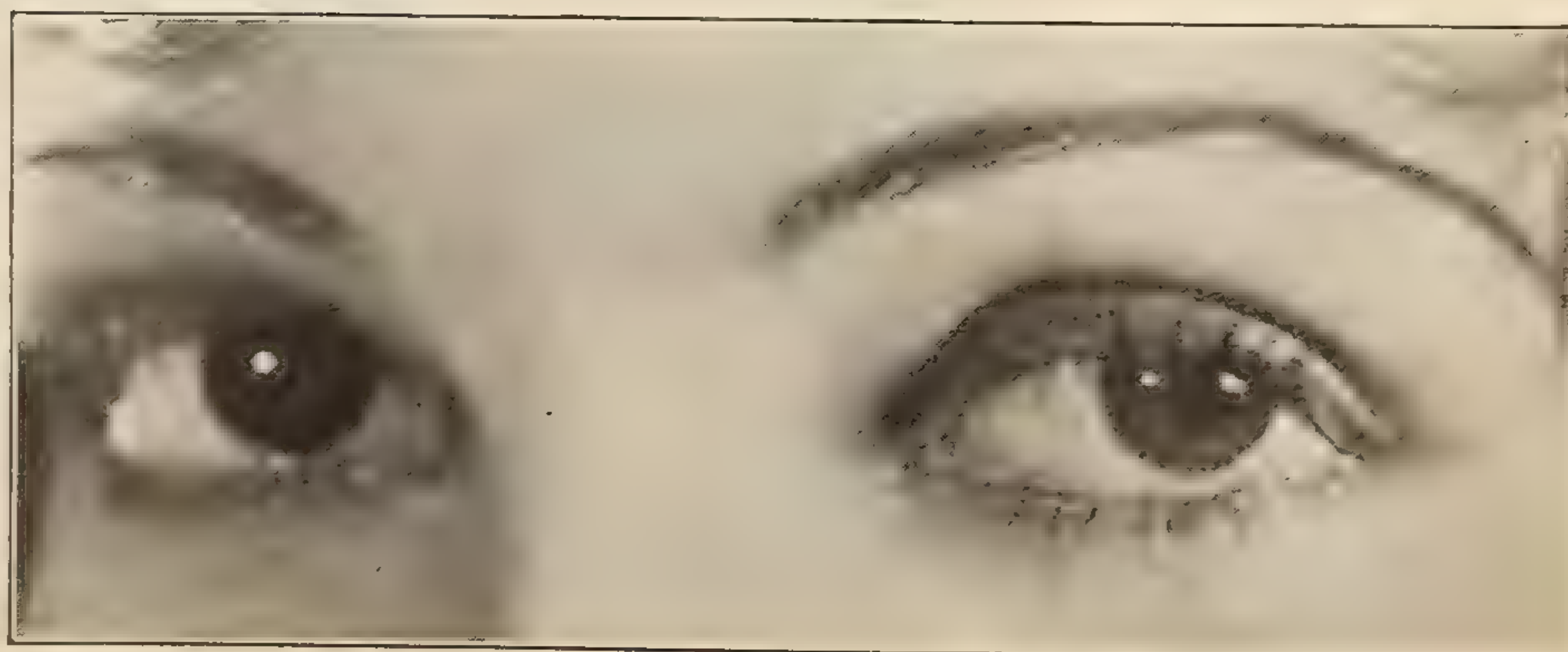
And you must avoid eye-strain. Of course, business girls in these days of desks in crowded corners and artificial lights are subjected to a lot of eye-strain that they just can't dodge altogether. The only thing to do in such cases is to take better care of the eyes than ever. If your job keeps you at a desk all day, looking down, gradually gathering little wrinkles under your eyes, you must train yourself to look up occasionally. From time to time throughout the day, look about, out of the windows, up at the ceiling. When you go home at night, don't read on the car. Look out of the windows, or if that's impossible, shut your eyes. Either way, let them rest. If you have a tendency to little puffs under the eyes, see a physician. It means you aren't in tip-top condition.

Those are the first principles. The next step is to keep the eyes, and the skin about them, quite clean. Lots of girls get discouraged from (Continued on page 104)



5. *Intelligence shines from these 'windows of the soul,' above. And the intelligent dash of eyebrow pencil and mascara helps, too!*

6. *Right, the eyes of a leading brunette, won to the screen from the stage.*



stars these eyes belong
turn to page 104



Louis Reid announcing! Here's our Radio Editor looking at you.

TUNE IN!

By

Louis Reid

Listen to the
lowdown from
the broad-
casting studios

OF all classes of American audiences, that which cups its ear to the voices in the air is the most loyal in its devotion. On stage and screen, in opera and the

concert field, stars shine brilliantly for a period and then make way for new stars. And they make way chiefly because the public has directed its gaze and its glory and what the professors call the heavy sugar, to new personalities.

In the radio heavens, however, all in constancy and fidelity. Let a new microphonic figure flash upon the ether and if he manages by reason of an unusual personality or a characterization of tremendous appeal to capture the imagination of the ear-cuppers throughout the land, his star is secure.

Most of the secure luminaries in the radio constellation are old-timers as broadcasting is reckoned. They came to the microphone in the early days of its history, came unheralded and practically unknown, and almost as quickly as it takes a theme song of Hollywood to reach Podunk Center, became household gods.

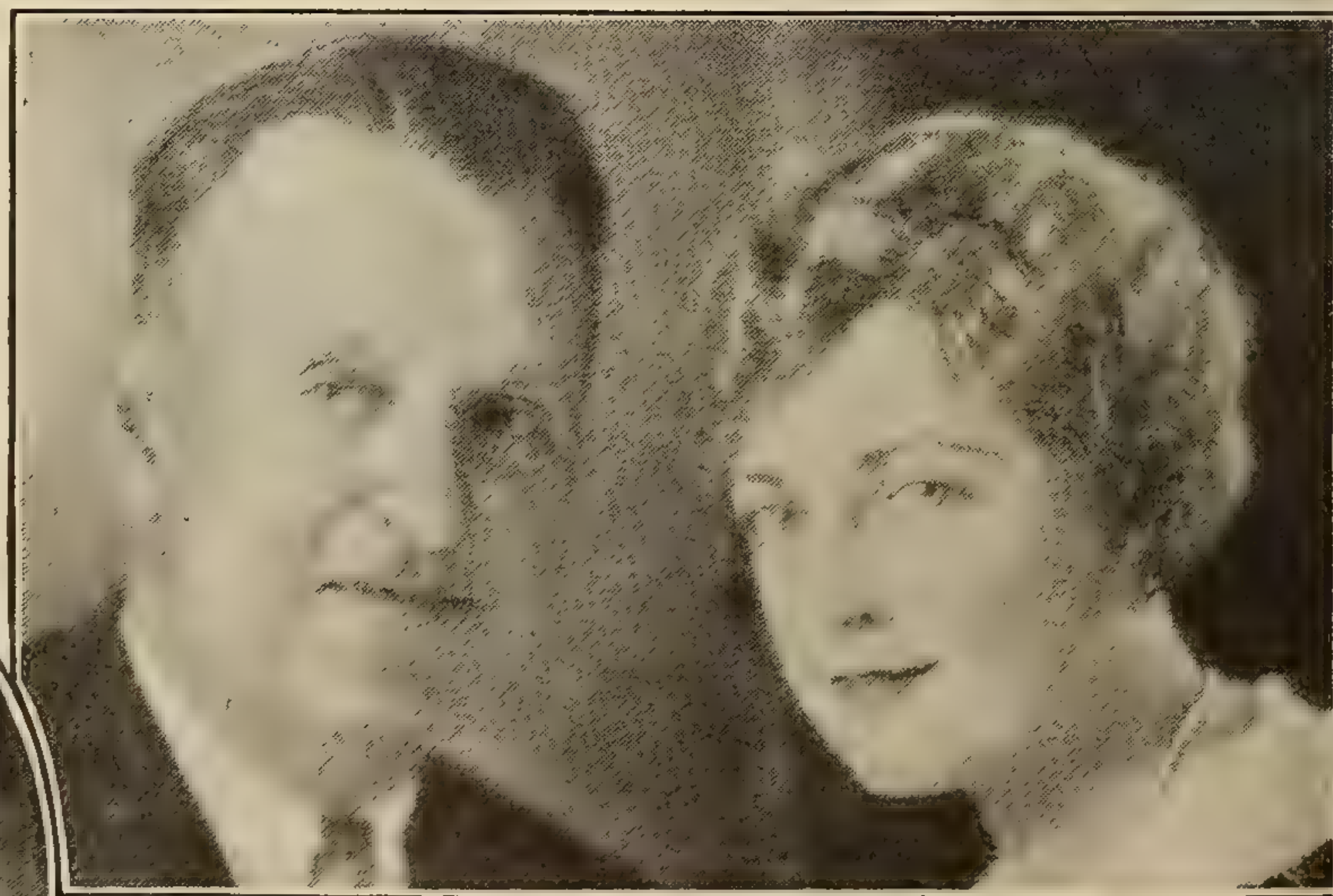
And household gods they remain, despite the growing sophistication of listeners and broadcasters alike; despite the access to the armchairs of every leading pooh-bah in the world; despite the recognition of the microphone by the greatest artists of the day as the foremost means of communication. You can take them or leave them. And most people take them, turn the dial regularly to them, listen rapturously to their programs.

Who are some of the old-timers of the loudspeakers, who sit as securely in the radio heavens as, say, jazz sits in Harlem? Taking up the binoculars, bending the ear-trumpet, we find an imposing list. We find such names as Graham McNamee, still, in spite of his decline as a sports announcer, the big shot among the noun-and-adjective men at the cashier's window; Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, once known as the Happiness Boys and still the foremost trappers of the wisecrack; Frank Crumit and

Julia Sanderson, clever composers and crooners; Vincent Lopez, dispenser of rhythm and one of the half-dozen foremost jazz Jehovahs in the republic; Rudy Vallée, the shah of the sentimentalists, the first of the microphonic army to capitalize by a low and languorous crooning voice the loneliness and restlessness of American women; Jessica Dragonette and Olive Palmer, sopranos.

There are others, my comrades. There are Amos 'n' Andy, whose impersonations of bewildered Harlem oafs are still a household ritual throughout the land. There is Walter Damrosch, most expert of the musical historians on the air. There is Milton Cross, plaintive darling of the academicians who could even make the announcing of "Turkey in the Straw" a melancholy affair. There is Ted Husing, the accurate, if not exciting, sports commentator. There is Phil Cook, impersonator of various voices. There are Eliena Kazanova, interpreter of the sombre music of the steppes; May Singhi Breen, strummer of the ukulele, and Dad Pickard, foremost exponent of the hoedowns of the countryside.

All of them are the leading stars of radio. There are only three or four other names that can be added to the list whose effulgence in the microphonic sky is as brilliant as it is seemingly permanent—Floyd Gibbons; Phillips Lord, of Seth Parker fame; Bill Munday, the soft and drawling-voiced announcer from Jawjah, sah. These are comparative new- (Continued on page 121)



Frank Crumit and his "Sweet Lady," Julia Sanderson. The Crumits are one of radio's most popular teams. They will survive that old devil television, too!

One of screenland's loveliest stars, Helen Twelvetrees, talked to the radio audience not so long ago. Helen has a real voice which carries conviction.

Fashion's Made a Star Out of Mary!

By
*Helen
Howard*

Miss Astor's
metamorpho-
sis. (It's an
expensive
word, but
Mary rates it)

WHERE are the flappers of yesterday? The hey-hey girls, the dizzy, giddy, good-time girls? Where the wind-blown bobs? The perky short skirts? The tantalizing knees? The slab-like figures?

Gone!

Gone as much as pantalettes and hoop skirts. As much as Rosetti angels and Burne-Jones maidens. Gone with the wail of the saxophone, the Charleston, the black bottom. Gone—if not forgotten!

Sleek, lady-like hair appears where the Dutch cut once reigned. Graceful long skirts, discreet ruffles, bows and ribbons. The flappers have become 'ladies.' It's the fashion to be dignified. Romantic—if not sentimental.

A new era is here. The age of the smart moderne. The sophisticate. The 1931 lady. That's the change Fashion has made in us.

And it's made a star out of Mary!

It's the innings for the tall, willowy, ladylike girls. Clara Bow must tame her ways. She's going dramatic. Where now is Colleen Moore? Alice White? We ask you, where?

But Mary Astor is a star. It's the style!

Now that fashion has changed, she has come into her own. All this talk of what has happened to Mary! No doubt she *has* grown up. Years will make of any shy young thing a woman of maturity. But perhaps it's the wheel of fashion that has whirled and caught up with Mary!

Certainly she typifies the new model for 1931. With her delicate features, her sleek hair, her poise and dignity. No wonder she shines now, when in the age of the flappers, five years or so ago, she was just an also-ran.

Working in her newest picture, at present called "The Private Secretary," she doesn't play the part as it might have been played a few years ago if some flapper star had portrayed it. Not a jazzy little typist who falls for her employer or anything in that manner. She plays the part of a womanly woman working in an office who unobtrusively spurs on to success a young salesman whom she loves.

If Mary has anything to say about it, and doubtless she will, all of her future pictures will be played in this same key.



The new era of the movies—smartness, sophistication—has turned Mary into a star of poise, dignity, and charm.

"Probably this 'return to the lady,' especially in pictures, will affect the younger generation," mused Mary. "Already flaming youth is taming down. Perhaps there will be less jazz, less 'hey-hey.' It might be a good thing, I think."

Not that there is anything of the crusading reformer about Mary. She's a 'good scout.' Everywhere in Hollywood you hear, "Oh, Mary Astor, she's great!" and "You'll like Mary Astor!" She's human, sympathetic. She believes the best of people.

Why, even during the filming of her present picture, she confesses she's 'between' (Continued on page 125)

The STAGE IN REVIEW

By
Benjamin De Casseres

"The Truth Game"

UP pops Novello!

I didn't like this jack of all theatrical trades till I saw "The Truth Game." Well, he's a real light comedian, spontaneous, clownish, bubbling. Of course he wrote the play, so he knew what he wanted as the comic cave-man, *Max Clément*. So all he had to do was to interpret himself.

The play concerns the pursuit of a Mayfair widow (played rather beautifully by Phoebe Foster) down to the quarry of a country house by the impecunious and window-climbing *Max*.

He has a terrific It. She is rather cold. But you know how the Spirit of Fun will thaw out any woman? *Max* does it—barefaced nerve and runaway glands!

Billie Burke gurgled around the stage as a commercial Mayfair dealer in anything you want. And Viola Tree!—a terrific chunk of a woman who batters everybody to a frazzle.

The play is not a Nobel prize-lifter; but if you want to laugh somewhat, it's good stuff.

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow"

Philip Barry runs thin and artificial. He can make a sound with tinkling glass that sounds to the uncritical like a tocsin to a 'new art'—and all that sort of thing. But a thrust of the brain through his creations reveals a vacuum surrounded by tinsel.

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow," (the title is without any meaning that I could discover—



Herbert Marshall, featured in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow."



Zita Johann, interesting heroine of the same Broadway play.



Billie Burke (Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld) and Ivor Novello in "The Truth Game," a nice light comedy success. Mr. Novello wrote the play.

but it is high-hatty and Shakespearean). Mr. Barry's latest play concerns a couple in an Indiana town who are fairly happy except for the fact that she wants a baby. Well, she gets the baby—and the play is all about that. And a famous scientist who appears, reappears and finally disappears.

The play starts well, but trickles out its petty pace to nothing at all. The characters are all wooden and commonplace with the exception of the doctor's valet, played by that incomparably fine actor, Osgood Perkins, who can in a simple word convey a brainful. He is a fine intelligence. Zita Johann was a sweetly-sickly artificial being as the wife. Herbert Marshall is excellent as the doctor—here is screen material. You may remember Marshall with the late Jeanne Eagles in "The Letter." His wife, pretty little Edna Best, has been signed for Metro pictures, by the way.

"Five Star Final"

The revenge of Louis Weitzenkorn! A double revenge—for in his "Five Star Final" he not only takes a dirty and heart-deep dab at the tabloids but he's going to clean up on it both as a stage play and as a picture. He may even sell it as a serial to the *Graphic*.

It is gripping stuff, a powerful and *take that!* satire on the habit of certain tabloids of

digging up a woman's past and planting old stuff on her for the sake of the great god circulation.

In this instance, the *Gazette* is going to retell the story of how a woman—now married to a bank employee and whose daughter is about to be married—murdered *Chocolate King Rogers* twenty years before. She was acquitted.

The story gets on the street before the eyes of the daughter (who knew nothing about her mother's past), and the mother and her loyal husband commit suicide. Ethically, it is murder, as *Randall*, the managing editor, says. It was he, nagged by the proprietor, who ordered the story.

This latter part in the hands of Arthur Byron is a somewhat memorable creation: a man tortured between decency and circulation. Byron is simply perfect. Other shady tabloid characters are well, and often humorously, done.

There are 21 scenes. It keeps your brain and nerves buzzing. It's a real 'document,' spittin' fire. The author, by the way, has been signed to write for pictures. And you'll be seeing "Five Star Final" on the screen.

"Petticoat Influence"

Helen Hayes is the petticoat in this comedy by Neil Grant, and, figuratively, she whisks it so effectively that she heart-nicks and knocks out the *Earl of Darnaway*, and gets the British government to give her husband the colonial job he wants—and floors us all by that charm, that beauty, that comic-pathetic, childish note that is all Helen Hayes, whose voice in "Dear Brutus" still rings in my sentimental, bald-headed bean.

"Petticoat Influence" is a light thing, but delightful in its very nothingness. The cast in this play is the whole secret, and when I name, besides Miss Hayes, Reginald Owen, Eric Cowley (who does immaculately a half-witted lord) and Henry Stephenson, you know the play is critic-proof from the acting standpoint.

"Meet My Sister"

Harry Wagstaff Gribble adapted "Meet My Sister" from the French, and did a rattling good job of it. Good, did I say? Almost a miraculous one, for here is a musical comedy without a chorus and with all the usual hokum ruled out.

Read these comments on the Broadway plays which you may see later on the screen

Result: one of the best entertainments of its *genre* of the season.

"Meet My Sister" actually tells a story, which is again unique for a musical comedy. And, more astounding yet, it sticks to it right down to the final curtain! It isn't a story that will take the laurels from the brow of Wagner, but it is fetching enough to start something in the musical comedy field. What is it? Go see the show!

The cast is perfect. Neat and charming Walter Slezak; Bettina Hall, stately and well-gowned; George Grossmith, odd, eccentric, quite English, and Olive Olsen, a blonde who is so sexy and come-onish that you will hear a lot more about her.

The picture, "Meet My Sister," is waiting for a smart, quick-witted director to plant it for a knock-out.



Henry Stephenson and Helen Hayes in "Petticoat Influence," a delightful comedy with a great cast. The play is critic-proof from the acting standpoint.

"Philip Goes Forth"

Of course, we all expect George Kelly to do another "The Torch-Bearers," "The Show-Off," or "Craig's Wife." But even Shakespeare couldn't write a "Hamlet" or a "King Lear" every crack.

In "Philip Goes Forth" Mr. Kelly gives us a play superbly directed and perfectly acted. But the theme is of no importance or public interest. It lacks universal recognizability and pull.

Philip goes forth from the home of a rich papa in a small town to write plays in New York. The story tells how *Philip* fell on his face, took it on the chin like a li'l man, and how papa took him back home to Big Biz.

There is plenty of humor and big gobs of yawns in "Philip Goes Forth."

But—if you want to see the perfectly acted and perfectly directed play, all done by George Kelly in person, see this bit of nothing interpreted by Thais Lawton, Harry Elerbe, Cora Witherspoon, Thurston Hall, Harry Gresham, Marion Barney, and, above all, a memorable and unforgettable picture of a New York boarding-house poetess, a kind of Forty-

(Continued on page 110)



A scene from "Five Star Final," a powerful play about tabloid newspapers, with Arthur Byron playing a managing editor splendidly and forcibly.



BEAU GALLANT FORBES

About a Hollywood
leading man who is
a hero at heart!

By
Constance Carr

He's English. He'd like to fight fire-eating dragons, but he lives in Hollywood. So he goes big-game hunting on his vacations.

THERE'S a 'Geste' on every lip!

No! Not a jest! Everyone will be talking about the 'Gestes' again when they see "Beau Ideal." Because John Geste has come back. The idealistic youngest brother who killed *Sergeant Lejune*, escaped into the desert and was the only one of the three *Gestes* to return to England. Remember Ralph Forbes in "Beau Geste" of five years ago? Now, we'll see him in a sequel to "Beau Geste."

Beau Gallant! And that's not a 'geste.' Ralph Forbes would probably love to rescue maidens in distress, slay serpents with a sweep of his sword, fire-eating dragons. But he lives in Hollywood. So he goes big-game hunting!

He went on the stage because he thought actresses were the most delightful, interesting women in the world. Charming. Without affectation. He still thinks so. He married one. Ruth Chatterton. Well?

John-Geste-Ruth-Chatterton Forbes is at home in one of the most charming places in Hollywood. Pardon, Beverly Hills. Dignified. Full of charm, Italian furniture and crystal chandeliers. Meet him in his own smart and correct 'apartment' with hunting wallpaper and framed English prints. See his small 'hunting room' dedicated to big game and the High Sierras. Here he can revel in his fancies. Guns.



Ruth Chatterton and her husband, Ralph Forbes. Or, since this is his story, Mr. Forbes and his pretty little wife.

Swords. Pistols. Gadgets for this and that. Aha! Ralph was one of those small boys busy with meccano, who had a workshop, loved to build things! Here are shelves for bullets and what not. Fishing tackle. Bait. A kit for first aid. He admits to being interested in medicine. Big maps line the wall. Framed pictures of Ralph and his 'kill.' He handles his rifles lovingly. Every day, he explains, the wood must be 'nourished,' the barrels polished. His heart may be in Hollywood, but his thoughts are in the highlands.

He longs for the West of fifty years ago when men were the gold diggers and the wilds were really woolly. He sneers at macadamized roads through the woodlands; little mountain rivulets full of tin cans. Civilization has spoiled things. He longs for the trailless underbrush where nature is uncurbed and the four-footed deers gambol!

He's ambitious to hunt in Africa. He and a pal have a signed and written agreement to take a hunting trip in 1932 to the dark continent where the lions roam and the tom-toms beat. In the meantime there is Arizona and the High Sierras. Hunting in England is child's play to this. There it is valeted. Beaters get up the game for you, like a duck-shooting club here.

Ralph Forbes wants to be 'American.' Well, he is American. His mother was Scotch, his father Italian and French. (Continued on page 128)



Ralph in "Beau Ideal," sequel to "Beau Geste," with his leading woman, Loretta Young. John Geste has come back!



John Mescall, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

*The Most Beautiful Still
of the Month*

Robert Montgomery and Constance Bennett
in "THE EASIEST WAY"



GARBO MOODS!

The movie empress of moods and emotions is shown here in her very latest portraits. We think they show you a more human and sympathetic side of Garbo than her usual 'costume' photographs—and the most modern Greta since "A Woman of Affairs." She wears this smart hat in "Inspiration," her latest flicker.

All these portraits of Miss Garbo by Clarence Sinclair Bull, exclusive to SCREENLAND.







English

The super-suave Clive Brook is playing opposite the super-sophisticated Tallulah Bankhead in "New York Lady," by that irrepressible wag, Donald Ogden Stewart. It should be a superlative picture!



Richee

What with pledging her private life to Kenneth McKenna—an actor-director too distinguished ever to be labelled 'Mr. Kay Francis'—her cinema present to Paramount and her future to Warners, Kay is in demand!



Hurrell

"My heart belongs to Warners, my soul to Pathé," might be Constance Bennett's theme song. She'll do "Lost Love" for the latter company, and "Jackdaws Strut" for the former. You'll be seeing her!



Hurrell

A former queen of the Broadway stage, now carving out a new career in Hollywood: Marjorie Rambeau. She is in the casts of two forthcoming films, "The Secret Six" and "Strangers May Kiss."

The BARRYMORES' HOME



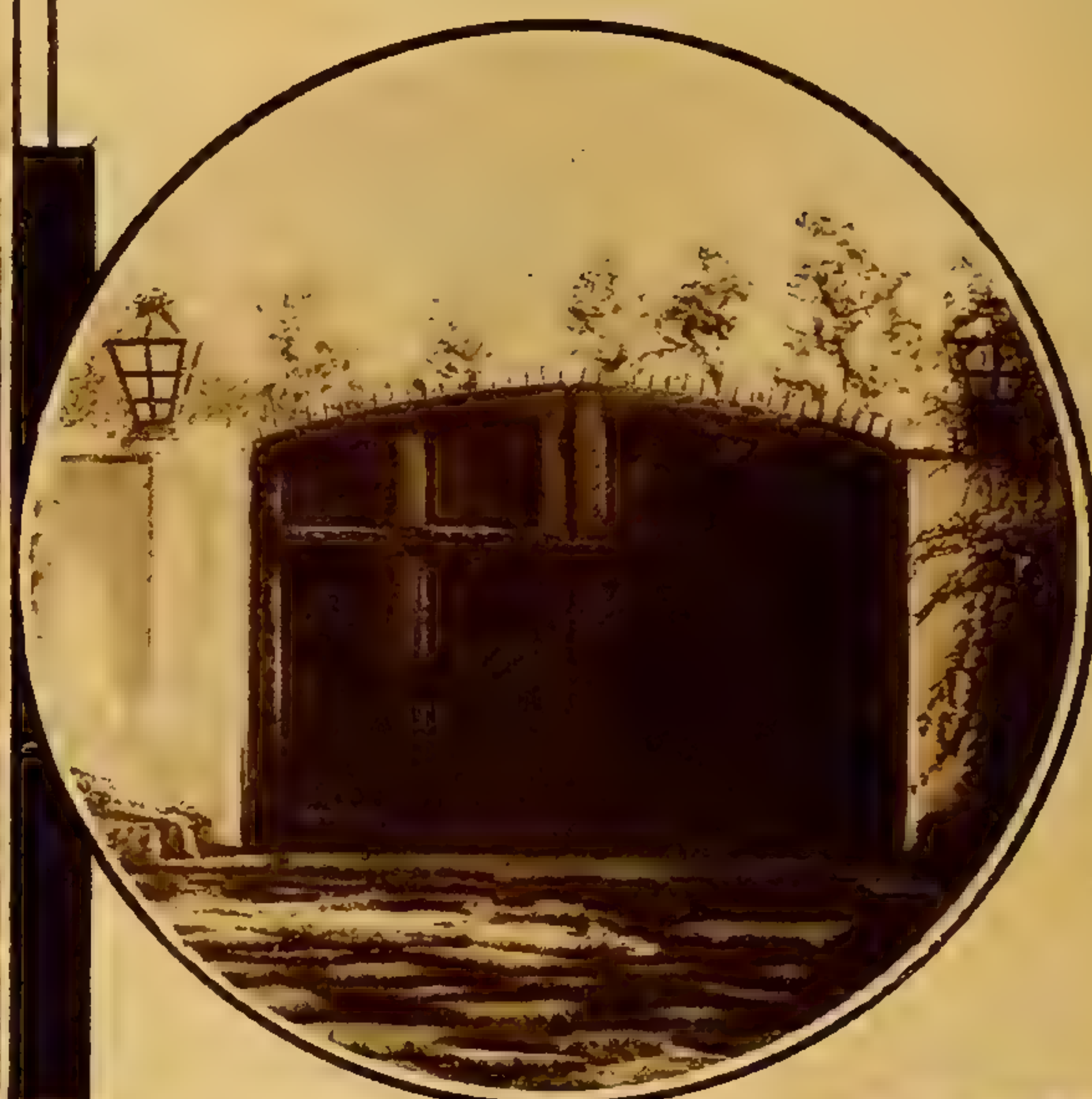
Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore's home in Beverly Hills hangs perilously on the side of a mountain. It is almost impossible to find a spot from which the entire rambling house can be photographed. However, this view gives you some idea of the lovely vistas it commands.

All pictures by Irving Lippman, Warner Bros.



Here's John on the octagonal balcony opening off Mrs. Barrymore's private apartments, and overlooking Los Angeles and the Pacific.

The patio, with terraces leading from the low-roofed 'lower house' to the two-storied wing known as the 'upper house.'



These entrance gates with their spikes do not encourage sight-seers!





The formal drawing room. Walnut paneling with interesting weathered walnut beams, gold-brocaded furnishings, deep mulberry floor coverings and drapes of old gold give the room a quiet elegance. These are the first pictures of the Barrymore home ever published.



Dolores Costello Barrymore's bedroom, which with its dressing-room, sitting room and bath occupies almost the entire second floor of the upper wing of the house. The colors are blue and gold.



Left, the lower hallway of the upper house. White-washed walls and weathered timbers, old mission and cantina doors vie with the Barrymore collection of prints in interest here.

Below: the Barrymore library. Among the books are first editions of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Moby Dick," which the star is reading here. John considers the library his sole and particular property and manages to keep it in delightful chaos.



Below, one of the fascinating rooms of the John Barrymore house, with its antique firearms and ship models, and its portrait of Mr. Barrymore by Sargent over the mantel.

The aviary is John Barrymore's pride and joy. It houses 300 birds including birds of paradise and king vultures, keeps one man employed full time, and lures the master of the house for daily visits.



Mrs. Barrymore in the trophy room. While her husband was despatching the larger crocodile on the floor Dolores killed the one shown mounted on the wall behind her.



Left: the newest addition to the Barrymore estate is the trophy house, which, while entirely separate from the other buildings, is reached from the garden by a winding stairway. Note the huge stone Indian-built fireplace.

Back in 1921 John Barrymore climbed Mount Blanc in the Swiss Alps and here's his certificate and picture to prove it!

Below, one of the interesting smaller rooms, with many family heirlooms, fine old prints and firearms.





Just one wall of the new trophy house, showing a part of the Barrymore collection of stuffed birds and fish. See the tall, unusual lamp on the table? John designed that himself.

Below, the formal entrance to the Barrymore house, with antique church furnishings secured by the actor himself while in Italy some years ago.



The only bit of dinosaur egg in the world outside the American Museum in New York belongs to John Barrymore, sent to him by the explorer, Roy Chapman Andrews. Here it is, under glass!

The trophy-house is no place for a nervous sleep-walker. A giant tortoise, weird monkey skulls and strange monsters from Central America lend interest to one section of the walls.

Magnificent carved doors swing between the formal entry way and the drawing room of the Barrymore house.





Ball

A very rare portrait of Marion Davies—without the smile! Marion, having made an amusing movie of "The Bachelor Father," will next be seen in a screen version of another stage success, "It's a Wise Child."



Hurrell

Bill (Screen) Boyd hates to have his picture taken; but Mrs. Boyd—Dorothy Sebastian—went along, hence this grin! Bill is starring in "Lonely Wives." Dorothy's latest picture is "Danger Ahead."



Boris

Ever since "In Old Arizona" Warner Baxter has held his own as one of our strongest—but not silent—heroes. Now Cecil B. De Mille has borrowed him from Fox to play in the new screening of "The Squaw Man."



Hurrell

Her performance in "The Great Meadow" definitely re-established her as an actress who can't be spared—and now Eleanor Boardman has been signed to play the heroine in "The Squaw Man" opposite Mr. Baxter.



If you want to know how Anita Page keeps those bright little eyes and that trim little figure, read the story on the opposite page. Then glance at this 'ingénue breakfast' of bran cereal and black coffee.



Anita's luncheon consists of a fresh vegetable salad, a bran muffin, tea with lemon, and unsweetened fruit.



Above: her simple but nourishing dinner of lean meat, two butterless vegetables, a bran muffin and black coffee.

Anita's favorite dessert is unsweetened fruit jello. Sometimes she switches to a dessert made of dried apricots.



ANITA PAGE'S *Health and Beauty Menus*

Here you'll find how a 20-year-old star satisfies a healthy appetite and keeps her perfect screen figure!

By Emily Kirk

ANITA PAGE has discovered her own formula for health and beauty.

One day she sat down with a sharp pencil and a pad of paper and concocted a complete diet list to fit her own desires. To this she added a schedule for a regular system of daily exercise.

Then, wonder of wonders, instead of laying the paper aside, she followed the rules which she had made for herself! It is so easy to make good resolutions and it is so hard to live up to them. But Anita is the possessor of a keen sense of determination. Very rarely, and then only on extra-special occasions, does she break any of her self-made regulations.

"Everyone knows that the real secret of the success of any schedule is regularity," the twenty-year-old Anita stated. "When you try to live according to one of these radical and difficult diets which are so popular today, you usually 'fall off' with a vengeance and undo all the good for which you have suffered.

"So Mother and I read all the books on diet and the theory of correct eating that we could find. Then we made up our own. We tried to formulate one which

would be reasonable and not too difficult to follow."

Anita, being a very sensible girl, realizes that the real foundation for beauty is health. Her eating and exercising schedule has been planned with one main purpose, that of preserving her health.

"I feel ever and ever so much better since I have been following our schedule," Anita smiled. "Of course, on working days I can't manage the full quota of exercise. That's one of the great problems of girls who work, finding time for the exercise which is necessary for their health. Between pictures I never miss my daily three hours of outdoor exercise."

Anita is not trying to lose weight by the diet which she has formulated. Her idea is to keep her weight at its present figure as well as to eat the foods which are most healthful.

"I was born with a sweet tooth," Anita explained, "so giving up candies and desserts is the hardest part of my diet. I love whipped cream and fancy cakes. I'm glad that I don't have time to go around to many afternoon teas and luncheons where my will power would be constantly tested!

"Eating is a habit, anyway, and most girls eat too much simply because the food is there and it is easier to accept it than to reject it. Girls who work in offices and in studios don't need a laboring man's rations. And there are more calories and energy-producing properties in the fancy desserts and sweets (*Continued on page 106*).

Reviews of the

Six Best Films of the Month:

CIMARRON THE BACHELOR FATHER
THE EASIEST WAY THE GANG BUSTER
THE CRIMINAL CODE INSPIRATION

By
Delight Evans

Turn to page 97 for casts of current films



Richard Dix and Irene Dunne give great performances in "Cimarron," epic picture.



Constance Bennett is a glamorous heroine in "The Easiest Way," with Robert Montgomery.



Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes in "The Criminal Code" provide gripping entertainment.

Cimarron

Radio Pictures



HERE'S a magnificent picture! The spectacular screen history of Oklahoma in land-rush days and the particular personal record of Yancey Cravat, pioneer, poet, adventurer. Richard Dix is a revelation as Yancey. You've known him as an able actor and engaging comedian. Suddenly he smashes through as an amazingly fine player, engrossing you with Cravat's dynamic character, dominating the picture. Wesley Ruggles has directed, and manages to make this story of the building of a state always human and stirring. Irene Dunne as Sabra is splendid. Estelle Taylor is a vivid Dixie Lee. Here's an 'epic' that really lives up to all its advance ballyhoo. See it!

The Easiest Way

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



SHOWING what a great cast and spirited, modern direction will do for one of those good old stage plays. Those of you who remember "The Easiest Way" as a play will be disappointed not to hear the heroine cry: "I'm going to h-ll or to Rector's!" but there are compensations. Constance Bennett is a lovely 1931 Laura Murdock—it's her very best performance; she's not only glamorous; she's poignant and appealing. The tear-jerking drama unrolls against a gorgeous background, with Bob Montgomery, Adolph Menjou and Marjorie Rambeau standing out in splendid performances. Director Jack Conway has turned the oldest stuff in the amusement world into lively entertainment.

The Criminal Code

Columbia



A POWERFUL, gripping tale of prison life which you won't forget in a hurry. Phillips Holmes is sent to prison for manslaughter by an ambitious district attorney, Walter Huston. Holmes gives a fine, sensitive performance as a lad whose spirit is broken by oppressive prison life but who maintains the 'criminal code' of silence when given a chance for freedom by becoming a 'stool.' Walter Huston is excellent as the district attorney who later becomes the prison warden. Constance Cummings is a new and interesting heroine and she and Phillips Holmes provide adequate romance. Phil really rates another Honor Page! Howard Hawks is to be commended for a fine directorial job.

Best Pictures



SCREENLAND'S
Critic Selects the
Most Important
Screenplays of
the Month

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Richard Dix in "Cimarron"
Irene Dunne in "Cimarron"
Constance Bennett in "The Easiest Way"
Phillips Holmes in "The Criminal Code"
Walter Huston in "The Criminal Code"
Greta Garbo in "Inspiration"
Marion Davies in "The Bachelor Father"
Jack Oakie in "The Gang Buster"
Eleanor Boardman in "The Great Meadow"
Charles Ruggles in "Charley's Aunt"



Inspiration

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

HER fans lift the latest Greta Garbo picture into the 'Six Best' class by sheer force of their wild applause. It isn't a very good picture. It's simply a shaky vehicle for the Garbo personality. The old-fashioned, tawdry tale of a Parisian artists' model who forsakes her old life and loves for Mr. Robert Montgomery, a nice young man. Her trials and tribulations will move you according to the extent of Greta's influence over your emotions. She never looked lovelier, and she wears her 1931 clothes with a new grace. But "Inspiration" is hardly the type of picture calculated to keep the Garbo legend growing. It will do—thanks to its star.



Garbo's fans are acclaiming a smart, modern Greta in "Inspiration," with Bob Montgomery.



The Bachelor Father

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

EVERY time, it seems, that a screen heroine plays in a movie version of one of David Belasco's plays, the Old Massa of Broadway himself writes a letter to the little lady, commending her fulsomely for her artistic performance—the best she's ever given, etc. Well, this time Massa David is right. Marion Davies does give her best performance in a long, long time in her screenplay from the Belasco stage comedy. Her 'bachelor father,' played by C. Aubrey Smith, decides to do right by her and take her into his home. It's a rather racy little piece, almost always genuinely amusing. Ralph Forbes is chief contender for Marion's hand. It's all gay and smart.



Marion Davies in "The Bachelor Father" has the support of C. Aubrey Smith, from the stage.



The Gang Buster

Paramount

JACK OAKIE is at his howling best in this satire kidding the gangster films. He's a sappy insurance agent from Arizona and his first victim is also a gangster's next victim to be put on the spot. Jack finds himself in the midst of gang wars and what not—but he sticks it out all for the little woman, Jean Arthur, whose father is the condemned man. It's a riot from start to finish. William Boyd, of the stage, is splendid as the racketeer. Jean Arthur is charming as usual—in fact, the whole cast turn in admirable and laughable performances. Recommended as the best mirth-provoking, rib-tickling talkie of the month.



Jack Oakie's latest, "The Gang Buster," is an hilarious burlesque of all the gangster films.

Critical Comment



Fighting Caravans
Paramount

This is the talkie brother of "The Covered Wagon"—only not so big and robust. The pioneers trek from Missouri to California with plenty of hardships and 'Injins.' Gary Cooper and Lily Damita carry on a nice but unexciting romance. Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall, as scouts, practically steal the picture.



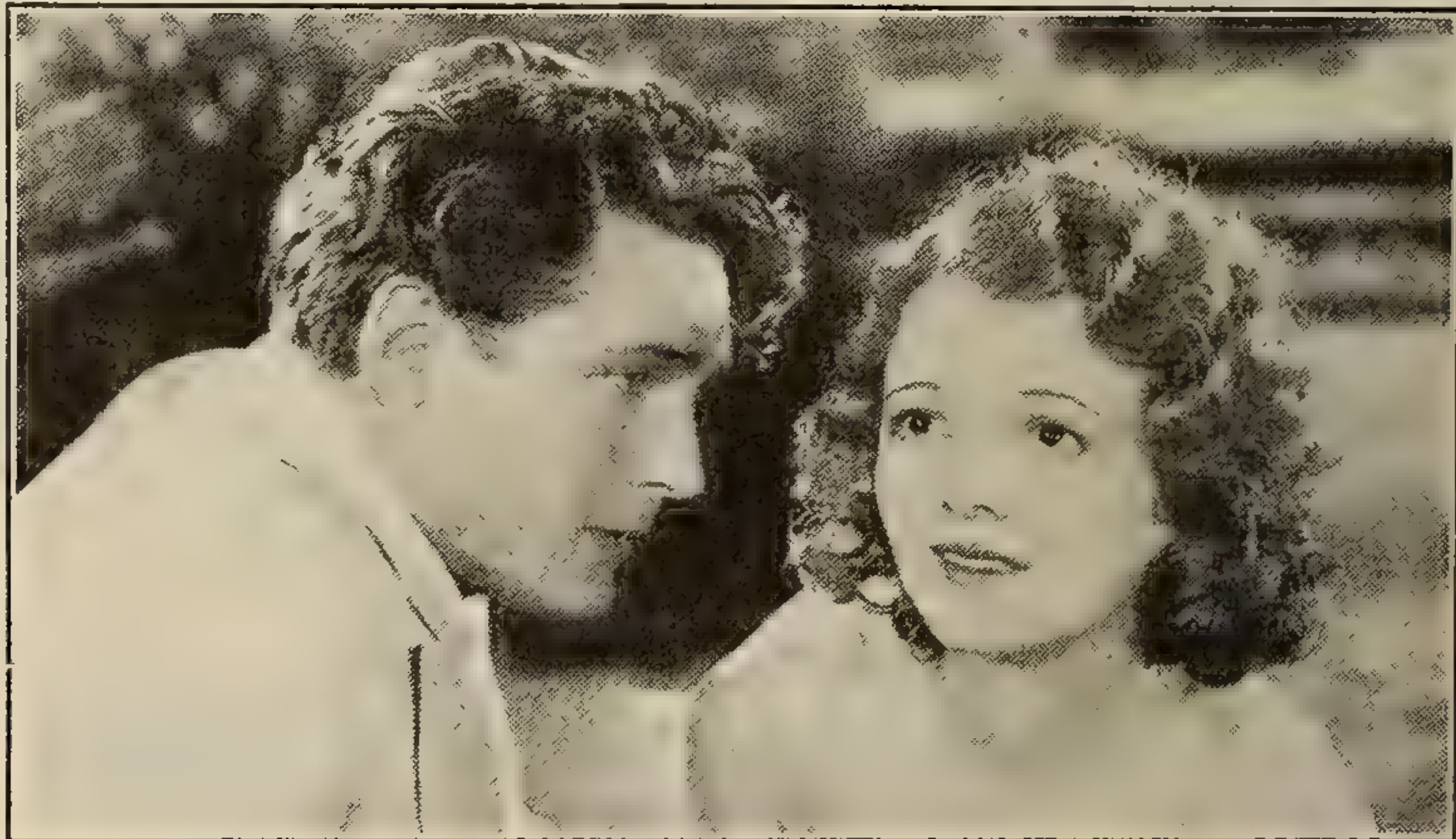
Reducing
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Marie Dressler and Polly Moran are concerned with a beauty parlor in this film with hilarious complications. Marie is the poor sister from the country and Polly is the dough girl. There's romance supplied by Anita Page, Buster Collier, and Sally Eilers, but mostly laughs by Marie and Polly. See it—try and keep you away!



Charley's Aunt
Columbia

This farce is 40 years old but it wears well. Charles Ruggles is a riot when he pinch-hits for a chaperone who is delayed. The guffaws are loud and plentiful particularly when Ruggles, dressed as *Charley's Aunt*, is 'on the make.' June Collyer is a cheerful little earful and eye-ful.



The Man Who Came Back
Fox

This screen reunion is smashing attendance records everywhere. You'll want to see your Janet and Charlie as two wild young things, even though they, and their story, aren't always convincing. Now let's see them in a film worthier of their talents, please!



Resurrection
Universal

Scenically, splendid. Dramatically, not so good. Lupe Velez works hard as the heavy dramatic heroine of Tolstoy's sombre tale, but she's miscast. The debonair talents of handsome John Boles are hidden—in some scenes literally, behind a set of prop whiskers. Hollywood Russia.



The Command Performance
Tiffany

Love, intrigue, mythical kingdoms are all in this film with a very pleasing result. You may not approve of the plot but you'll surely laugh at Albert Gran's antics as a comedy king. Neil Hamilton plays a prince and an actor—and does right by both rôles. Una Merkel is the princess charming.

on Current Films



No Limit
Paramount

Too bad this picture wasn't as good as its cast; fine talent wasted on a poor story. Clara Bow starts out as an usherette and in no time gets an apartment on Park Avenue and a Rolls Royce—oh, but it's all on the up-and-up! Stuart Erwin acquits himself admirably. Clara and Norman Foster are grand.



The Great Meadow
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Another out-door film and one of the best, too. A very human story with Eleanor Boardman scoring a dramatic hit as a pioneer woman. The story deals with a band of settlers going in caravans from Virginia to Kentucky with the Indians as the menace. John Mack Brown and Gavin Gordon are splendid male support.



My Past
Warner Brothers

You will find modern and racy filmfare in this adaptation of the best-seller, "Ex-Mistress." Bebe Daniels is the fascinating lady whose past and present is linked with Lewis Stone, and whose future eventually leads to happiness with Ben Lyon. There are yacht parties, boudoir scenes, and what-not!



Fifty Million Frenchmen
Warner Brothers

Practically the original cast of this Broadway hit, plus Olsen and Johnson, are on hand to make this good entertainment. William Gaxton is amusing as a rich American in Paris who wagers he can win the girl—Claudia Dell—without cash on hand. A hilarious tour without baggage troubles.



The Painted Desert
Pathé

The big open spaces, he-men, feuds, and all the ingredients that make a good western are here. Big-boy Bill Boyd falls in love with Helen Twelvetrees, and we don't blame him, but her father (J. Farrell McDonald) is Bill's father's (William Farnum's) rival. Trouble! But all ends well. It's exciting in spots.



Beau Ideal
Radio

Another sequel to "Beau Geste." There's a slight romance and a slighter story. Ralph Forbes is again *John Geste*. He joins the Foreign Legion to help his pal, Lester Vail, get back to civil life and Irene Rich—noble boy! Loretta Young and Paul McAllister are fine in small assignments. Herbert Brenon directed.



Phillips Holmes in "Devil's Holiday," "Her Man," and "The Criminal Code" scored every sort of screen success—popular, financial, and artistic! He is slated for certain stardom.

Bachelor of Hearts

By Rosa Reilly

Phil Holmes, the most sought-after young man in the movies, explains why a screen contract is the only kind he's signing, thank you!

marital happiness—but nobody likes to contradict a screen star, so I didn't put up an argument—just listened while Holmes' deep, intense voice went on.

"Take a star's life and examine it carefully," he said. "He has to be made up and on the set by nine o'clock in the morning. That means getting up before his wife is thinking about turning over. Then the chances are he will never leave the studio until seven o'clock in the eve-

PHILLIPS HOLMES said: "A male screen star has the same chance of finding happiness in married life that an extra girl has of picking up the Hope diamond under one of the tables at the Brown Derby Restaurant!"

None of your dreaming youths, yearning after the great 'what-is-it,' is this Holmes. Instead, under a perfectly arched cranium topped with hair that is the exact color of old-time molasses taffy, Phillips packs fifty ounces of gray matter which he has trained in twenty-four years to gauge the world clearly and expertly. That's why, after less than twenty-four months in the bewildering talkie trade, he is one of the most popular juveniles and certainly the best dramatic actor among the screen's masculine younger set.

"Why kid yourself about it?" this handsome youth continued. "In this generation, thank God, we don't fool ourselves. I know a male screen star can't be happily married—no matter if he tied up with the finest girl in the world. In fact, the finer the woman, the less she would be apt to understand him."

I thought of Maurice Chevalier, Conrad Nagel, Richard Arlen, Harold Lloyd, and several other celebrated movie men who seemed to have found a reasonable amount of that illusive quantity better known as

ning. Perhaps for two or three days a week he'll have to be on the lot until eight or eight-thirty; sometimes even all night. And by the time he gets home and takes off his make-up, all he wants to do is roll into bed.

"Sometimes a screen player, because of sound recording conditions, may have to start work at nine o'clock at night and work until four in the morning—never seeing daylight for two weeks at a time. He has little energy left for reading or listening to music, for visiting or sports or the theater.

"It's no use talking—no man or woman can keep regular hours in pictures. That's why I never was awfully keen for a screen career. Although my father has been a well-known actor for years, and my mother, Edna Phillips, was leading lady at Daly's Theater—which was the Theater Guild of its day—my leanings were all away from anything dramatic. I wanted to be a stock broker, and had had quite a good offer which I planned to accept after I finished at Princeton. But I had only been there one year when Frank Tuttle, the movie director, came to college to make 'Varsity' with Buddy Rogers. They decided to get a college man to play Buddy's roommate—just to give the right atmosphere. I was the lucky one selected, and in case people should say after the (Continued on page 123)

SCREEN SOCIETY

"ALL the older aristocrats of the stage and screen and some of the younger ones, too, are sure to be at the party which Joseph Cawthorn and his wife, Queenie Vassar Cawthorn, are giving," announced Patsy, the Party Hound.

We were welcomed in the big, hospitable drawing room by Joe and Mrs. Cawthorn, both warmly cordial as always.

John Barrymore, who, with Dolores Costello, had been invited, was still suffering from the fever which he contracted during his recent yachting trip to South America, and so he and Dolores were not there.

However, we learned from Mrs. Cawthorn that baby Dolores, almost a year old now, is able to raise herself

Stepping out with your favorite stars

By

Grace Kingsley

corner, as he always does, just absorbingly interested in discussing pictures with anybody who happens to come his way. He is most enthusiastic about directing.

We espied Joseph Santley and his sweet wife, Ivy Sawyer, on a sofa, and went over to say hello to them. We find there is a likelihood that Miss Sawyer will return to the stage, probably in Los Angeles, as her husband has a play for her, and he is in pic-

tures out here, directing and writing.

It is hard to realize that Miss Sawyer has a son of twelve, who is as tall as she is; but such is the case. She is petite, blonde, bright and interesting as ever.

"She is one of the most understanding women I have ever known," remarked Patsy, afterward. "She seems to see right through you, and if you have any faults to know them, but all the same to excuse them."

She told us, when we asked her about her life as a child actress, how her mother, in London, used always to buy a seat in the gallery every night when she was playing *Tiny Tim* in Dickens' "Christmas Carol," and sit there and weep silently when *Tiny Tim* died!

The Santleys are living at Malibu Beach, and the recent fire which destroyed so many film players' homes was not (Continued on page 120)

Lilyan Tashman Lowe's 'Sunday afternoons at home' are attended by the smartest stars in Hollywood—we mean Beverly Hills!



Edmund Lowe—let's call him Eddie, everyone does—is the perfect host when he and Lil entertain.

Below, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthorn—Queenie Vassar—whose parties include the Broadway stage exiles.

on her little legs, as she sits in her high chair close beside her father at breakfast, and to pull his paper away from before his face, laughing mischievously as she does it. And though John is as devoted to his morning paper as any merchant, and won't be separated from it by anybody else in the world, he thinks that it is just wonderfully cute when little Dolores does it!

The Cawthorns are old friends of the Barrymores, and spend a great many holidays with them. We were thrilled to learn that Ethel Barrymore Colt, Ethel's daughter, had sent little Dolores a pearl cross to match the pearl necklace that was started for her when she was born.

Lionel Barrymore was a guest, but kept to a quiet



SCREEN NEWS

Gossip from the Camera Coasts

Frances Dee posing as the Spirit of Hollywood, or something, exemplifying the freedom of the knees and the Dees—and of good old Cameraland in general.

HERE'S your chance! Warner Bros. and First National have opened wide the barriers to prospective screen talent. Rufus La Maire, formerly a stage producer, has undertaken to receive and interview all comers for these two studios. Any applicant can have voice tests and give a demonstration of his talents. Youngsters preferred. If they show any promise they will be drafted into the studio school for training. Now, dears, don't all flock at once!

Constance Bennett, together with her adopted 2-year-old boy, Peter, her two Scotch terriers (named Peter and Pan), and her cook, has moved into a lovely new home at Beverly Hills.

Kay Francis tried to dodge newspaper men by getting her marriage license under the name of Gibbs and denying who she was! Can't be done, Kay. Kenneth McKenna did the same by using his real name, Leo Meilziner. Kay marrying right out of the hospital, from a jaw ailment! Gave her age as 25.

Saw Jean Harlow, escorted by Paul Bern, at a party given by Count and Countess Hamon. Jean looked tall and sumptuous with her radiant light blonde hair, a long slithery black velvet gown, and a wreath of white camelias across her shoulder.

When Jean is seen in "The Secret Six" no one will guess the turbulent times on the set, which occasioned re-writing some scenes for the heroine of "Hell's Angels." In "The Secret Six" Jean is a gangster's moll, and in some reels she was required to rise to great emotional heights. But rehearse as they would, Jean remained more Hell's Angelly than ever! (You see, they rehearsed "Hell's Angels" for over a year.) Finally, the scene was re-written, Jean proved equal to appearing stunned very nicely and the picture proceeded.

Saw Lupe eating Mexican beans with Gary Cooper recently. You'd be surprised how sentimental that couple can get over beans.

Mary Pickford says Doug can go wild-game hunting if he wants to. In the meantime, she wants to make a picture while he's away—husbands can be such a distraction when one's really busy! While Doug is in Siam or somewhere, Mary took a New York vacation

and then returned to begin a new picture.

Temporarily at least, Hollywood has stopped divorcing Doug and Mary.

When Buddy Rogers had his appendix out, Tom Geraghty made a joke. He insists that the surgeon accidentally sewed an Austin car up in Buddy!

It was rather amusing how the morning papers in Los Angeles all carried two stories in big type—on the same day. One told us that "Affluent Vista Opens for Screen Players" and the other "Stars Face Cut in Fancy Salaries."

The 'cut' looks *bona fide*. From now on very few stars will receive more than the President of the United States. Who was it once said that no actor could ever be worth more than \$500 a week? On the other hand, the few top-notch box-office attractions can, as always, name their own figure. For instance—Marie Dressler can count upon her \$2000 a week any old time. She has received \$4000 a week for certain pictures, it is said.

And then there's Chester Morris, who is to receive \$75,000 for one picture, "The Front Page," which Howard Hughes is producing.

It is probably only the newcomers to the screen who will find salaries not what they were cracked up to be.

Make-up for men in pictures is vanishing. Ronald Colman's became messy in the heat during the filming of some scenes at Yuma, Arizona, several years ago. So he worked without it, with such excellent results that the men are all trying it now.

A great day when Dr. Albert Einstein visited Universal to see "All Quiet on the Western Front," at his own earnest request, because

Miss Clara Bow and Mr. Rex Bell.
An informal—and recent—portrait.



Fox Films' answer to the Garbo-Dietrich fans—their own Elissa Landi, whom they offer in "Body and Soul," with Charlie Farrell. Miss Landi will be played up for stardom if she fulfils her promise.



Acme-P & A Photo



How fast will water roll off a duck's back? Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl put the problem to the test between scenes of "Finn and Hattie Abroad." Mitzi has just been insured for a million!

it is barred from the screen in Germany. He said it was the greatest movement for peace he could possibly imagine.

Never before has any visitor to a studio caused so much eager excitement. Actors from other studios flocked just on the chance of meeting him, including Will Rogers and Wally Beery. But they didn't, as they had to leave before the picture was over. Einstein wished to meet Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin. He complimented Lew Ayres through Mrs. Einstein, and his conversation with Mary was likewise through this amiable interpreter.

Charlie Chaplin gave a dinner in the evening for the Einsteins at which Papa Carl Laemmle was also an honor guest, together with a few executives of Charlie's studio, Marion Davies, and others.

As this goes to press it looks as if Clara Bow has won her case against her secretary, Daisy De Voe; but how does she stand with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Public? Will she meet the same fate as Mabel Normand, Fatty Arbuckle, Mary Miles Minter and other stars whose private affairs attracted too much public attention? Will small-town exhibi-



Louise Fazenda will never see her collection of autographed pictures again! They were lost in the fire that destroyed the comedienne's home at Malibu

tors ban her pictures? Paramount has given her a vacation after which, they say, she will make "Working Girl."

We wish we could forecast Clara's future but we can't. However, it's up to you, and you, and you!

Warner Brothers reached out and grabbed Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, and Kay Francis from Paramount. Warners will also have two Constance Bennett pictures a year, which Connie will make during her vacations from her Pathé contract. Warners are also reported angling for Ronald Colman, Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg, and Joan Crawford! Well,



"Little Caesar" in a gentle mood! Edward Robinson, great gangster delineator, with his wife, the former Gladys Lloyd, and his mother.

they made a good haul in their first attempt, anyway!

Greta Nissen says the reason she dresses so much better now is that she used to dress to please her mother and now it's to please herself. Anyway, she nearly lost the chance of appearing in "Women of All Nations" because Winfield Sheehan of Fox remembered her as dowdy when she played in silents.

Edward Everett Horton, bachelor, built a twelve-room house, then added to it, then tore it all down and rebuilt. So Eddie's home is now known as Horton's Folly.

Incidentally, Eddie is so busy that he says the only time he has to enjoy his friends is Sunday. So he has been giving jolly Sunday morning breakfasts at his bachelor home in Van Nuys, which are proving any amount of fun. Gloria Swanson is an occasional guest, for instance. As Eddie has lived in Southern California for so long, however, many of his friends are not picture people. So you can guess what a thrill these private citizens get out of meeting Eddie's more celebrated guests.

If it can be proved that Mrs. Hazel Jamieson did not kiss Marshall Neilan when Marshall kissed her, she will probably win custody of her children. But her parents-in-law have other ideas and it isn't at all a pleasant case.

"Good gracious, fancy a kiss of Marshall Neilan's mattering!" gasped a pretty young thing.

Every year for their five years of married life, George Webb has given Esther Ralston a gorgeous anniversary gift, rather grander than the one before. This year it was an exquisite diamond ring, a square-cut, perfect blue-white stone, set in numerous smaller stones.

Esther says if this keeps



Norman Foster with the masks he brought back from his world tour.

up he will have to secure the Great Mogul for her some day. The Webbs anticipate a 'blessed event' in June.

Harold Lloyd is passing around the cigars and throwing out his chest—he's the proud papa of a baby boy. Harold Lloyd, Jr., weighs four pounds, at this writing, and is in an incubator; however, both Junior and Mrs. Lloyd are said to be doing nicely, thank you.

A set of small white beads inscribed Harold Lloyd, Jr., were taken to the hospital six and one-half years ago—but instead of a boy, Gloria Lloyd was born; now the beads have been brushed off and are being used. Harold and Mildred Lloyd just recently adopted a little girl named Peggy to be a playmate for Gloria.

George Arliss returned from England in good time to make an address at the Los Angeles premiere of "Outward Bound." Always in character, this popular veteran looked every inch a "Disraeli," even unto that pose in which he seems to be supporting his left kidney. He told us the British censor had banned "Outward Bound," because all the characters are dead.

"Which surprises me," said Mr. Arliss, "because, having seen so many British pictures, I should have supposed they were used to dead ones!"

And George is English himself!

Lew Cody keeps bachelor house at Beverly—an adorable place, ("All paid for seven years ago, thank heaven," says Lew), which includes a gorgeous swimming pool and a private beach in the garden. Corned beef and cabbage forms the main *pièce de résistance* at the stag dinners. There's a basement billiard room, with an old piano and a big fireplace, where the men congregate. ("That's to save the best piano upstairs from cigarette burns," grins Lew.)

The door down there is completely covered with carved signatures of picture celebrities, for which Valentino once offered \$5000. His own signature holds place of honor.

This was a triumphant gesture on the part of Valentino,



May Robson, beloved stage veteran, makes "Mother's Million," her first talker.



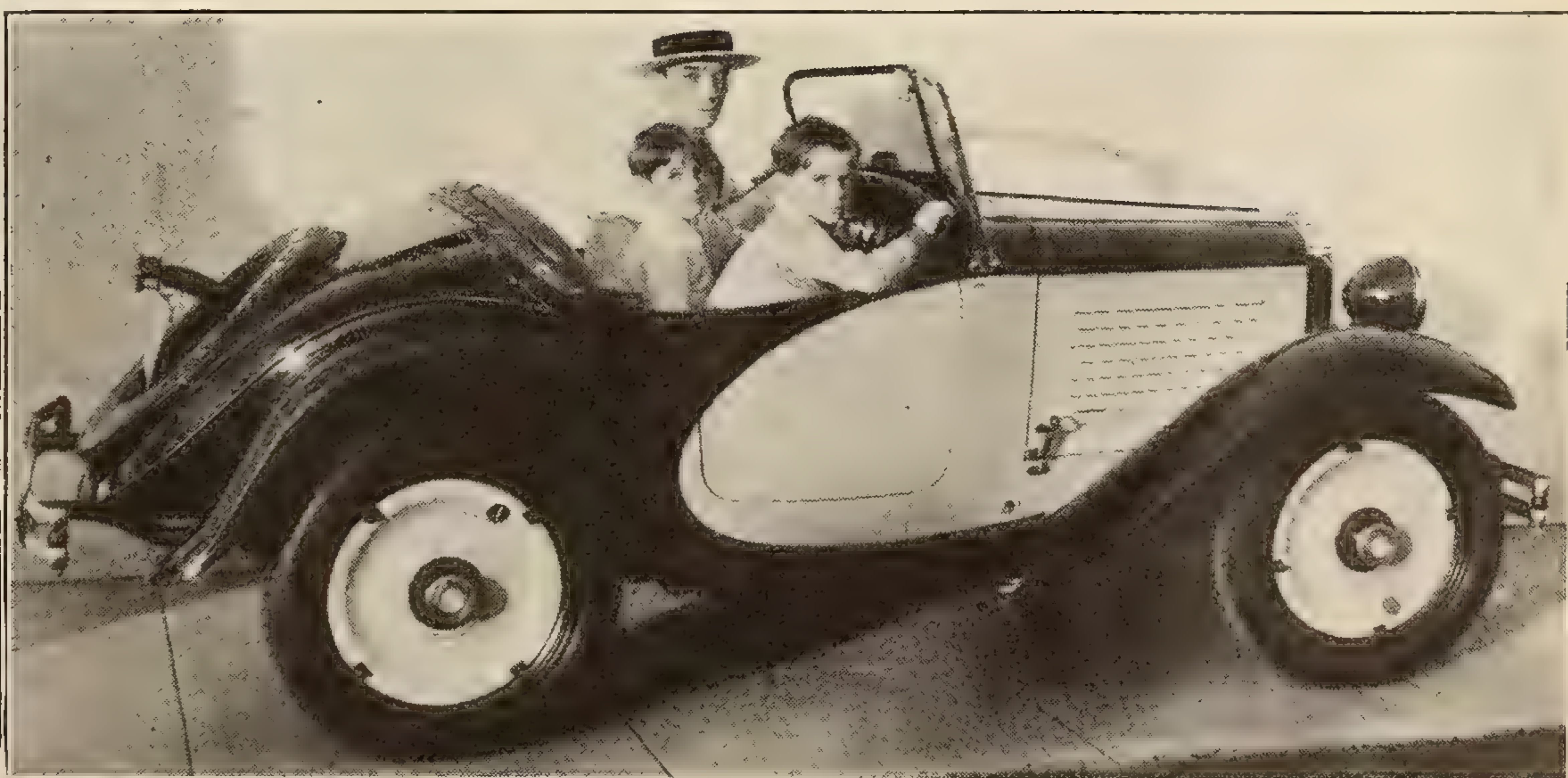
Pete, the pup of Our Gang, attends to his own fan mail. Each photograph is stamped with his right front paw print! Write to him and get yours!

for Rudy and Lew had been friends in the days gone by when the Latin lover was known as Guglielmi. Valentino was living in an \$8-a-week room then and buying \$30 suits that he made the tailor deceive the world into thinking were \$100 ones. He asked Cody about changing his name to Rudolph Valentino. "Don't do it," advised Lew. "No one will ever remember a name like that." (!)

The case of Lew Cody is interesting. After being a famous husband-menace in silents for years, and presiding at pretty nearly every theater opening, Lew was ill when talkies burst upon Hollywood. Charlie Chaplin offered him a good rôle in "City Lights" which he couldn't accept. Came a dismal period during which it seemed there was no place for Lew. Then Gloria Swanson gave him his talkie chance in "What a Widow!"—a pleasant drunk.

"And that's funny, too," chuckles Cody. "When for years I was all sorts of an amiable drunk, I never played a drunk rôle. Then after being on the wagon for 18 months, I'm cast for drunks galore. Another drunk in 'Divorce Among Friends' and now 'Three Bad Men.' And I had to take screen and voice tests for those. I felt like an amateur beginning all over again!"

Quite apropos to have Lew in "Divorce Among



"Thanks, Papa!" Bob and Joe Keaton take Buster for a ride in their new car. You'll see it on the screen in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath."

Friends," for Dorothy Dalton was his first two wives, since they remarried after the first separation. Later she married someone else and Lew married Mabel Normand. Dorothy wired at once offering Lew and Mabel her Long Island home for the honeymoon!

William Powell gave Carole Lombard an eight-cylinder convertible coupé. Carole gave Bill an expensive watch.

Bill says he's going to South America for a vacation directly "Cavalier of the Streets" is completed. Then he starts on his new Warner Brothers starring contract.

Sam Goldwyn is bringing Michael Arlen back to Hollywood, his peculiar form of smart sophistication being deemed likely to make a hit in talkies. Michael wasn't happy in Hollywood before. He found himself crudely joked about 'rugs' because he is Armenian born, although very English in thought and manner. In fact, I asked him if he were really Armenian.

"My dear lady, do you suppose anyone would say he were Armenian if he were not?" he replied with a wistful twinkle.

It was Michael too, who, when asked by this anxious interviewer how one became so famous, with five best sellers and two plays winning glory at the same time, replied archly, "I went down to meet trains and interviewed stupid celebrities." He was being interviewed at the train.

The curtain has rung down for the beautiful Alma Rubens. Her tragic death was mourned by the film colony. Miss Rubens was one of the most beautiful girls ever seen on the screen—and her death, at the age of thirty-three, ended a career once as promising as any beauty in Hollywood.

Her mother, Mrs. Theresa Rubens, a sister, Hazel, and her husband, Ricardo Cortez, from whom she was separated survive her.

Mae Murray, that perennial charmer, comes back to the screen in "Bachelor Apartments." Being the Princess David Mdivani has entirely agreed with Mae, whose figure is more svelte and gently undulating than ever, and her lips more luscious.

Hollywood gave Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers a fancy send-off for their vaudeville tour, for which the baggage included a couple of ponies, silver-mounted saddles, etc. Sally is not in the act, but just had to tag along.

They have a big ranch in Southern California and expect to return to it in April.

Jose Crespo, handsome Spanish actor, popular in all the Spanish versions of pictures, gave a very Spanish



Above: Mae Clarke, who is playing the part of Molly in the screen version of "The Front Page," newspaper play.

Left: Eleanor Hunt, heroine of "Whoopee" with Eddie Cantor, is now gracing Educational comedies.

Below: The "Cuckoos" quartette, Bert and Mrs. Wheeler, Bobby and Mrs. Woolsey. The boys will continue as a team.



party recently, at which Dolores del Rio, (Mrs. Cedric Gibbons), made her first social appearance after her illness. She was dressed in green and gold metal cloth, and seemed very much in love with Cedric who was duly on hand. Raquel Torres, Don Alvarado and Dorothy Jordan were all there. Raquel went with the Gibbonses, but Dorothy Jordan said she just couldn't remember who had brought her to the party!

Beg pardon, Maude Eburne! We credited ZaSu Pitts with the well-acted comedy rôle in "The Bat Whispers" instead of Miss Eburne, that splendid character actress and comedienne. Sorry—our error.

The unpleasant libel suit between Victor McLaglen and his brother Leopold is just one of those things. Leopold is suing Victor for \$120,000 damages for slander, in which he declares Victor was jealous of his appearance in Hollywood as a competitor. The situation was complicated by Leopold getting a teaching job at a military academy in which Victor's son was a student.



Above: Frank Albertson wears a long wig for his art in "A Connecticut Yankee," supporting Will Rogers.

Right: How Robert Montgomery looked at a picture premier when he didn't know the camera was aimed at him!

Below: The house at Playa Del Rey which Dorothy Jordan's film earnings have bought for her—with Dot in front.



in a gingham dress, looking so sweet and wistful. Another married lady to look absurdly young was Eleanor Boardman, with a bow on her hair. King Vidor went as a little German boy, and really managed to look little. Bebe Daniels was another cute baby. Gloria's Marquis, now shed, seemed to be having no end of a good time as Little Lord Fauntleroy. And imagine Lewis Milestone in checked rompers! They all talked kid talk, too, and kept it up pretty well.

Gloria Swanson is now making "Indiscretion," with Ben Lyon and Arthur Lake supporting. It's a light romantic story, gay and piquant, and Gloria feels it will be no "Queen Kelly." This picture will also see a promotion for Leo McCarey, formerly director of Hal Roach comedies, but now entrusted with "Indiscretion."

If Tommy Clifford, the Irish youngster who was brought to Hollywood for "Song O' My Heart" doesn't get another job by

April, he must return to Ireland and resume his former status as one of seven children in an Irish family of very modest circumstances.

Tommy was accompanied by a spinster aunt who had never been out of Ireland before. He led her an awful dance. Who was she to tell a successful motion picture actor to go to bed at 8 p. m.?

After the first glamor wore off both Tommy and Auntie became dreadfully homesick. Now they are worried sick for fear they will jolly well have to go home.

One can imagine Tommy's hauteur with those brothers and sisters when he gets back!



Victor, however, discreetly avoided making any adverse comment against Leopold when the reporters interviewed him.

Victor is one of seven brothers, all as tall as himself. Their father is a British bishop. Victor served with distinction during the war and was made Chief of the Police of Bagdad when the British controlled that territory.

There was a time when Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan entertained with corned-beef and cabbage dinners at a charming Beverly Hills home. But even corned-beef failed to steady that matrimonial bark. Six months ago Kenneth married Doris Hilda Booth, a childhood sweetheart. It's all over now. She went back to mother in January. It was Harlan's third matrimonial venture—even if he did give his age as 34 for the last one!

Lots of fun at the surprise party given Marion Davies on her birthday. Colleen Moore appeared as a little girl

At this writing both Dorothy Mackaill and Maureen O'Sullivan are on probation for speeding. If they get one more tag, their drivers' licenses will be revoked. No two more cautious drivers than these in all Hollywood—at the moment.

A young lady who is proclaimed as beautiful as Garbo and Dietrich is Sylvia Sydney, a Broadway stage actress, now signed by Paramount to play with young Phillips Holmes in "Confessions of a Co-Ed," instead of Mary Brian.

Which reminds us, young Phillips, whose papa is Taylor Holmes, is making big strides. His work in "The Criminal Code" raised him to the starry heights. He's a nice boy, with a pleasant sense of humor, and not at all swell-headed—as yet.

Hector V. Sarno will be seen in "The Secret Six." He's an interesting old dear and brags that he played in the first motion picture ever made—the old flickerer. Then he went to California with the very first producers in that sunny clime. He's a mine of historical information on the subject.

The Truth About Cosmetics

By
Mary
Lee

Pure aesthetics for perfect beauty—the new Lentheric products. Note the powder box and the smart new lipstick in the foreground. Aren't they honeys? Their prices are in the accompanying article.



QUITE the most beautiful shop in all America is the Lentheric salon on upper Fifth Avenue, New York. It's enough to make a girl go mad! Situated where the Avenue meets the Park, it is the very center of one of the richest spots in the world. The very high-hat Plaza hotel is across from it. The equally high-hat Savoy-Plaza is right beside it. The golden Sherry-Netherlands is on the opposite corner—hostelries where you can get a nice little room for a mere thirty dollars a day—while directly before it, in delicious contrast, is a tiny city garden, riotous with tulips and hyacinths and daffodils in gay profusion.

Glittering in the midst of all this, like an impudent jewel, is the Lentheric shop.

Now being a giddy gal at heart it gives me a terrific kick to see this very chic corner of a deliberately exquisite spot dedicated to cosmetics. For after all, cosmetics divide into two sharp classes—the utilitarian cosmetics—those rouges, and powders and creams that we just must have to appear our best; and the dream-like cosmetics—the perfumes, the powders, the scented soaps, the lotions that we all want just because they are so foolish, so lovely and so completely romantic.

Lentheric's is no place for a girl on a budget to go. But for a girl on a beauty spree—or a girl with a young man in tow who doesn't care how he spends his money so long as it is on her—well, what a little palace it is!

I went visiting there by special invitation this month and what these eyes saw and this nose smelled! Their perfumes are divine, created, I'd say, by a poet with a glorified sense of smell. They have, for instance, Asphodele, which they call a Gardenia Kissed by Moonlight. Can you bear that? They have Miracle and Lotus D'Or, and all three are heavy, sweet, pungent odors that make you feel that had you possessed them you could have given Cleopatra a run for her money in the race for Antony.

But when it comes to the price, I'd rather not bring that up.

Be forewarned, it's terrific.

Still, just to prove their hearts aren't entirely made of diamonds, Lentheric has now added to its line and is putting out some beauty products, that have all the perfection of their beautiful perfumes at prices that are reasonably moderate. (That's what I got asked up to see.)

They have, for example, a heavenly soap, scented with any of their fragrances, softening to the water, and selling for one dollar for a box of three. Of course, you can get darned good soap for ten cents a cake. I know that and you know that, but if you are a bit crazy occasionally, as I am, you may want to indulge in grand soap, just for the joy of it.

Then there's a loose powder vanity with a patented roller to feed the powder to the puff in just the desired amount. And it really does work, putting the powder on the puff and not all over your best gown.

Are you following these helpful special articles on cosmetics? Mary Lee is giving you an unique beauty service, in which she tells you the truth and nothing but the truth about the newest, the nicest, and the most important powders, perfumes, lipsticks—in fact, all the aids to modern loveliness. The smart girl keeps up with the beauty parade by reading Mary Lee!

It comes in a simply stunning black enamel with silver, or jade and silver, for green outfits; and brown and silver if those are your colors of the moment. Very, very chic and all for one-fifty!

They also have quite the most spiffy box of powder I have ever seen, in white suede cloth, bound with a metal silver band and edged with black. There's a swansdown powder puff also, and, of course, the powder. This comes in delightful shades of beige—five different ones, is just heavy enough, deliciously scented, and priced at three dollars. Gudgeous, I assure you!

You've all heard of the Princess Pat line of cosmetics, I'm sure. It's such a reliable, well-established line. In contrast to Lentheric, it isn't extreme in price, but oh, how good it is! Mrs. Fannie B. Gordon, the talented woman who created and runs this line, is a very real student of cosmetics. She feels there is a psychology of make-up and very right she is, too. In her own words, she feels that make-up has left behind the "blatant, obvious Easter egg age" and has now come to be the cleverest possible simulation of natural beauty. To help us girls get our faces just at this perfect state—and also to help us 'dress up' our faces occasionally to match our gowns, or even the occasion, Mrs. Gordon has brought out in the Princess Pat line seven shades of rouge and seven shades of powder. She also has eye-shadow, an ice astringent, and naturally, lip rouge. It is really an innovation to get such a complete color range in cosmetics on the general market. Of course, actresses have long had such selections to make them beautiful but the Princess Pat rouges are the first of which I've heard that are released for average souls (and purses). The price is so very moderate you can afford to buy all of them, if you really want to, and after having tried them all, I recommend them highly.

Casts of Current Films

* Films Reviewed in this issue

"ALOHA." *Tiffany.* From the story by Thomas H. Ince and J. G. Hawks. Adapted by Adele Buffington. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: Jimmy Bradford, Ben Lyon; Llanu, Raquel Torres; James Bradford, Sr., Robert Edeson; Stevens, Alan Hale; Elaine Marvin, Marian Douglas; Winifred Marvin, Thelma Todd; Old Ben, Otis Harlan; Johnny Marvin, T. Roy Barnes; Larry, Robert Ellis; Kahea, Donald Reed; Master Bradford, Dickie Moore; A Sailor, Al St. John.

"ALONG CAME YOUTH." *Paramount.* From the story by George Marion, Jr. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan and Norman McLeod. The cast: Larry Brooks, Charles Rogers; Elinor Farrington, Frances Dee; Ambrose, Stuart Erwin; Eustace, William Austin; Lady Prunella, Evelyn Hall; Senor Cortes, Leo White; Senora Cortes, Mathilde Comont; Sue Long, Betty Boyd.

"BEAU IDEAL." *Radio.* From the story by Percival C. Wren. Adapted by Elizabeth Meehan. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: Otis Madison, Lester Vail; John Geste, Ralph Forbes; Ramon, Don Alvarado; Jacob, Otto Matiesen; Isobel Brandon, Loretta Young; Mrs. Brandon, Irene Rich; Sergeant Frederick, Paul MacAllister; The Emir, George Rigas; The Angel of Death, Leni Stengel; Colonel LeBaudy, Hale Hamilton.*

"CHARLEY'S AUNT." *Columbia.* From the story and play by Brandon Thomas. Directed by Al Christie. The cast: Lord Fancourt Babberly, Charles Ruggles; Amy Spettigue, June Collyer; Charlie Wykeham, Hugh Williams; Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez, Doris Lloyd; Stephen Spettigue, Halliwell Hobbs; Ela Delahay, Flora Le Breton; Jack Chesney, Rodney McLennon; Kitty Verdun, Flora Sheffield; Sir Francis Chesney, Phillips Smalley; Brassett, Wilson Benge.*

"CIMARRON." *Radio.* From the novel by Edna Ferber. Adapted by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: Yancey Cravat, Richard Dix; Sabra Cravat, Irene Dunne; Dixie Lee, Estelle Taylor; Felice Venable, Nance O'Neil; The Kid, William Collier, Jr.; Jess Rickey, Roscoe Ates; Sol Levy, George E. Stone; Lon Yountis, Stanley Fields; Mr. Birby, Frank Darien; Louie Heffner, Robert McWade; Mrs. Tracy Wyatt, Edna Mae Oliver; Isaiah, Eugene Jackson; Ruby Big Elk (eldest), Dolores Brown; Ruby Big Elk (younger), Gloria Vonic; Murch Rankin, Otto Hoffman; Grat Gotch, William Orlamond; Louis Venable, Frank Beal; Donna Cravat (eldest), Nancy Dover; Donna Cravat (younger), Helen Parrish; "Cim" (eldest), Donald Diloway; "Cim" (younger), Junior Johnson; "Cim" (youngest), Douglas Scott; Yancey, Jr., Reginald Streeter; Felice, Jr., Lois Jane Campbell; Aunt Cassandra, Ann Lee; Dabney Venable, Tyrone Brereton; Cousin Bella, Lillian Lane; Jouett Goforth, Henry Rocquemore; Arminia Greenwood, Nell Craig; Pat Leary, Robert McKenzie.*

"THE CRIMINAL CODE." *Columbia.* From the play by Martin Flavin. Adapted by Fred Niblo, Jr. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: Warden Brady, Walter Huston; Robert Graham, Phillips Holmes; Mary Brady, Constance Cummings; Gertrude Williams, Mary Doran; Gleason, DeWitt Jennings; McManus, John Sheehan; Galloway, Boris Karloff; Fales, Otto Hoffman; Runch, Clark Marshall; Nettleford, Arthur Hoyt; Katie, Ethel Wales; Dr. Rinevulf, John St. Polis; Spelvin, Paul Porcast; Detective, James Guilfoyle; Detective Doherty, Lee Phelps; Lew, Hugh Walker; Reporter, Jack Vance.*

"DEVIL TO PAY." *United Artists.* From an original story by Frederick Lonsdale. Adapted by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: Willie Leeland, Ronald Colman; Dorothy Hope, Loretta Young; Susan Leeland, Florence Britton; Lord Leeland, Frederick Kerr; Mr. Hope, David Torrence; Mrs. Hope, Mary Forbes; Grand Duke Paul, Paul Cavanagh; Arthur Leeland, Crawford Kent; Mary Crayle, Myrna Loy.

"FAIR WARNING." *Fox.* From the story by Max Brand. Adapted by Ernest L. Pascal. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast: Whistlin' Dan Berry, George O'Brien; Kate Cumberland, Louise Hintington; Jim Silent, Mitchell Harris; Lee Haines, George Brent; Purvis, Nat Pendleton; Kilduff, John Sheehan; Morgan, Erwin Connolly; Tex Calder, Willard Robertson; Mr. Cumberland, Alphonz Ethier; Jordan, Ernest Adams.

"FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN." *Warner Brothers.* From the play by Herbert Field. Adapted by Joseph Jackson. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: Jack, William Gaxton; Violet, Helen Broderick; Simon and Peter, Olsen and Johnson; Baxter, Lester Crawford; Michael, John Halliday; Pernasse, Charles Judels; Looloo, Claudia Dell; Joyce, Evelyn Knapp; Marcelle, Carmelita Geraghty; Mrs. Carroll, Daisy Bel-

more; Mrs. Rosen, Vera Gordon; Mr. Rosen, Nat Carr; Fakir, Bela Lugosi.*

"FIGHTING CARAVANS." *Paramount.* From the story by Zane Grey. Adapted by Keene Thompson, Edward Paramore, Jr., and Agnes Brand Leahy. Directed by Otto Brower and David Burton. The cast: Clint Belmont, Gary Cooper; Felice, Lily Damita; Bill Jackson, Ernest Torrence; Jim Bridger, Tully Marshall; Lee Murdock, Fred Kohler; Seth, Eugene Pallette.*

"ILLICIT." *Warner Brothers.* From the story by Edith Fitzgerald and Robert Riskin. Adopted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: Anne, Barbara Stanwyck; Dick Ives, James Rennie; Price Baines, Ricardo Cortez; Georgie, Charles Butterworth; Dukie, Joan Blondell; Margie, Natalie Moorhead; Ives, Sr., Claude Gillingwater.

"INSPIRATION." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From an original story by Gene Markey. Adapted by Gene Markey. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: Yvonne, Greta Garbo; Andre, Robert Montgomery; Delval, Lewis Stone; Lulu, Marjorie Rambeau; Madeleine, Joan Marsh; Cowtant, John Miljan; Galand, Richard Tucker; Gaby, Gwen Lee; Pauline, Zella Sears.*

"KISS ME AGAIN." *First National.* From the play "Mille Modiste" by Victor Herbert. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: Mlle Fifi, Bernice Claire; Paul de St. Cyr, Walter Pidgeon; Rene, Edward Everett Horton; Count de St. Cyr, Claude Gillingwater; Francois, Frank McHugh; Mme. Cecile, Judith Voscelli; Marie, June Collyer; General de Villafranco, Albert Gran; Specialty dancers, "G" Sisters.

"LITTLE CAESAR." *First National.* From the novel by W. R. Burnett. Adapted by Francis Edwards Faragon. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy. The cast: "Rico" Bando, Edward G. Robinson; Joe Massara, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Olga Strassoff, Glenda Farrell; The "Big Boy," Sidney Blackmer; Police Sergeant Flaherty, Thomas Jackson; Pete Montana, Ralph Ince; Tony Passa, William Collier, Jr.; Arnie Lorch, Maurice Black; Sam Vettori, Stanley Fields; Otero, George E. Stone.

"MAN TO MAN." *Warner Brothers.* From the story by Ben Ames Williams. Adapted by Joseph Jackson. Directed by Alan Dwan. The cast: Michael, Phillips Holmes; Barber John, Grant Mitchell; Emily, Lucille Powers; Alice, Barbara Weeks; Judge, Charles Sellon; Vint Glade, Dwight Frye; Uncle Cal, Russell Simpson; Ryan, Paul Nicholson; Sheriff, Robert Emmett O'Connor; Jim McCord, George Marion; Rip Henry, Otis Harlan; B. B. Beecham, James Neill; Bildad, Johnny Larkins.

"MY PAST." *Warner Brothers.* From the novel "Ex-Mistress" by Dora Macy. Adapted by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: Doree Macy, Bebe Daniels; Bob Byrne, Ben Lyon; John Thornley, Lewis Stone; Marian Moore, Joan Blondell; Consuelo Byrne, Natalie Moorhead; Lionel Reisch, Albert Gran; Miss Taft, Virginia Sale; Mrs. Bennett, Daisy Belmore.*

"NO LIMIT." *Paramount.* From an original story by George Marion, Jr. Screen play by Viola Brothers Shore and Salisbury Field. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: Bunny O'Day, Clara Bow; Douglas Thayer, Norman Foster; Max Mindil, Harry Green; Ole Olson, Stuart Edwin; Dodo Potter, Dixie Lee.*

"ONCE A SINNER." *Fox.* From the story by George Middleton. Directed by Guthrie McClintic. The cast: Diana Barry, Dorothy MacKail; Tommy Mason, Joel McCrea; Richard Kent, John Halliday; Serge Ratoff, C. Henry Gordon; Kitty King, Ilka Chase; Mrs. Mason, Clara Blandick; Mary Nolan, Myra Hampton; James Brent, George Brent; Hope Patterson, Sally

Blane; Marie, Minette Faro; Pierre, Theodore Lodi.

"PAID." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the play "Within the Law" by Bayard Veiller. Adapted by Lucien Hubbard and Charles MacArthur. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: Mary Turner, Joan Crawford; Joe Garson, Robert Armstrong; Agnes Lynch, Marie Prevost; Bob, Kent Douglas; Inspector Burke, John Miljan; Edward Gilder, Purnell B. Pratt; District Attorney Demarest, Hale Hamilton; Cassidy, Robert Emmet O'Conner; Eddie Griggs, Tyrell Davis; Carney, William Bakewell; Red, George Cooper; Bertha, Gwen Lee.

"PART-TIME WIFE." *Fox.* From the Saturday Evening Post story by Stewart Edward White. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: Jim Murdock, Edmund Lowe; Betty Murdock, Leila Hyams; Tommy Milligan, Tommy Clifford; Johnny Spence, Walter McGrail; Butler, Louis Payne; Caddy Master, Sam Lufkin; Maid, Bodil Rosing; Chauffeur, George Corcoran; Tony, the dog, Champion.

"REACHING FOR THE MOON." *United Artists.* From an original story by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: Larry Day, Douglas Fairbanks; Vivian Benton, Bebe Daniels; Rogers, Edward Everett Horton; Jimmy Carrington, Jack Mulhall; Sir Horace, Claude Allister; Kitty, June MacCloy; James Benton, Walter Walker; Secretary, Helen Jerome Eddy.

"REDUCING." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From an original story by Willard Mack and Beatrice Banyard. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: Marie Truffle, Marie Dressler; Polly Rochay, Polly Moran; Vivian Truffle, Anita Page; Johnnie Beasley, William Collier, Jr.; Elmer Truffle, Lucien Littlefield; Joyce Rochay, Sally Eilers; Tommy Havery, William Bakewell; Jerry Truffle, Billy Naylor; Marty Truffle, Jay Ward.*

"RESURRECTION." *Universal.* From the novel by Leo Tolstoi. Adapted by Finis Fox. Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast: Prince Dmitri, John Boles; Katusha Maslova, Lupe Velaz; Princess Marya, Nance O'Neil; Princess Sophya, Rose Tapley; Major Schoenbach, William Keighley; The Inn Keeper, Michael Mark; The Inn Keeper's Wife, Sylvia Nadine; First Judge, George Irving; The Merchant, Edward Cecil; Olga, Grace Cunard; Beautiful Exile, Mary Forman.*

"SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED." *Tiffany.* From the story by George Rosener. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: Mahyna, Betty Compson; Eddie, Lee Tracy; Dave, Alan Hale; Boris, Gaston Glass; Olga, Dorothy Christy; Dugan, Fred Kelsey.

"THE BACHELOR FATHER." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the play by Edward Childs Carpenter. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: Tony Flagg, Marion Davies; John Ashley, Ralph Forbes; Sir Basil Winterton, C. Aubrey Smith; Geoffrey Trent, Ray Milland; Dick Berny, Guinn Williams; Doctor MacDonald, David Torrence; Mrs. Webb, Doris Lloyd; Bolton, Edgar Norton; Maria Credaro, Nena Quartaro; Larkin, Halliwell Hobbes; Mrs. Berny, Elizabeth Murray; Mr. Creswell, James Gordon.*

"THE BLUE ANGEL." *Paramount.* From a novel by Heinrich Mann. Adapted by Carl Zuckermayer, Karl Vollmoeller and Robert Liebmann. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The cast: Prof. Immanuel Rath, Emil Jannings; Lola Frohlich, Emil Jannings; Kiepert, a magician, Kurt Gerron; Guste, his wife, Rosa Valetti; Maceppa, Hans Albers; Director of the School, Eduard von Winterstein; The Clown, Teinhold Bernt; The Beadle, Hans Roth; Scholars, Angst, Rolf Mueller; Lohmann, Rolant Varno; Erztum, Karl Balhaus; Goldstaub, Robert Klein-Loerk; The Publician, Karl Huszar-Puffy; The Captain, Wilhelm Diegelmann; The Policeman, Gerhard Beinert; Publician's wife, Ilse Fuerstenberg.

"THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE." *Tiffany.* From the play by C. Stafford Dickens. Adapted by Maude Fulton and Fordon Rigby. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: Prince Alexis, Peter Fedor, Neil Hamilton; Princess Katerina, Una Merkel; Queen Elinor of Serblant, Helen Ware; King Nicholas of Kordova, Albert Gran; Vellenburg, Lawrence Grant; Lydia, Thelma Todd; Queen Elizabeth of Kordova, Vera Lewis; Duke Charles, Mischa Auer; Masoch, Burr McIntosh; Boyer, William von Brincken; Blondel, Murdock MacQuarrie.

"THE EASIEST WAY." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the play by Eugene Walter. Adapted by Edith Ellis. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: Laura Murdock, Constance Bennett; Willard Brockton, Adolphe Menjou; Jack Madison, Robert Montgomery; Peg, Anita Page; Elsie, (Continued on page 129)

The picture producing companies, each month in SCREENLAND announce new pictures and stars to be seen in the theaters throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be found on the following pages: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, page 2; Educational, page 3; Paramount, page 5; Warner Brothers, page 7; First National, page 9.

What Makes a Girl Popular?

Practical Advice on the Modern Girl's Problems

By Lillian Montanye

AND still they come! Letters deploring absence of charm, lack of popularity. I look about at all the beautifully groomed, radiant-faced girls and wonder where these unpopular, uncharming girls are keeping themselves. Then I see one with lovely features and all the attributes of physical charm, yet so shy and diffident, so unbecomingly gotten up that I want to take her apart and put her together again into the sweet, confident, attractive young person she could be. Again, I see a girl who would be bewitchingly pretty if she had not spoiled her perfectly good face with too much badly chosen make-up.

Then once in a blue moon I run across a little mouse of a girl with indefinite features and not too tastefully dressed, yet with a kind of baffling charm that wins hosts of friends and admirers with no apparent effort on her part. Yet I happen to know that effort, directed by courage and intelligence, is necessary to any achievement. In that one little word, *effort*, lies the secret.

"I firmly believe," writes Leonora, "that one can't be popular without being beautiful. My best girl friend is lovely. She has hair like spun gold and naturally curly. She has a clear, white skin, big blue eyes with long dark lashes, a stunning figure and she wears the most divine clothes! Gowns and hats so simple they look like anybody's poison, yet so perfectly designed and so expensive ordinary people can't buy anything like them or even copy them. Yet she is not at all vain, spoiled or selfish. She likes to share everything she has and is always laughing, light-hearted and having a grand time. I am devoted to her, so is everyone who knows her. The boy I expect to marry some day admires her immensely. He says she's a 'knock-out, a wow,' and that her gay, happy ways makes everyone around her happy, too. He likes to be with her because she makes him laugh, he tells me.

"I try not to be, but I'm fiercely jealous and I'm envious, too. I admire my chum yet I resent her. I'm red-haired with green eyes and am considered 'interesting.' But I'm nothing beside her. If only I could make myself into her type, or if I even could be a contrasting type—dark and poised and sophisticated like Kay Francis for example, or deep and mysterious like Garbo—but I can't do either. I can't always be gay either. I'm a busi-



Charm, poise, unaffected gaiety, good sportsmanship—that's what the modern Popular Girl is made of! This is a screen scene with Billie Dove—completely surrounded, as usual, by admirers. But all the pretty, popular girls aren't in the movies!

ness girl working hard at my job and making good and sometimes I'm tired and feel and act like anything but a bubble of joy. She has beauty, charm, leisure—oh, there's no use trying to compete!"

Now, now, Leonora, be careful. Remember what envy, spite and jealousy in the form of giants, ogres and dragons did to the gallant heroes and lovely ladies of the old fairy tales? The moral was that ugliness was destructive just as beauty was beneficent. That the ugly things robbed these people of their power and happiness; that courage and intelligence, in themselves two of the most beautiful things in the world, freed them from the powers of ugliness. So watch your step, Leonora, use your courage and intelligence and don't let the goblins get you!

It's futile and foolish to be jealous of your girl friend because she has golden hair, long eyelashes and a good disposition. Your boy friend may admire her, but what of it? From your letter I judge it is not so much her beauty and fine clothes he admires as her lightheartedness and gaiety. He likes to be with her 'because she makes him laugh.' That is a revealing sentence, my dear. That is what men *do* like. They don't like us, heaven help us, when we're tired, depressed or com- (Continued on page 124)

Have you a problem to solve? Let's talk it over. Have you a story to tell? Let others read it that they may judge or profit by it. Letters will receive every consideration and will be published anonymously. Or, if you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Mrs. Montanye, in care of SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Write to the Stars as Follows:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

George Arthur	Dorothy Jordan
William Bakewell	Buster Keaton
Lionel Barrymore	Charles King
Wallace Beery	Gwen Lee
Charles Bickford	Barbara Leonard
Edwina Booth	Joan Marsh
John Mack Brown	Adolphe Menjou
Harry Carey	John Miljan
Joan Crawford	Grace Moore
Karl Dane	Polly Moran
Marion Davies	Conrad Nagel
Reginald Denny	Ramon Novarro
Mary Doran	Edward Nugent
Kent Douglass	Anita Page
Marie Dressler	Marie Prevost
Cliff Edwards	Esther Ralston
Julia Faye	Duncan Renaldo
Greta Garbo	Norma Shearer
John Gilbert	Gus Shy
Gavin Gordon	Lawrence Tibbett
Ralph Graves	Lewis Stone
William Haines	Ernest Torrence
Hedda Hopper	Raquel Torres
Leila Hyams	Roland Young
Kay Johnson	

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen	Harry Green
Jean Arthur	Mitzi Green
William Austin	Phillips Holmes
George Bancroft	Miriam Hopkins
Clara Bow	Helen Kane
Mary Brian	Dennis King
Clive Brook	Carole Lombard
Nancy Carroll	Paul Lukas
Ruth Chatterton	Fredric March
Maurice Chevalier	Rosita Moreno
Claudette Colbert	Barry Norton
June Collyer	Jack Oakie
Jackie Coogan	Warner Oland
Gary Cooper	Zelma O'Neal
Frances Dee	Eugene Pallette
Marlene Dietrich	William Powell
Leon Errol	Charles Rogers
Stuart Erwin	Lillian Roth
Norman Foster	Stanley Smith
Kay Francis	Regis Toomey
Skeet Gallagher	Fay Wray

First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Richard Barthelmess	David Manners
Sidney Blackmer	Marilyn Miller
Joe E. Brown	Ona Munson
Bernice Claire	Dorothy Peterson
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	James Rennie
Alexander Gray	Otis Skinner
Fred Kohler	Vivienne Segal
Laura Lee	Jack Whiting
Lila Lee	Edward Woods
Loretta Young	
Dorothy Mackaill	

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson	Elissa Landi
Luana Alcaniz	Dixie Lee

Robert Ames	Cecilia Loftus
Warner Baxter	Edmund Lowe
Rex Bell	Myrna Loy
Humphrey Bogart	Claire Luce
El Brendel	Sharon Lynn
Ilka Chase	Kenneth MacKenna
Virginia Cherrill	Mona Maris
Marguerite Churchill	Jeanette MacDonald
Joyce Compton	Victor McLaglen
Fifi Dorsay	Lois Moran
Louise Dresser	George O'Brien
Charles Farrell	Maureen O'Sullivan
John Garrick	David Rollins
Janet Gaynor	Will Rogers
Warren Hymer	Lee Tracy
Richard Keene	Spencer Tracy
Jane Keith	John Wayne
J. M. Kerrigan	Marjorie White

Radio Pictures Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Amos 'n' Andy	Dorothy Lee
Henry Armetta	Everett Marshall
Mary Astor	Joel McCrea
Evelyn Brent	Jack Mulhall
Sue Carol	Edna May Oliver
Joseph Cawthorn	Roberta Robinson
Betty Compson	Lowell Sherman
Bebe Daniels	Ned Sparks
Richard Dix	Leni Stengel
Irene Dunne	Hugh Trevor
Jobyna Howland	Bert Wheeler
Arthur Lake	Louis Wolheim
Ivan Lebedeff	Robert Woolsey

Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Robert Allen	Winnie Lightner
George Arliss	Lucien Littlefield
John Barrymore	Lotti Lodi
Monte Blue	Ben Lyon
Claudia Dell	Marian Nixon
Irene Delroy	Walter Pidgeon
Louise Fazenda	H. B. Warner
James Hall	Lois Wilson
Leon Janney	Grant Withers
Evalyn Knapp	

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong	Ann Harding
Constance Bennett	Eddie Quillan
Bill Boyd	Fred Scott

Send Birthday Greetings to These April Stars:

Wallace Beery	April 1st.
Harry Green	April 1st.
Carmel Myers	April 4th.
Mary Pickford	April 8th.
Nick Stuart	April 10th.
Claire Windsor	April 14th.
Charles Chaplin	April 16th.
Mary Brian	April 17th.
Dorothy Sebastian	April 26th.

James Gleason	Gloria Swanson
Russell Gleason	Helen Twelvetrees
Alan Hale	

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres	Barbara Kent
John Boles	Jeanette Loff
Kathryn Crawford	Mary Nolan
Robert Ellis	Eddie Phillips
Hoot Gibson	Joseph Schildkraut
Jean Hersholt	Slim Somerville
Rose Hobart	Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Janis	Glenn Tryon
Raymond Keane	Lupe Velez
Myrna Kennedy	John Wray

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Collier, Jr.	Buck Jones
Joe Cook	Bert Lytell
Constance Cummings	Joan Peers
Richard Cromwell	Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt	Barbara Stanwyck

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado	Eleanor Hunt
Joan Bennett	Walter Huston
William Boyd	Al Jolson
Eddie Cantor	Evelyn Laye
Charles Chaplin	June MacCloy
Ronald Colman	Una Merkel
Lily Damita	Chester Morris
Dolores Del Rio	Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks	Gilbert Roland
William Farnum	Norma Talmadge
John Holland	

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

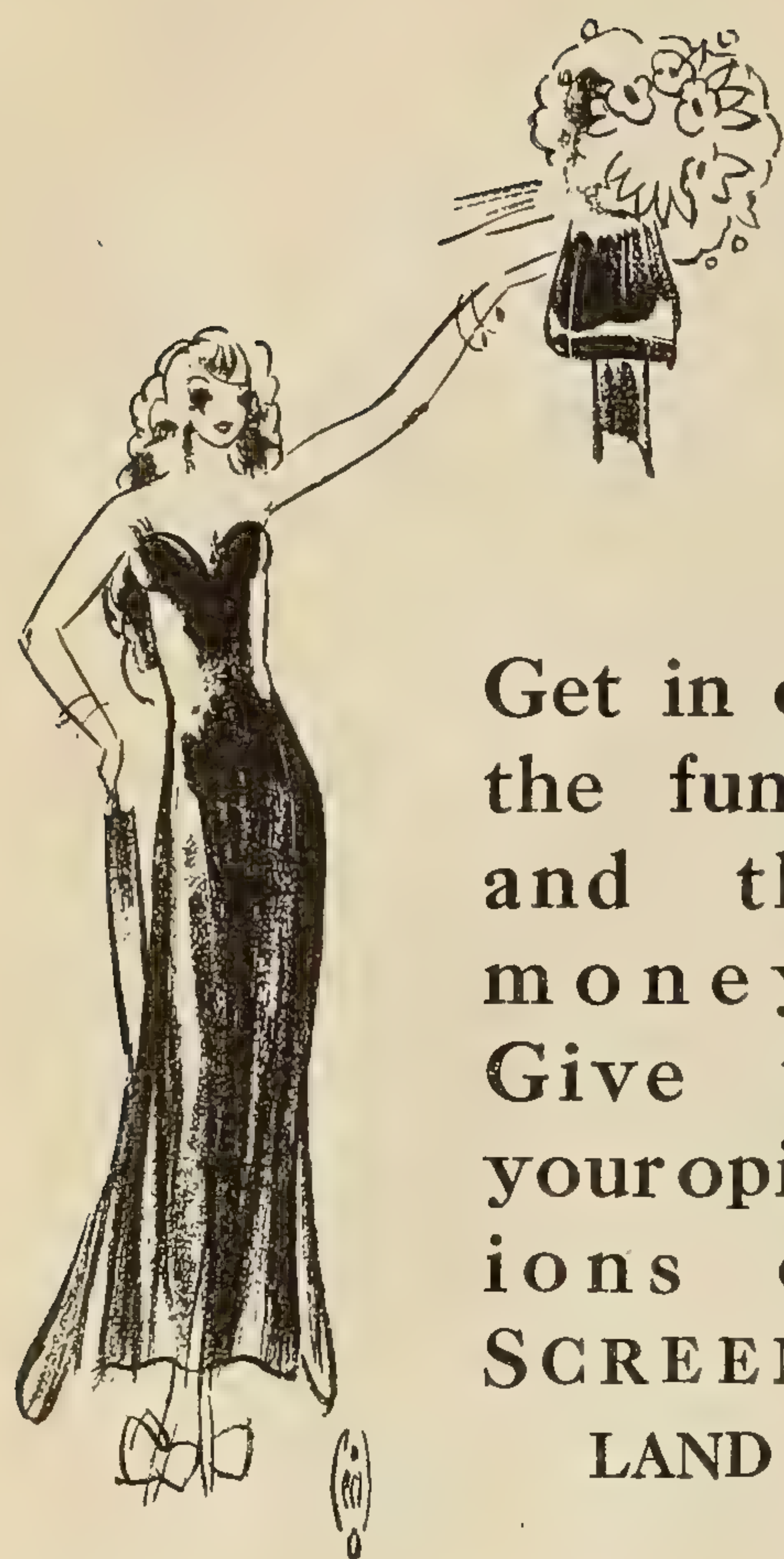
Charley Chase	Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels	Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy	Our Gang
Ed Kennedy	Thelma Todd
Mary Kornman	

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe	Patsy O'Leary
Ann Christy	Daphne Pollard
Andy Clyde	Lincoln Stedman
Harry Gribbon	Nick Stuart

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland	Edward Everett Horton
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Get in on
the fun—
and the
money!
Give us
your opin-
ions of
SCREEN-
LAND

A Few Pats, A Few Pokes

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

YOUR cover girls possess real vitality, the kind that almost leaps out from the book with a frank invitation to purchase. Sometimes you feature an ultra-conservative on your cover. Such women seldom smile and usually look bored. Keep your cover girls smiling always!

'The Most Beautiful Still of the Month' is without doubt your best feature. Every one you have selected hangs on our office wall. I would prefer less conservative poses of women in your rotogravure sections, however! I like your reviews and clip them to help me decide on my monthly movie menu. As for Screen News, it would be sacrilege to criticize a thing about it. Your magazine is conservative, but not too conservative. That's why it holds its own.

Gilson Willets,
890 Geary Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

Ahem!

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

To keep posted on pictures I read four film magazines monthly. I do welfare work among juveniles in a city where movies are looked upon with suspicion, and for this reason I *must* know all about pictures before they arrive in my town.

I consider SCREENLAND the best film magazine because it is always intelligent! The reviews always click with me. I also enjoy the fine, originally conceived rotogravure sections. The publisher's page, too, seems to me worth the price of the magazine. I wish I might cram the January publisher's page down the throats of all people who see one or two pictures annually and then shout that movies are beneath intelligent notice.

I have no criticism, only a warning: keep to your standard.

Dorothy M. Springer,
541 E. Platte Avenue,
Colorado Springs, Colorado.

PATS and POKES

Our Newest Contest!

We want to know what *you* think! Write your opinions of the contents of this magazine. For the best letter—and it must be brief—giving us your constructive criticism of our features, art, and departments, we offer \$20.00, first prize; \$15.00, second prize; \$10.00, third prize; and \$5.00, fourth prize. Mail your letters so they will reach us the 10th of each month.

We're A Columbus!

THIRD PRIZE LETTER

It certainly is sportingly commendable for you to be so generous in boosting the new picture players who show promise and talent. You are always the first to give credit where it is due. You do not hesitate to dedicate the Honor Page to such young players as Helen Twelvetrees and John Wayne, those promising newcomers.

A widely-read magazine like yours becomes the meeting ground for picture player and picture public, and I am glad to see so many of its pages boosting the new players and future stars of motion pictures.

Mrs. Julia Bentley,
420 Johnson Street,
Charlotte, Michigan.

With Pleasure!

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER

Can't we have more interviews like the one with Walter Huston written by Marie House which appeared in the January issue? I am interested in acting and am studying dramatic art. So quite naturally I am interested in knowing how the actors act. How they study a character, how they know how to portray it. One with Kay Francis or Ann Harding would be nice. And Marlene Dietrich! Such perfect poise! Don't forget Marlene. Let's have more of her.

Margaret A. Connell,
659 41st Street,
Des Moines, Iowa.

We Have It!

Your editorial page is the best part of your magazine. It is the 'It' page. I instinctively turn to the editorials to see what new and different ideas I may read there in regard to Hollywood's movie life. Your editor has the unusual ability of making screenland seem really close to us. Those editorials are peculiarly human and sympathetic. And, after all, isn't it the human touch that counts?

Nonna B. Montgomery,
Long Beach, Cal.

A Poke!

I wish you wouldn't say so much about Garbo in your Magazine. Every page, it seems is Garbo—Garbo—Garbo. Now I like this actress all right, but I do get tired of seeing her pictures all over the place. Why not rave about somebody else for a change?

Lesley Smith,
Utica, N. Y.

Welcome To The Fold!

This is my first fan letter, and therefore, I am going to praise my favorite magazine. I could, of course, 'rave' about my special stars, Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford, and the talkies I like best, but I really want to congratulate you!

First, for interesting and novel departments. There is something of interest on every page. Second, for up-to-dateness. You seem to have the news almost before it happens. Third, for your lightness of touch. You appeal to the feminine world, and intrigue the male as well!

Mrs. J. D. Lockaby,
Tampa, Florida.

There, There!

Why not have something in a more serious vein in your editorials, just a step higher than the rest of the magazine? Walter O'Keefe comparing Bridgeport, Conn., with Hollywood is very far-fetched. I am familiar with both places and can see not the slightest reason for such a comparison.

Maude G. Howarth,
Woonsocket, R. I.

Do You Mean It?

Your Editor can make an editorial something to be reckoned with—clever, concise and to the point. They say plenty without offending anyone and that is what the movies need—good, honest criticism. Miss Evans has the courage of her convictions.

Loraine Turner Burrell,
Shepherdstown,
West Virginia.

Glad You Like Us!

Yours ranks as the highest movie magazine published—I know, because I read all of them.

It is different, which makes it a little better than all the rest. It has many delightful and charming photographs of the players and you are sure to find a picture of your favorite among them. And there is plenty of interesting reading material written by the best writers in Hollywood. I also praise you for securing the first posed pictures of the Glamorous Garbo in her own clothes.

L. Russell,
Glasgow, Montana.

Don't be afraid to speak your mind! Write in and tell us what you think of us!

land; high school in Helena, Mont., and Grinnell College, Iowa. He was a cowboy extra for months in various films before he was given his first big chance to play with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," produced by Samuel Goldwyn in 1926.

Louise and Ruth. You think Winnie Lightner is a bit heavy for the screen, do you? Just the same, she draws down no light salary, let me tell you. Marie Dressler weighs almost 200 pounds and we don't care if she tips the scales at 300, we're for her and that goes for Winnie, too. Winnie was born Sept. 17, 1901, in Greenpoint, L. I. Mary Doran was *Janice* in "The Divorcee" with Norma Shearer. Helen Kane was in "Heads Up" with Charles Rogers and Margaret Breen.

Tommee. There is something new every day in the movie business but I can't reveal all I know in this issue. Look out for things to come. Do I really know any screen stars? And you're asking me! Paul Lukas plays a very convincing part as *Eric* in "The Right to Love" with Ruth Chatterton and David Manners. Paul was born May 26, 1895, in Budapest, Hungary. He is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 182 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. In 1916 he made his debut at the Comedy Theater in Budapest and remained there for nine years. His slight accent makes his talkie characters all the more charming. Constance Talmadge has not made a picture since her last marriage to Townsend Netcher.

Yum Yum. Tish, tish, and a couple of funny faces! Gary Cooper was not in the World War as he was only about 13 years old at the time of the conflict. He is American born but his parents were both from England. Richard Arlen has been in pictures since 1925 when he played with Ricardo Cortez and Greta Nissen in "In the Name of Love." Of course I can translate "Je t'aime" for you but who wants to know if "I love you?"

Young Girl. Your requests were good ones, even if I say so, as who will if I don't? Margaret Mann, who played so beautifully in "Four Sons," is about 62 years old. James Hall is 30, Raymond Hackett is 28, Reginald Denny is 39 and Charles Chaplin is 41. James Hall's latest release is "Divorce Among Friends," with Irene Delroy and Lew Cody.

J. A. Y. Bebe Daniels' mother is of Spanish descent, her father was Scotch and Bebe was born in Dallas, Texas, U. S. A. I'm not sure how fine a linguist she is but in any language she would make good. "Reaching for the Moon" is her newest picture and is with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Jack Mulhall and Edward Everett Horton.

Dolly Lou. So you want to help me 'lay out' my department with separate paragraphs for each question, every picture your two favorites have appeared in with the name of the character they portrayed, and a few other minor details. What's this new game of yours? Greta Garbo was born 24 years ago in Stockholm, Sweden. Her family name is Gustafsson. She has golden hair, blue eyes with long dark lashes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Her latest picture, "Inspiration," is with Robert Montgomery, Lewis Stone and that delightful little woman, Beryl Mercer. Clara Bow was 25 on her last birthday, July 29. She has played in over fifty films since she was the young stowaway in "Down to the Sea in Ships." Her newest film is "No Limit" with Norman Foster (the "Young Man of Man-

ASK ME!

(Continued from page 10)

Lew Ayres is the Young Man of the Hour! "Doorway to Hell" clinched his popularity.



Here's the boy you're all writing in about, in a tragic moment from a scene in "Doorway to Hell." Mr. Ayres!

hattan" Foster), Dixie Lee and Stuart Erwin. Clara has fiery red hair, agate brown eyes, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 110 pounds.

M. H. C. You'll find addresses of the stars in our service on page 99 of this issue. That page will keep you busy and out of mischief for many a full moon. Mary Brian plays with Ina Claire, Henrietta Crosman and Fredric March in "The Royal Family of Broadway." Martha Sleeper appeared in "Madam Satan" with Reginald Denny and Kay Johnson.

Little Eva. What did you do to Uncle Tom? I'm sorry I can't say why Joan Crawford doesn't send you her photograph. Enter that in your 'believe it or not' column. Joan's in "Paid" with Robert Armstrong, Kent Douglass and Marie Prevost. It was made under the title of "Within the Law," from the stage play. Joan's latest is "Dance, Fools, Dance."

Murray G. B. Along with my numerous other accomplishments, I have the reputation of being a first class detective—finding long-lost sisters, old screen productions that have been buried for years, lost chords and other melodies, so why not try to locate your brother? I would suggest you drop Wallace Beery a line, as he befriended your brother after he left home. He took the name of Allan Whitney and was on the screen for a time. Speak up, Allan, and give the world a break.

Derrall F. Of course, I like to hear from 11-year-old girls and boys for it hasn't been so long ago that I confessed to that many years. Lack-a-day and ho-hum! Nancy Carroll was born in New York City 24 years ago. She was christened Nancy LaHiff. She is the wife of Jack Kirkland and they have a four-year-old daughter, Patricia. Nick Stuart's real name is Nickolas Prata. He was born April 10, 1906, in Roumania. Richard Arlen's home town is Charlottesville, Va. He is 31 years old.

Alice E. What is a freckle or two between friends as long as the photographer knows his business, and I think he does. You'd be surprised how many of your favorite screen stars have a freckle or more on their pretty faces. Billie Dove is 27 years old. It is said that Billie has a perfect camera face—meaning that she photographs well from any camera angle.

Sally. You are a booster for Mona Maris or I'm a poor detective. Mona was christened Marie Rosa Amidee Capivelle; pronounce *that* if you can. She was born 21 years ago in Buenos Aires. She has black hair, brown eyes, weighs 118 pounds and is 5 feet 5 inches tall. She was educated in England, France and Germany and appeared on the screen in Germany before making pictures in Hollywood.

Andrew S. If I don't get your letter I'm to let you know, as you can write again—good idea, so if you don't see this reply, write to the lost and found department or the port of missing men for instructions. Mary Pickford's new picture is "Kiki." Anita Page is "Reducing" with Marie Dressler, Polly Moran, Sally Eilers and Buster Collier, Jr. June Collyer is in "Charlie's Aunt" with Charlie Ruggles.

Foolish One. Are there any more at home like you, if not, why not? Nils Asther is 29 years old, has black hair, dark greenish eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. He is the husband of Vivian Duncan. His last release and first talkie was "The Sea Bat" with Charles Bickford and Raquel Torres.

(Continued on page 125)

Slams and Salvos—Continued from page 8

At another time while Dick was breathlessly holding a crowd at the point of his revolver, the music shattered a terribly tense moment. This happened repeatedly throughout the entire picture. In a silent picture the music would have been perfect, but in the talkies, we want to hear all the natural sounds.

Dick has a nice habit of acting his part so well he really succeeds in making you think he is the character he is playing. We also loved Marian Nixon, Mary Astor and James Rennie. (Rennie is a real lover.)

Ollie B. Melvin,
2009 Shelby St.,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Wanted—A Laugh Muffler

I had the privilege of seeing Eddie Cantor in "Whoopee" and the Marx quartette in "Animal Crackers." Both were enjoyable but these pictures impressed me with one of the crying needs of the talkies—a muffler for those people who laugh too loudly. Just when Groucho would reach the really funny parts of his cracks, some dozen or so leather-lungs would try to out-yodel a Swiss yodler. I can think of no way to remedy this but possibly the man who invented mufflers for pistols can make one for folks to wear over their mouths!

My only other criticism of the talkies is that singing isn't confined to singers. When Ramon Novarro, Lawrence Tibbett, John Boles, and Maurice Chevalier sing—it's singing; but when two love-sick kids embrace, and, instead of kissing in the good old way, burst out in attempted song—well, it just isn't singing!

James M. Smith,
Schofield Barracks,
Territory of Hawaii.

In Memoriam

Once more the grim reaper has invaded the movie colony and removed from it one of its most beloved and brilliant actors—Milton Sills.

He was a man's man. I remember him away back in the days of the silent drama, his marvelous characterizations, his whole being wrought with animation, his very soul given to make the picture something real, tangible.

With the advent of the talkies came a still greater Milton Sills. Through the medium of his voice one came to realize and understand the man as they never did before—so well did it blend with his expressions and gestures.

He brought us happiness, peace, a contentment that passeth understanding. His going left a void in our hearts that never can be filled yet his beautiful spirit always lingers with us. He is gone, yet he liveth, for he belongs to the Ages!

Donald P. Holt,
981 Beacon Street,
Newton Centre, Mass.



Walter Huston in the yacht which he owns with Richard Arlen. Huston seems to have definitely left the stage for pictures. His next is to be "The Dove."

Gosh!

"The show-houses and amusement places have reaped a harvest from the unemployment situation," stated a business man not long ago. At first I thought, "How strange that people who have no jobs can still afford the price of a show." Then I reviewed certain past phases in my own life and decided I had often gone to the theater when I could ill afford it. Why? To forget cares and troubles, yes, but also to find peace. Coming from the noisy street the hush is almost church-like. From the beautiful lobby into the comforting darkness, taut nerves relax into tranquillity and peace.

The theater is no dream palace to me. It is an essential part of living; a real, vital force, encouraging me, correcting me, sending me away with something to add to living.

I am glad that the picture houses with their moderate prices can, for an afternoon or evening, protect these embittered masses, give comfort and peace to the Beggars of Life!

Alta Olson,
727 Fifth Ave., South,
Minneapolis, Minn.

That Gaynor-Farrell Affair

Big things sometimes come in small packages, little elf-like Janet Gaynor is a real actress. Dressed in simple clothes she portrays more beauty than many who are famous for their magnificent gowns. And her partner, Charles Farrell suits her personality. What an ideal couple they made in such romances as "Seventh Heaven" and

"Sunny Side Up!" Can fifty million movie fans be wrong if they applaud when the coming of the Farrell-Gaynor team is announced? We say emphatically, "No."

Victoria A. Eldridge,
York Beach, Me.

Screen Preserves Classics

As I have watched George Arliss and Cyril Maude in talking pictures, the conviction has steadily grown upon me that one of the most interesting and valuable accomplishments of talking pictures is the recording of performances by celebrated stage artists whose work would perish with them were it not for this new form of expression.

These productions of famous plays, employing the talents of noted stage stars should please our elders, also the younger generation to whom these great artists have meant little more than names.

Otis Skinner has now joined the ranks in his great classic, "Kismet," and we're hoping that presently John Barrymore will reveal himself in some of his greatest stage hits. My own greatest wish in this respect is that the incomparable Maude Adams will immortalize one of her great Barrie heroines in films.

Adrian Anderson,
1903 14th Ave. N., Apt. 9,
Birmingham, Ala.

Rollin' Up from Rio

The constant improvements in talking pictures show that they will soon satisfy. Vitalized by sound and speech, they cannot but triumph. Because of their scenic advantage they will surpass the stage itself. Hollywood is so well conscious of this that it is engaged in producing talking pictures in different languages.

Because of the similarity between the two languages, Brazilians enjoy Spanish-talking pictures as they appreciate their own language, Portuguese. Accustomed to French stage companies, they receive enthusiastically French talking pictures.

But do not deprive us of talkies with Hollywood and English stars. I am sure the English and American colonies in Rio de Janeiro include enough people to prevent loss to anyone.

Still there is one star I would not care should be heard. Let Charlie Chaplin keep silent pictures as his specialty. Let him devote his whole intelligence to eloquent expression of posture, to his stick and his boots!

Maria Luiso Torres,
Rua Tunel 38, Botafogo,
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

It's fun to be able to speak your mind now and then—not only to speak it but to see your opinions in print. Join the SCREENLAND Slams and Salvos Gang!

"The years can make any girl more alluring *if she keeps Youth!*"

SAYS

WILLIAM POWELL

Learn the Complexion Secret
9 out of 10 lovely Screen Stars know

"NO ONE measures Youth by birthdays any more!" says William Powell, star of the Paramount production, "Ladies' Man."

"Nowadays a man doesn't even try to guess a woman's age. Women know so marvelously how to KEEP their fresh, young charm that is so irresistible.

"Feminine stars of the screen and stage, especially, seem to know the secret!"

Indeed they do, for they seem always young, charming, magnetic—you can't believe they ever have birthdays. What is their secret?

"We guard complexion beauty above all else," the lovely actresses will tell you. "A skin aglow with the fascinating freshness of youth is *always* alluring."

Important actresses in Hollywood — on Broadway—in Europe—use Lux Toilet Soap. Regularly! That is why it is found in theatre dressing rooms everywhere—is the official soap in *all* the great film studios.

Actually 605 of the 613 important Hollywood actresses are devoted to fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. Some have the skin inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin. All find this very white soap the perfect complexion care.

You, too, will love its effect on *your* skin!



CLAUDETTE COLBERT, beautiful Paramount star, says: "To keep the appeal of Youth, exquisite skin is essential. Lux Toilet Soap is an invaluable help in keeping mine smooth."



NANCY CARROLL, Paramount star, has a skin of marvelous beauty. She says: "For the very smooth skin required by the close-up, I find Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful."

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth LUX Toilet Soap..10¢

There's Beauty in Your Eyes

Continued from page 61

washing their eyes for fear they will get some soap in them. Well, soap in eyes is horrid and disagreeable, I'll admit, but not half so horrid or disagreeable—or weighted with unpleasant results—as darkened, neglected skin about the eyes. I see many girls, perfectly groomed otherwise, who haven't cleaned about their eyes properly. That sight of last night's mascara in a line under the lashes—dusty eye-sockets—those things harm a girl's appearance enormously. Take time to cleanse around your eyes carefully and you will add a look of healthy brilliance to your eyes that will more than repay you. To wash the eyes themselves—after a train journey or a ride in an open car or some such jaunt, a few drops of very, very mild salted water is excellent. Use a good nourishing cream to cleanse the eye-sockets and the eyelids. And always, always, remove any mascara you have on at night.

Of course, nothing makes the eyes look less cared for than eyebrows that are out of line. Do learn to brush your brows. It only takes an instant and it works miracles. Really. About plucking the brows. I'm very much in favor of it if you have great, heavy eyebrows. They overbalance the face so, if they are too thick. But I don't like eye-brows plucked down to the vanishing point, and I don't like them pulled out into all sorts of shapes that aren't natural to them. The best rule is to have them follow their natural contour, with the scraggly hairs pulled out. Also, I think it is wisest to go to a professional for this. One hair pulled out incorrectly can spoil the whole line, and it is, obviously, awfully hard to see your own brows, when you are tugging at them. It usually costs less than a dollar to have them plucked in a beauty parlor, and once in every two months ought to be sufficient. If you happen to have those brows that tend to be a continuous line over the bridge of the nose, do pull them out in the center, for that's very ugly. If you prefer to pull your own, however, apply witch hazel over the brows first. Let it soak in thoroughly, then pluck the hairs with tweezers. Plucking too many at a time will make your eyes quite tired. So be sensible and gentle about it.

Although it is wise not to use a great deal of make-up on the eyes in the daytime—saving your best make-up tricks for the evening, like very smart little girls—a dash of make-up will help, particularly when you are wearing an off-the-face hat, or one of those dashing little berets which are practically off-the-head. First, do get the right shade of eye-shadow. It should match the color of the shadows under your eyes, not the color of your eyes themselves—unless both happen to be the same. Apply the eye-shadow very carefully, and lightly, over the upper lids, darkest where the lashes grow, and paling back into the eye-socket. Or, if you are very blonde, you may prefer to use a tiny bit of white vaseline over the lids. This adds no color, but makes them glisten. Both are good tricks.

Mascara may be either brown or black. This depends upon the shade of your eyes, and to some extent, the color of the gown you are wearing. Don't get your lashes too black, when you are wearing light things. A smart new vogue is coming in for wearing blue mascara on the lashes. Of course, this is just as artificial as very dark red nail polish. And it is just as effective, if you are one of those extremely



Bessie Love making herself lovelier! (As if she had to.) Bessie says a little dash of perfume adds an intriguing touch.

The Eyes on Pages 60 and 61 belong to:

1. Clara Bow
2. Greta Garbo
3. Marlene Dietrich
4. Myrna Loy
5. Kay Francis
6. Claudette Colbert

exotic maidens who can get away with such things.

One of the loveliest stars in pictures once told me that she never used any make-up off the screen.

"Not even around your eyes?" I asked, for her lashes were marvelously long and curved ever so charmingly.

"Well," she admitted, "I don't wear mascara on my lashes, but I do apply a bit of oil to them, just to keep them in good condition."

That was her little secret of beauty. And she was very wise. For with care and attention lashes can be made to grow. They, too, are dependent on general health, but if you will be patient and apply petroleum jelly or one of the better eye-lash growers, or the tiniest drop of olive oil, they will be encouraged to glossiness and health.

The sum and substance of it all is that we don't pay enough attention to our eye beauty. And when our eyes get tired, we don't try hard enough to rest them. Nature being as wonderful as she is, she adjusts to this generally. But a little conscientious care does help.

Because of Nature's care, I am cautious about advising eye-exercises. Don't bother with them, if you do not really need them. But if your eyes are really tired, I know they will help.

Here they are: Hold your head erect. Look as far right as possible without moving your head, then as far left. Now describe a complete circle with the eyes, again without moving the head. Count ten and repeat, count another ten, and repeat, doing the exercise in all, three times.

If your eyes are very tired, and you haven't time for a nap, dip cotton pads in witch hazel and put the compresses over the eyes. Lie quietly in a darkened room for ten or more minutes. This is very restful.

I do hope you will find all this will help. But if you want further advice on the care of the eyes, or on any other beauty subject, do write me. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope and I shall be only too happy to write you personally.



Bebe Daniels is always well-dressed, well coiffed and well-groomed both in and out of pictures. "The Maltese Falcon" is her next film.



DR. ALLEN ROGERS, Ph.D.
University of Pennsylvania; Member American Chemical Engineers; awarded Grazelli Medal, 1920; Author Manual of Industrial Chemistry; Director Department of Industrial Chemistry, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.



JEROME ALEXANDER, B.S., M.Sc.;
Fellow American Association for Advancement of Science; Member American Institute Chemical Engineers; Author "Colloid Chemistry;" Pioneer worker with the Ultramicroscope; Specialist in Colloid Chemistry.



DR. HARDEE CHAMBLISS, Ph.D.
Dean of School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Member American Chemical Society; American Institute of Chemical Engineers; Society Chemical Industry of England.

Why these three great scientists publicly approve Colgate's

A group of highly distinguished American scientists explain why Colgate's penetrating foam cleans teeth better.

• • •

Three great scientists take the stand to talk about toothpastes! And all three publicly approve Colgate's!

Dr. Hardee Chambliss, world-famous scientist; Dr. Allen Rogers, research scientist of renown; Jerome

Alexander, consultant. These and other outstanding American scientists have recently performed an unique experiment.

They have examined, tested, analyzed a series of modern toothpastes. And they have come to the unanimous conclusion that Colgate's is superior.

Let them say why. "Colgate's," says Dr. Hardee Chambliss, "has greater cleansing ability."

"It has no equal as a cleansing dentifrice," Dr. Rogers announces after tests, "because it has the ability to get into

crevices between the teeth and remove decaying food."

And Jerome Alexander speaks for his colleagues when he lauds Colgate's special ability to flood away the impurities which cause tooth troubles.

During its 30 years, Colgate's has been more universally recommended than any other dentifrice. More people use it than any other.

Scientific approval is reason enough for you to use Colgate's. The price is another reason — since this superior toothpaste sells for only 25c the tube.



25¢

The price is important—but the QUALITY—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years. For those who prefer powder—Colgate's comes in this form, also.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M 1024, P.O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name _____

Address _____

Anita Page's Health and Beauty Menus

Continued from page 83

which we eat than in the good, sturdy food eaten by the average man who works with his body in the open air."

Anita begins her day, every morning in the week, by drinking two glasses of hot water and by taking fifteen minutes of energetic setting-up exercises. She drinks no water with her meals but takes several glasses between eating hours during the day.

Her breakfast consists of a glass of orange juice or a dish of uncooked fruit, sugarless and creamless, a dish of corn-flakes mixed with bran, and a cup of black coffee. On her cereal she pours a small amount of skimmed milk and uses a tiny bit of sugar in her coffee.

For luncheon she eats either a bowl of clear soup or a fresh vegetable salad, a bran muffin, a cup of tea with lemon and a dish of uncooked fruit or a baked apple, cooked without sugar. She concocts her own salad dressing of lemon juice, vegetable oil, salt, pepper and paprika.

Her dinner consists of lean meat, steak, roast beef, lamb, chops or fowl; two vegetables, cooked without butter; a bran muffin, a salad, and a dessert of uncooked fruit or fruit jello. One of her favorite desserts is made of dried apricots, cooked without sugar, into which is whipped the



Anita Page baking the bran muffins which are an important item in her health and beauty menu.

well-beaten white of an egg.

Each day the vegetables and meats are varied so that in the course of a week Anita has eaten everything which her system requires for health. At eleven in the morning and four in the afternoon, when she is working and is especially tired, Anita eats an apple or some raw fruit or drinks a glass of unsweetened fruit juice.

When she is not working, Anita plays golf or swims, according to the weather, for two hours, and takes a brisk hour's walk. During the making of a picture she has to content herself with her morning's setting-up exercises and an occasional walk in the evenings after dinner.

"Being the sister of a small and very active brother has its advantages when it comes to exercise," Anita admitted, laughing. "Sometimes in the evening we roller-skate on the sidewalk and I often borrow his bicycle for a few minutes. Then, too, playing ball and running races with a seven-year-old will keep anyone's muscles in tune!"

Sensibly and sanely, Anita Page has arranged her own schedule of living and eating. Wisely, she has determined to keep the gifts which have been given her—health and beauty.

Other twenty-year-old girls please notice!

The Talkie Teetotalers!—Lillian Gish

Continued from page 33

ingful finger at the flaws of their silent predecessors. Such an absurdity as movement of lips with no sound uttering from them, will never return, Lillian Gish believes. Rather, she thinks the new picture will have sound and music synchronization but will be otherwise purely pantomimic. The Chaplin picture will prove whether or not the public is ready to take its pantomime straight. Lillian Gish thinks it is. She says that the new medium will be even more difficult than the earlier one. But she is certain, too, that she believes in it, and that its coming is worth waiting for.

Meanwhile, Lillian Gish is upsetting some ancient pet theories. Broadway used to entertain one to the effect that no art could come from Hollywood. But last year, she gracefully swept away that prejudice when she came to the stage in the Jed Harris production of "Uncle Vanya." The critics filled their columns with superlatives and the fans filled the theater with applause. Enthusiasm was so general that now her name is again on the Harris banner. She has been constantly going forward—constantly striving to keep the Gish name alive and the Gish artistic honor unblemished. And the fans have deemed those efforts worthy of admiration.

Fan enthusiasm, generally, is born and grows into a quick maturity at the adolescent age. It may not express itself subtly—it may be the target for the sophisticated's jeers, but it has to be reckoned with, and sometimes at an early age! At seven, I saw "The Birth of a Nation" and noticed a certain girl in several scenes—at one time she asked a favor of Mr. Lincoln, and again she spoke to the President as he entered the theater on the night of his assassination. Her name was Lillian Gish.

And those same scenes in which she appeared, and which startled my attention at seven, remained such vivid pictures that when I saw the film many years later I

was amazed at my accurate remembrance of them.

From that time on, I followed the career of Miss Gish closely. I saw her do unforgettably good work under Griffith. I saw her leave him, and shock a dubious public, by proving a greater capability under other directorial hands. I followed a period where Griffith tricks were forgotten and Griffith wisdom retained. I saw an excellent actress become an artist. It was my great desire to meet Lillian Gish, because I felt she had so much to offer. And finally, I *did* meet her!

During tea, we talked of Griffith, motion pictures in general and particular. She

spoke in a personal way of her mother and sister, and referred to the Fairbankses as "Mary and Douglas" as if I knew them too! It gave me a feeling of warmth to see this in her—and her sincerity. It sounded out an unmistakably clear, firm note. There is no conceit about her; no smug satisfaction at an enviable record, and no false modesty. She talked little of herself, but when she did, said her true thoughts. If she thought a film of hers was poor, she would say so. On the other hand, if one pleased her, she would not hesitate to say it had merit. And moreover, she has that passionate interest in her work which can only be described as thrilling.

But so much has been written of Lillian Gish's charm and so many poetic comparisons have been made about her, that everyone knows Lillian Gish—and believes in her. Yes, everyone has heard by this time that she is like mignonette and a violin solo on a wintry night. But everyone doesn't know another side of her—so evident in the off-screen personality—her delightful sense of humor. For years, pretty phrases have been written about her beauty, but never has her sense of fun been an interviewer's subject. Just because she has wept her way to fame, there is no reason to assume that she hasn't such a sense of fun, and one remarkable enough to smile a little at her own rôles when they become a bit too lugubrious. Whenever there has been an opportunity, that sense of comedy has flashed on the screen. There were bits of it in "Orphans of the Storm" and "The Wind." There was a great deal more of it the day I met her. She does not expect to find incense burning to her everywhere she goes! It's a charming, knowing sense of humor, a humor which belongs to the wise.

I learned a great deal about motion pictures. And I learned that Lillian Gish is something more than mignonette.



Two popular youngsters in their new film—John Wayne and Virginia Cherrill in "Girls Demand Excitement."



The new styles as worn by ANITA PAGE, beautiful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player. For important outdoor occasions Anita Page wears a brown and beige mixed tweed suit with a beret to match. For swimming she wears a smart two-piece bathing suit of two shades of green. And for evening a clinging chiffon gown embroidered in silver brocade.



Photographs by Clarence Sinclair Bull

The figure's the thing... says Fashion

THIS season's styles are more exacting. Dresses are feminine and clinging. Lines are revealing. Of course it is all *marvelous*, but trying, on careless contours. For we must be slender—yes—yet softly rounded.

And so . . . many of us will diet from time to time during 1931. But we must be careful when counting calories not to curtail roughage. Whatever the diet, it should contain sufficient bran to guard against improper elimination, which may result in clouded complexions, listlessness, and even impaired health . . . which actually may defeat the very purpose of all our dieting.

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Be sure you get the original ALL-



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It contains helpful and sane counsel regarding the modern styles and how to achieve the figure best suited to them. You will find the suggested menus and table of foods for reducing diets invaluable. It is free upon request.

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Confessions of a Hollywood Baby

Continued from page 27

how to take care of a child."

"Never mind," Miss Latour cut him short. "Come back to the party where you belong. I'll keep an eye on you from now on."

Told Nurse to take me to the house. "Keep that kid away from here when we have guests."

Miss Latour and Del Santo left. Mike arrived. Took one look at Nursie. Asked what had happened. "Anybody been bothering you, sister? Some of these film heroes been hanging around? Tell Uncle Mike. I'll give him a sock in the eye."

Nursie wouldn't tell. "Spooks has been crying," she said. "I'd better take him into the house."

Mike put his arm around Nursie. Did it different from Del Santo. Nursie didn't seem to mind. "That's right, sister," he said. "Don't neglect Spooks. But save some of your affection for me. Let me push that buggy. Might as well get used to it. Gonna have a bunch of kids myself some day."

Mike pushed my perambulator into the house. Nurse asked him why he got home so early.

"Bill Regan's sore," Mike told her. "Some bird on the lot made a crack about Del Santo and Miss Latour. Bill almost blew up. We almost run over two speed cops on the way home. Del Santo had better keep away from here. Bill will take him apart and put him back together the wrong way. He can do it, too."

"Hope there's no trouble," Nursie said. Mike laughed. "Wouldn't mind taking a crack at Del Santo myself," he told her.

Monday. Done a lot of thinking lately. Hate to have anything happen between Bill Regan and Miss Latour. Only parents I've got. Dad's a good scout even if Nursie says he's a 'diamond in the rough.' Got a hunch that Miss Latour's a real mother underneath. Of course, being a big movie star, she's busy all the time and can't be bothered with a kid. Something's got to be done about Del Santo. Can't have him breaking up my home. Maybe I don't lead the ideal home life. Didn't have much choice about coming to Hollywood to live. Didn't have a chance to pick my parents. Guess I was pretty much of a surprise to them. Well, a boy's got to do the best he can.

Wish I could talk it over with Nursie and Mike. Can't explain what I'm thinking about. Got Nursie pretty well trained. She knows when I want my bottle. When I want to be picked up. When I want to take a nap. Can't make her understand the important things. Cop's red-headed twins and I understand each other. Same with Bingo. We get along swell.

Well, a boy of my age has his responsibilities. Not going to let any home-wrecker come between Dad and Miss Latour if I can prevent it.

Nurse says she's never seen me so quiet. Told Mike I must be sick. Haven't yelled once.

Tuesday. No time to make plans today. Am trying a new formula. Been using S. M. A. Doesn't seem to agree with me. Switched to Cream of Wheat, pasteurized milk with two teaspoons of Dextro-Vitavose, which is rich in Vitamin B and iron salts. New formula is thicker than the old one. Don't whoop it up so easily. Think I'm going to like it after I get used to it. Nurse says I've been lucky so far. Most bottle babies have to change formulae a lot before they find one that suits them.

Trouble is keeping the stuff down. A boy's stomach is pretty delicate and if he gets jiggled around much he's liable to whoop up everything.

Wednesday. Grandfather Hinkle arrived. Has a gold chain with a big tooth on it. Doesn't seem old to me. Has red cheeks and a little white goatee. Always laughing. Nursie says he's awful rich.

Thursday. Spent the afternoon with Grandpop. He's Miss Latour's father. Miss Latour's name was Mazie Hinkle. Grandpop still calls her 'Mazie.' Don't think she likes it. Grandpop and I had a fine time. Says he thinks he'll retire and live here. Hasn't had rheumatism since he came. Nurse said, wait until next winter when the unusual weather starts. He'll find out something about rheumatism!

Friday. Grandpop went to the studio yesterday. Fell over a light cable and spoiled a scene Millbank was making. Grandpop doesn't like the movies. Says he thinks he'll stay at home where a man can act natural. Says the life out here is too much for his blood pressure.

Saturday. Miss Latour and Grandpop had a row about bringing up babies. Grandpop offered to take me home with him. Said Miss Latour didn't seem to want me. Think he's wrong. Miss Latour's too busy to spend much time with a boy of my age.

Sunday. Cocktail party. Grandpop had a swell time. Went in swimming with some girls from the studio. Miss Latour said he made a fool of himself in front of all her friends. Grandpop said he thought he'd better get along back to Missouri.

Monday. Grandpop's gone. Gave me a check for a hundred dollars. Advised me to save my money because I'd need it some day. Thought he was grand. Am going to wear a tooth on my watch chain like Grandpop's when I grow up.

Tuesday. Dad put Grandpop's check in the bank. Feel rich. Not every boy of my age has got money in the bank.

Wednesday. Tragedy! Nursie's gone. A long story. Last night Mike asked Nursie to go for a ride. "Better get some air, sister," he said. "Do you good. Hangin' around the nursery all day ain't very healthful. A boy like Spooks wears a girl down."

"Shouldn't leave the baby," said Nurse. Looked at me.

Just had my bottle and was comfortable inside. All set for a good nap. Wanted Nursie to go. Pretended to be asleep.

"Look, the kid's poundin' his ear," said Mike. "Four hours until his next bottle. We'll take a spin down Hollywood Boulevard."

"I'll get my hat," said Nursie. Both went out.

Almost asleep when I heard voices in the hall. Believe me, I woke up in a hurry. Miss Latour and Del Santo were talking very quiet. Something I couldn't understand.

"No!" said Miss Latour. "Leave at once, Roland. Bill is due home any minute. If he catches you here, he'll break your neck."

Del Santo rumbled: "Think I'm afraid? This Irish policeman that is your husband cannot frighten me. I am a Del Santo, you understand. Finest family in all South America. From Spain our forefathers came."

"I know all about that," Miss Latour said. "You've got to get out of here! Don't! Someone will see us. Stop, Roland, have you lost your head?"

Was wide awake now and worried. Something going on out there I didn't understand. Knew it meant trouble. Dad might arrive. There'd be a grand row. What Nursie calls 'headlines in the papers.' Had to do something.

"No, no," said Miss Latour in a muffled voice. "Stop it! Are you mad?"

"Yes," breathed Del Santo, "mad with love of you, my beautiful one. I've waited long enough."



Douglas Fairbanks and Edward Everett Horton visit Mary Pickford on the "Kiki" set. Doug is off on a hunting trip and Mary is working in a new film.

Thought fast. If I yelled, they might not pay attention. Miss Latour would think that Nurse was with me. Had to do something desperate.

Side rail of my Kiddie-Koop was down. They thought I couldn't move much. Did it. Rolled over and began to wiggle. Feet went over the edge. Kicked all the covers off. Gave another wiggle. Could feel myself slipping. Yelled! Was faking at first. When I hit that hard floor I yelled in earnest. Didn't know I had it in me. Bet the neighbors thought I was being murdered.

Got what I wanted. Feet pounded in the hall. Door burst open. Miss Latour, her face dead white. Del Santo looking over her shoulder.

"Baby!" screamed Miss Latour. Snatched me off the floor and rocked me. Felt tears falling on my face. Stopped yelling. Big bump on my head. Right arm hurt. Didn't mind the pain.



Clara Bow, one screen star whose real life is as exciting as her reel life! Clara is resting now and then she is scheduled to make "Working Girl," adapted from the stage play, "Three Blind Mice."

Miss Latour put me back in my Kiddie-Koop. Made sure the rail was locked. Then she got mad. "I'll fire that nurse," she said in a hard voice. "Desert my child, will she? Let the precious little lamb fall out of bed? He might have been killed!"

Dad arrived. Didn't pay any attention to Del Santo. "Heard the kid yell. What's the matter?" he barked at Miss Latour. "Fell out of bed," Miss Latour answered. "On his head. He'll be half-witted for life."

They forgot that Del Santo was in the room. Dad put his arm around Miss Latour. "Don't worry about the kid," he said. "He's got more sense right now than any of us."

Like Dad better all the time.

Nurse came in all excited and worried. She'd heard me yell, too. "Where's Spooks? What's the matter? What's happened?" she said, all in one breath.

"You're fired," Miss Latour said. "Pack your stuff and get out."

Thursday. Don't like the new nurse. She's tall and skinny and puts paper curlers in her hair at night. Sleeps in a flannel nightgown. Not pretty like the pink things Nursie wore.



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Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

(U. S. Patent No. 1770741)

KOTEX

Guess we won't have any more trouble with Del Santo. Dad and Miss Latour spent the morning together. Very friendly. Was beginning to think they didn't like each other. Seems I was wrong.

Saturday. Mike feels the same way I do about the new nurse. "You're responsible for this," he said. "If you hadn't fell on your head, she'd still be here."

Sunday. No cocktail party. Dad and Miss Latour went for a long drive in the country. I had a rotten time. Spent the day in my perambulator. Beginning to think a little excitement now and then is good for a boy. Don't like my new nurse. Got to get rid of her and get Nursie back. Going to try it tonight when the family's at home.

Monday. Nursie's back. My scheme worked. Last night I wouldn't take my bottle. The new nurse tried to force the stuff down but I whooped it up. Then I yelled. Put on a real show. My face got purple and the nurse got scared and called Dad and Miss Latour. Dad walked me up and down. Liked it but yelled just the same. Refused my ten o'clock bottle. Was going strong at midnight. Figured I could last until morning.

Doctor came at two o'clock. Listened to my heart and chest. Frowned and looked puzzled. "Can't find anything wrong," he



Reginald Denny making love to Jeanette MacDonald for screen purposes. And that's a break.

said. "What have you been feeding him?" It wasn't the formula. Doctor soon figured that out.

"He wants something," said Dad. "I can tell from the way he squalls."

Nurse said she'd done everything and that I wasn't a normal child, anyway.

Dad told her to get the hell out of there. He went into the hall. Could hear him telephoning. Called Mike and gave orders. Half an hour later Nursie rushed into the room. Grabbed me out of the Kiddie-Koop. Quietened down right away. Took my bottle without spilling a drop. Sure was glad to have Nursie back. Mike was glad too. Could see him looking through the door. Had a big grin on his face. "Atta boy, Spooks!" he said. Guess I was the only one who understood what he meant.

"Clear out, everybody," Dad said. "Let's get some sleep. That kid's as stubborn as a mule. But he knows what he wants."

(In the next hilarious instalment of "Confessions of a Hollywood Baby," to appear in the May issue of SCREENLAND, the baby continues to 'tell all' about its movie-star mother and father and their Hollywood friends. It's a howl!)

The Stage in Review

Continued from page 65

eighth Street *Ophelia-Sappho*, done by Dorothy Stickney. It's the gem of the current stage.

I admire George Kelly tremendously because he writes to suit himself.

"Colonel Satan"

Here is a new Aaron Burr—alias "Colonel Satan." Booth Tarkington says *tosh!* and *into your hat!* with the old wheeze that Burr was another Benedict Arnold.

In his play, Burr becomes a lovable rascal stranded in Paris, who borrows money, makes love in an ancient and gallant way, and finally blows up a conspiracy against Napoleon by trapping the woman conspirator in the band as a police spy—and making her love him to the extent of getting him a passport back to America! (What does Mr. Ripley say?)

This is pretty old-fashioned stuff, but a throw-back once in a while is deucedly interesting. The click in "Colonel Satan" is making the audience guess who the spy is.

McKay Morris was a debonair and Apollesque Col. Burr, while Jessie Royce Landis was the gal.

"Colonel Satan" is all set for a big costume picture. With a script and director of sufficient imagination, here is a chance for a great American epic about Burr, Jefferson, Napoleon, and the Louisiana Purchase.

"Midnight"

The Guild went melodrama (frankly) with a vengeance. And why not? A good melodrama is the noblest work of God: look at the city of Chicago. But a melodrama *must* be first-class.

This play is by Claire and Paul Sifton, and tells a fable about an honest jurymen whose vital question sent a woman to the chair. She is to be executed at midnight when the curtain rises on the home of the jurymen and his family. Pres-



Don Alvarado is one of our more popular Latin lovers. Here he is all made up for a Mexican rôle. Hot hombre!

sure from all quarters has been brought to bear to make him appeal to the Governor for a commutation. But *Weldon* is strong on law and justice cannot be budged.

He lets the woman go to the chair just as his daughter arrives home with a gun, having killed her lover, who was playing 'round with another woman. The District Attorney arrives, and after more hocus-pocus, which is obscure and clumsily satirical, the girl is not to be prosecuted. Yeah?

The play is shaky, wobbly in theme and amateurish in its details. But there is one thing which saves it (if it is saved), and that is the fine acting of Frederick Perry as *Edward Weldon*, the distracted jurymen. In acting, it is one of the high points in the Guild's career. Linda Watkins was very good as the daughter who bumped off her gangster side-kick. The rest were just so-so.

Madame Cotopouli

There should be recorded here something I want to get off my chest.

It is this: one of the greatest actresses in the world, one who ranks with the greatest I have ever seen, is Madame Marika Cotopouli, who plays in Greek, but who is so vital, artistic and profound—at least in "Elektra," the old Greek tragedy done over by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, in which I saw her—that the words that are uttered make no difference when you know the story of the play. She is *Elektra*.

Cotopouli is a vision of blood vengeance such as I have never seen. What a mighty *Lady Macbeth* she would make! Her art will stand the test of that old misused word sublime!

Some critic said, "Madame Cotopouli is so Latin." Well, all the great actresses of the world have been Latin. The worst actresses are straight Anglo-Saxon. The Latin has an intellectual heart and an emotional brain: that is the reason the Latin actress always ranks first.

Tallulah's in Town

Continued from page 51

black dress that had only a string of turquoise beads to relieve its severity. And did she look like what the smart woman is wearing? She did! And in effect achieved that careful nonchalance that so many of the stylish try so hard to get. It's natural with Tallulah.

We rode through the traffic-gorged streets of New York on the way to tea and our car was stopped at an intersection awaiting the lights to go on in our favor. An apple vendor approached the car and offered us unemployed apples. Tallulah took a pound note out of her handbag and offered it to the man. The apple seller looked suspiciously at it. "They're only a nickel," he said, not recognizing the English currency. "Oh, bother!" from Tallulah, "I'm forgetting already." She fished for a dollar bill and gave it to him. "But I haven't that many apples, ma'm." "Oh, bother the apples," the actress said in a brusque manner, "I never cared for them, anyway." And the car drove off leaving the apple man a dollar richer.

She's full of those tricks. But you could never get her to tell you about them. Somebody has already tagged her an 'ultra violet,' but she is more aptly the shrinking one of the species.

As a matter of fact, try and get her to confess that she is the daughter of Congressman William B. Bankhead of Alabama or the niece of John H. Bankhead, the senator-elect who defeated Heflin in the last political fracas. Or even that she is the grand-daughter of John H. Bankhead, U. S. Senator.

Tallulah's mother died during her infancy and she was cared for by her grandmother. The stage aspiration is from her father who was drama-bound in his youth but who was stayed by the dignified Southern family hand that thought the stage an undignified profession and acting just 'too bad.' But the father helped the daughter and I am telling you straight from Tallulah that her family aided her in getting started on the Broadway stage some nine years ago. Contrary to the usual run of rumor that gets around, she was chaperoned to Broadway by an aunt and she did not, as reported, run away from home to get within the calcium's glare.

Once landed on Bored-way she was engaged in the plays, "Nice People," "Everyday," "Danger" and some other successful stage pieces. But success came to the young woman only after she had traversed the blue expanse and landed on the London Strand. Even that didn't stir much of a response until she appeared in such productions on the London stage as "The Green Hat," "They Knew What They Wanted," "The Gold-diggers," "Her Card-board Lover" and other more recent and highly successful plays.

Her first talking picture appearance on the American screen is to be Nancy in "New York Lady," an original screen offering written by Donald Ogden Stewart and which is being made at the Paramount New York studio. Clive Brook, the suavest of the suave, is to appear opposite her, and Katherine Leslie, a young society girl, is to have her picture debut in this production.

All in all, Tallulah says she will do what she can about dropping her English accent of which she has but a trace, and will do all in her power to stop saying 'clark' for clerk and 'ducky' when she really means cute, you know!



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a beauty talk with one of the
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Marian Nixon

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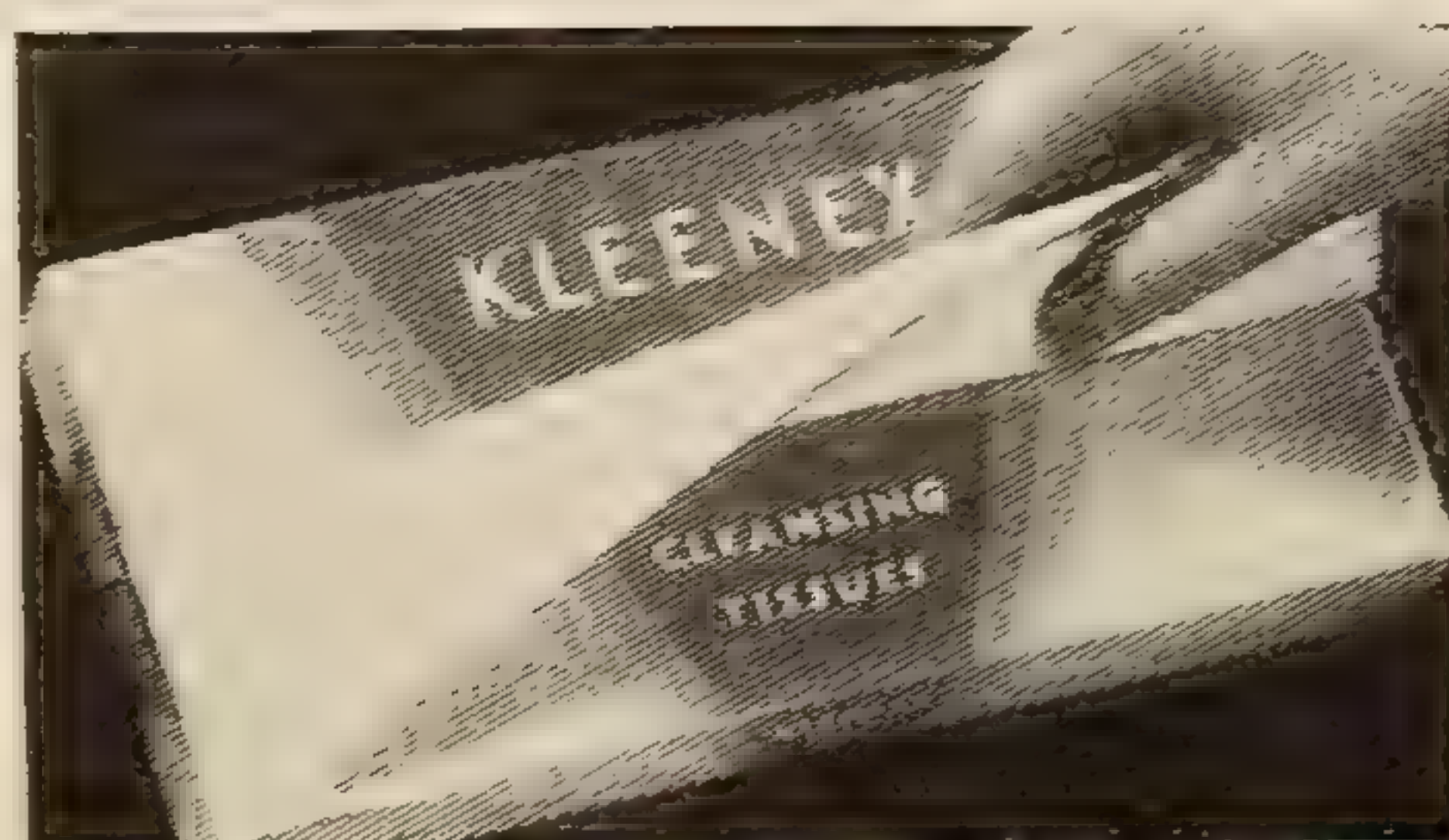
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*Loretta Young

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LOS ANGELES
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Loretta Young's Theme Song

Continued from page 59

"I was a child actress but had retired at the gawky age and didn't intend to go on the screen again. Mr. Le Roy didn't know me, but he had met my sisters, Polly Ann Young and Sally Blane. One day he called for Polly Ann to play a rôle in Miss Moore's picture, and I happened to answer the 'phone. Polly Ann was in Salt Lake City, so he asked about myself, and as a result I got the bit in 'Naughty But Nice.'

"Mr. Le Roy was a comedy constructor or 'gag man' then, and shortly afterward he became director. He put his youthful point of view into his pictures, and it not only made him famous but it gave youngsters like myself and Alice White and Arthur Lake a chance to act youthful rôles."

Loretta places near the top of the list of her "people to be grateful to" Percy Westmore, head of the make-up department at First National; Edward Stevenson and Max Ree, costume designers; N'Wass McKenzie, head of the studio wardrobe department; and Hulda Anderson and other fitters in the woman's wardrobe. Hairdressers and maids supplied by the studio come in for their share, too.

"A youngster trying to act," declares Loretta, "is likely to be more embarrassed and nervous than a débutante, so she needs the poise and confidence that advertisements say perfect clothes and make-up give. That's just one of the big reasons why I'm so grateful to the wardrobe and make-up folk. They seem to take an interest in me, and put real inspiration into their costume fittings, make-up and hair-dressing."

"Unlike the big stars and directors, they were not likely to be credited for this and their perception of some additional sincerity or other value in me. No publicity man would bill me as *their* discovery. But they did it, anyway. They could just as well have earned their money by concen-

trating their best work on the important folk, and leaving the little unknown with just enough effort to pass inspection.

"High on my Santa Claus list, are the cameramen. I received almost as much good advice on acting and more hints that had to do with camera angles from John Seitz, Sol Polito, Faxon Dean, Art Miller, Lee Garmes, Arthur Todd, Sid Hockox, Ernest Haller and other cameramen who have photographed me than from actors and directors.

"Then there are the 'still men.' On each set is a man with a still camera, who has nothing to do with the motion photography. He is the man who takes the advertising pictures you see on big billboards, on cards in front of theater lobbies, and in the magazines and newspapers. I owe a lot to the fine still photography of John Ellis, Henry Freulich, Mac Julian, Bill Fraker, Bill Walling and others.

"Then there's the man who gets your picture in the papers and magazines again and again by his ingenuity in devising difficult things for you to do. It's the publicity 'stunt' photographer, Buddy Longworth, whose brain is never weary of devising such stunts as this.

"Here, Loretta, sit on the lion's back. No, he won't hurt you—he's a nice friendly lion. Hold it—still—socko! It's in the box. Now lie down and let him walk over you. What, it's too warm in the studio? Then we'll go down to the beach and get some shots of you riding surf boards. Hey, mister, hold that lion! Steady now—hold it! Socko! It's in the box."

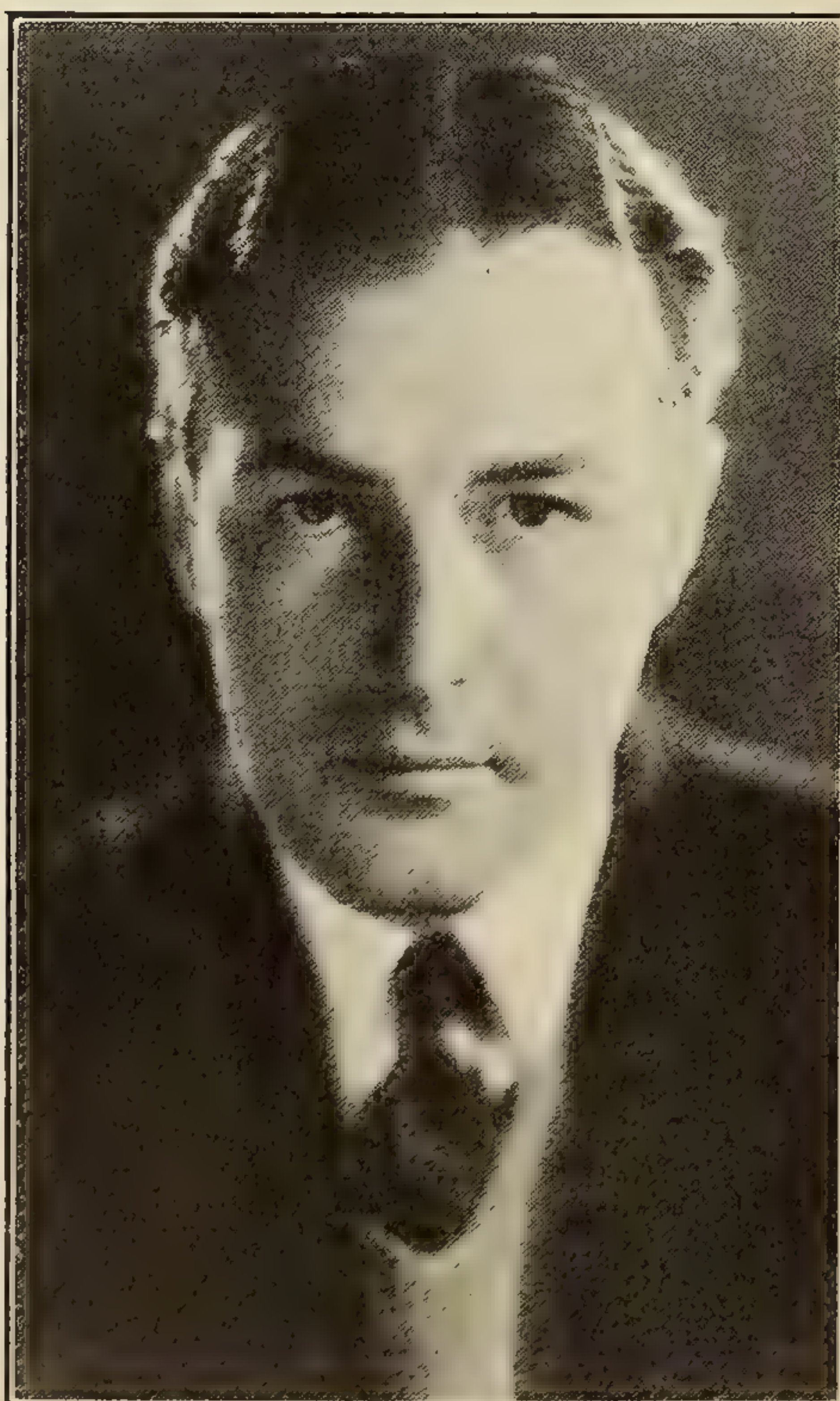
"Then there's the art portrait photographer who makes you beautiful for the various magazines, and for your fan photographs, and so on. There's really no end to what Elmer Fryer has done for me, what with his patience in getting me to 'hold it' for hundreds of negatives which bloom into flattering art studies.

"With talking pictures came a host of other experts for me to doff my hat to. Chief among them were the 'mixers,' who might call me aside and say, 'Loretta, I think your voice would be more effective if you lowered it just a bit in volume and pitch for your love scenes with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.' This and many other valuable words of advice I have received from Earl Sitar, Joe Kane, Glen Rominer and other 'mixers.'

"I could go on and on giving credit where credit is due, but what I have said surely proves that no screen star is 'self-made.' He or she gets the cream of the glory and the biggest financial reward, but the work could not have been done without the help of those many other highly-skilled and willing associates.

"The self-made star is like the one-man football team. Some one has to carry the ball and make the touchdown, but he wouldn't get far if it were not for the line and the men making his interference."

Does this story give you a pretty good idea of the sort of girl Loretta Young is? I hope it does. She is lovely to look upon. She is entirely natural in and around the studio. She seems to have no illusions of the so-called glamour which is supposed to be a part of her glittering world. When her work is done she hurries to meet her gay young husband, Grant Withers. Perhaps you saw them together in "Too Young to Marry." Well, they are both very young and they will tell you that it's never too young to marry.



Lester Vail, new to the screen, played the lead in "Beau Ideal." His next is "Dance, Fools, Dance" opposite Joan Crawford.

Let the Hollywood Stars Be Your Fashion Guides!

Continued from page 34

lywood, seems to point toward the fact that good dressing, as such, is not a haphazard assortment of wearing apparel but an art with a basic principle.

"One should be very careful about accessories," said Gloria. "They should either match one's costume as perfectly as possible or lend the right note of contrasting color to bring out the background. What one should do is to take the gown and match it, not depend on the eye for color. It doesn't do to pick out carelessly a blue hat, purse, costume jewelry, scarf and shoes just because the dress is blue. When you get them all home you will find just enough difference in the shading of color to make the ensemble a jazz number instead of a symphony.

"It pays to get good gloves and a good bag. It may be a temptation to carry home a smart-looking and inexpensive purse and think you have a bargain, but in a fortnight the smartness will have completely vanished and in its place will be a weary look.

"My wardrobe includes a variety of sports clothes and evening gowns, these being the things I wear most. Sport clothes are very comfortable and very practical in the studio and always look smart."

Gloria likes to change the dressing of her hair with her extreme costumes. Sometimes a knot at the nape of the neck gives a more harmonious effect than one high on the head or coiled flat. By the way, she wears her hair very long now, below her shoulders. But you know that if you saw "What a Widow." It is a thick beautiful blanket of bronze.

Hedda Hopper declares the most perfect taste in dress is to be gowned so inconspicuously that people will not think of the dress at all, but just how lovely you look. "Good materials and well made simple lines give a woman an air of elegance that impresses the most casual observer," she told me.

"Good dressing is a matter of geography, I find," Hedda continued. "A girl perfectly gowned according to Fifth Avenue standards would appear plain and a great disappointment to the little factory worker outside of the great metropolis whose idea of a perfect costume is some gaudy material loaded with lace. Lace must be given expert treatment in any case. A simple black or white lace gown is very smart for either afternoon or evening wear and is the most practical thing a woman who must watch her budget could invest in. It will serve for summer or winter, being delightfully cool on warm days and easily covered with an evening wrap in winter. At least one evening wrap is a dire necessity in one's wardrobe. It can be reversible, black velvet on one side for winter or formal occasions and ivory or some delicately colored satin for other occasions. A metal cloth is stunning but the silver or gold threads tarnish after a season's wear.

"A whole chapter should be written about neatness. No matter how low the old bank account is, if a woman has any money to put on her wardrobe at all she can afford to have her shoes well heeled and polished, her gloves clean and well mended; her clothes well

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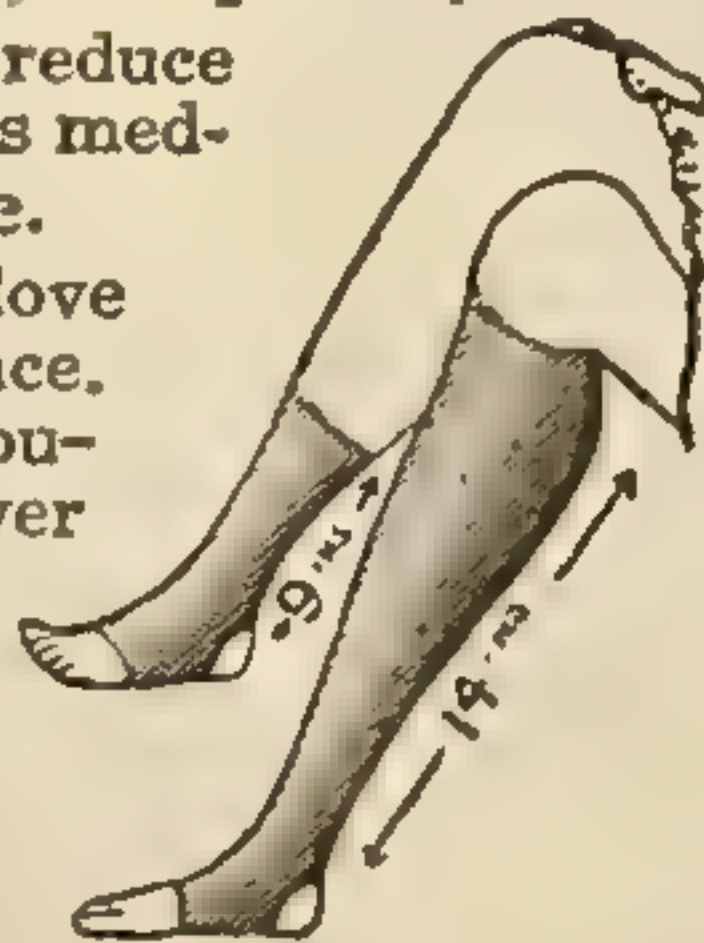
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brushed. Neatness puts the final stamp on smartness," concludes the lovely Hedda.

"How is a girl who wants to be well dressed, yet lives far away from fashionable centers, who has nothing in her environment to guide her in the right path and no visible means of getting to either New York or Paris, to learn about these important things?" I asked Lilyan Tashman, who is generally conceded Hollywood's most stunningly gowned woman. Not that others are not as well dressed as Lilyan or that they do not on many occasions cause as much of a sensation, but Lilyan more than the others has made a sort of career of her clothes.

"There's no better guide than *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar*," said Lilyan briskly. "The wealthy woman doesn't have to know what is good or bad taste. She can go to a smart establishment and give them *carte blanche*. That is, she can if her own taste is not too terrible and her will too stubborn. I'm talking of the women who are canny enough to rely entirely upon the judgment of those who do know."

"But a woman who lives in a smaller city on a modest income must use her own judgment, and as an aid to this she can't do better than invest in the two papers mentioned above."

"A woman with a limited income should never shop haphazardly. She should watch the sales very carefully and do all her shopping then, when she will get the best goods at reduced rates. A wise thing to do is to watch the stores, pick out what she wants, and wait for the sales to buy it. Usually she can find the identical article. In this way she may not be a leader of fashion but she will always be beautifully gowned. It is better to save a bit each week for this emergency that to wait until you simply must have an outfit and buy in a hurry at top prices. One can never find the best things in a hurry, anyhow. One may be able to find something that will do, but if a woman really wants to be well dressed she doesn't supply herself with things that merely 'do.'"

"It doesn't cost as much to be well dressed as people imagine. I am what is called an extravagant buyer yet I can manage very comfortably on twenty thousand a year. I don't mean to say that twenty thousand dollars isn't a lot of money, but it isn't half what most people think they must spend to be well dressed. Of course, I am not including my chinchilla coat that Eddie gave me in that budget. My sequins evening dress

is in it but I rarely spend twenty-five hundred dollars on one gown."

Do I see some of you lift your eyebrows in disapproval of such a sum being spent on a dress? Let me point out to you that spending money on clothes is for an actress what spending money on a new line of stock is to a merchant. It is an investment. And besides that, if women like Lilyan didn't spend money on clothes where would the merchants be? And after the merchants, the merchants' employees? The shop girls, the accountants, the book-keepers and the stenographers? That twenty-five hundred dollars Lilyan spent on her sequins dress probably helped prolong the job of ten or fifteen people all the way down the line.

All the girls said that each woman should study her needs, decide what her good and bad points are, and learn how to enhance the good and cover up the bad. For instance, if a woman has heavy hips but is slender about the waist and above it, she should wear a very tight-fitting bodice to show that slenderness, then very bouffant skirts, flounces of tulle, lace or taffeta which leave the figure underneath to the imagination.

Lilyan Tashman said that only slender women should wear tight-fitting clothes. Stout women should wear loose, floating things which give an appearance of slenderness and grace and hide the figure that has been neglected.

Both Gloria Swanson and Lilyan are great believers in something white around neck and wrists, a bit of lace at the collar or a vest or frill that relieves the hard line of a tailored suit. This breaks the severity and adds a note of freshness.

None of the girls felt that a great deal of money had to be spent in order to assure of a well-dressed appearance. Kay Francis declares that wealthy women of her acquaintance in New York and Paris, women not in professional life, do not buy lavishly. They have a few gowns for every occasion but they are all beautifully chosen and much care is taken with the accessories.

Hedda, in fact all of them, declare that if a woman had one smart suit with the right accessories, one or two evening gowns, an evening wrap and one or two afternoon dresses she could go through any season and be in perfectly good taste. Put a great deal of thought and take the pains to make them really beautiful ensembles and this woman's wardrobe will probably be a topic for conversation.

The Girl Stood on the Burning Deck

Continued from page 55

Then came "Anna Christie!" And right there I began to tow in the whale. It wasn't such a big part and what I did have was cut a lot, but—with your permission—let me quote here from a page in the *Literary Digest* for July 12, 1930: "Marie Dressler ran away with the 'Anna Christie' talkie in spite of Greta Garbo in the title rôle. This is generally conceded both here and abroad. Miss Dressler plays the rôle of the bibulous Marthy, as Anna's father called her, and can act." This was the picture that earned me the title 'The Thief of the Talkies,' for no matter how small a part I got, I somehow made it stand out—perhaps because I'm bigger than anybody else. Anyhow, the audience saw me, proving that one is not altogether lost in the chorus,

"Caught Short" and "Let Us Be Gay" followed in close succession. Then came "Min and Bill" and they took my breath away by telling me that they meant to star me. Before this happened, however, the autograph and bill collectors were evenly divided. The motor cars of my more fortunate friends passed me with the doors emblazoned with initials a foot high. They all had homes in Beverly Hills with views and rock gardens. (You can take it either way.) As for me I was on the rocks in more senses than one.

(In Part 3 of her intimate autobiography, to appear in the May issue of SCREENLAND, Marie Dressler, the sixty-year-old screen star, unfolds more amusing details of her life—and what the talkies did to put her on top of the ladder of fame and fortune. Don't miss it!)

Will Norma Shearer Retire?

Continued from page 31

earlier life had been different or you had been surrounded up to your 20th year or so with a great deal of money, comfort and opportunity to indulge the more poetic side of your nature, you would have found yourself perfectly content to let the practical world go by and to turn your interest exclusively to creative and artistic activities without very much concern as to whether they were going to make money or not.

All of this shows that whatever you might think about your life and experience, from the standpoint of the psychologist who is more concerned with having each individual show some definite improvement and balance in their temperament as the result of experience, you early began to receive just the right kind of training and opportunity to build in your character the elements missing at your birth.

To go further with this angle of your chart I shall have to consider the numbers given by your birthdate of August 10, 1904, because just as the numbers of the name given at birth are indicators to every physical, mental and emotional reaction of which an individual is capable, so the numbers of the birthday are keys to the destiny, to the development which is being extracted from association with the people, places, and things which make up a lifetime.

The first number that engages our attention here is the number 8 of August, always a month that brings the individual who is born into it into a strong relation to business, to experiences which make necessary the acquisition of better judgment, and the need of learning how to handle economic situations successfully.

With your number 9's coming from your name you were not suited for a business career, but you certainly could afford to acquire and use a little better judgment especially in your handling of human relations and money.



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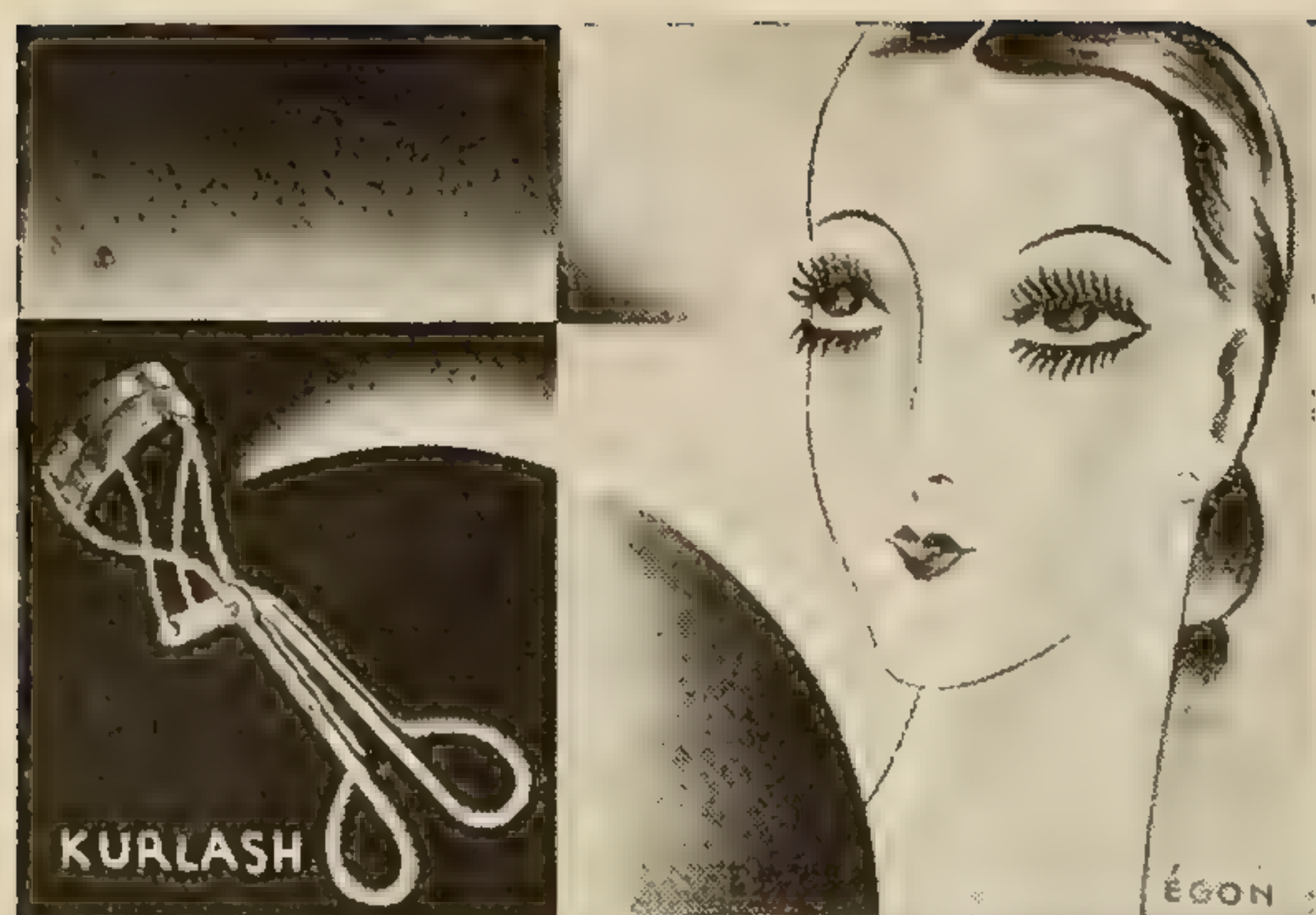
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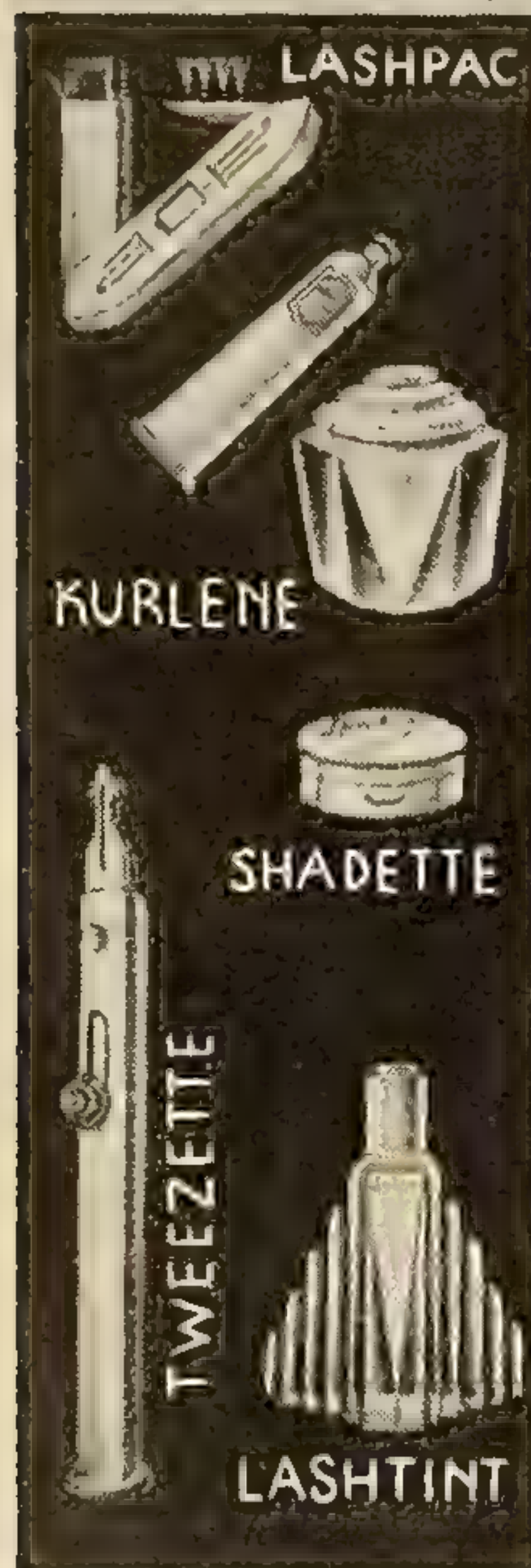
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Circumstances which Numerology regards as instruments in the building of character brought financial reverses to your family and the most natural thing was that you should, with your sympathetic nature, desire to help out in this emergency. Business was the easiest and the most natural line of endeavor for you, being born in a number 8 month, and so you took it up and held on to it just long enough to make you more practical in your dealing with actual conditions, to give you more courage and a greater ability to organize your ideas so that you could handle even the financial side of your future artistic work to better advantage.

This business and financial number of 8 was quite a force in your experience until your 21st year, but it should only be considered as a background to the broader, social, artistic, public and emotional number 9 which remains as a more forceful undercurrent of your experiences until your 31st year.

A reference again to your name numbers shows a subconscious urge to be rather thorough in any work that you undertake, to be a little over-serious, which combined with the rather generally poetic and emotional 9 could give you a somewhat morbid viewpoint of life.

I should most certainly say, Miss Shearer, that this is a phase of your numbers which you must set out definitely to change into optimism, adaptability, and relaxation of mind, which will make you feel more hopeful about your own future and that of other people.

When I make an addition of the numbers of the month, day and year of your birth, August 10, 1904, as follows; 8 for August, 1 for the tenth, and 14 or 5 for nineteen hundred and four, I observe the number 5.

This number 5 is the number which the ancient wise men called the symbol of eternal youth. In application to your Numberscope it points to your path through life and indicates what you must learn to follow, and being the key to the kind of thought and action which alone can bring you happiness, suggests that you must recognize and associate with those opportunities and people who help you to be optimistic, joyful, more happy-go-lucky. Whenever you plan ahead too carefully, take the things that people say to you too deeply into your more sensitive nature, worry, fight against, or quarrel with conditions of sudden change, you are thinking and working against your better future.



Edmund Goulding and his discovery, June MacCloy. June made her debut in "Reaching for the Moon."

The influence of this number 5 as your 'Path of Life' you have seen reflecting itself in your life experience. For instance, in any unexpected reverses in your family fortunes, in the way you obtained your first business position, and also in your first chance in the New York movie studios for extra work. Then, after your return to Canada, somewhat disappointed and prepared perhaps to feel that larger opportunity in the movies was not for you, the number 5 worked again by an unlooked for instruction to return and take up your first real part.

Always the unexpected has proved to be productive of the best results for you, just as the carefully laid plans that you have sometimes made the mistake of permitting yourself have brought lots of disappointment. Just around the corner is always something fortunate for you, so this is why Numerology would advise you against your ever taking a too serious view of your circumstances or your future.

Five as a 'Destiny' number seldom gives anyone an uninteresting life, and this seems to apply in your case, because there are seen to be the makings of four distinct careers involved in your one life. Business and the screen until your 31st year; home life and definite domestic responsibilities which will keep you out of the public eye from your 31st to your 53rd year; and from your 53rd birthday, literature, which will fulfill an early ambition and bring you indirectly into touch with public recognition.

1929 was your last most important and successful year for screen work, and 1931 will undoubtedly be another and better one, so your public do well to look forward to your new mediums. From the producers' angle, there is every indication that you will still prove a box-office asset in this year.

Numerology would say that it was quite fortunate that in 1930 you had to pass through physical experiences, to be held back from much artistic effort by developments in your health and domestic life. In any other condition, or in too much effort in your screen work during 1930 you might have experienced a loss of popularity such as your past success could not have survived. (It was in 1930, I understand, that your little son, Irving Thalberg, Jr., made his debut into the world.)

In 1932 you will commence to observe the approach of another chapter in your interesting life, the domestic one to which I have referred. This influence will impress itself upon you by new developments arising in connection with members of your own family and in relation to your marriage, and some of these obligations will have much to do with deciding you to give more time and attention to the unfoldment and enjoyment of the home side of your life in the future in preference to visualizing a longer and greater success in motion pictures.

I can realize that this decision, although it may be slow in forming, which means that we shall be able to enjoy your portrayals a year or two longer, will not be a really difficult one for you to abide by. The revelation of your Name numbers of 11-7 or 9 and your Path of Life number 5, is that while you were always, as a little girl, attracted to expression that was artistic, dramatic, creative, you could hardly have identified any definite personal ambition for success in any one line of public work. You naturally preferred art to business, but it was the unexpected note in your destiny rather than your own choice that gave you a motion picture career, the opportunity to bring joy, inspiration and entertainment to millions; and to yourself greater confidence in self-expression, social success and happiness.

Belittling Hollywood!

Continued from page 57

matic hands to you as you pass by, an enigmatic creature in black face, with jewels in its hair.

Mr. Burnett had never seen a movie star when he made it. You see, he takes two photographs of his subject, one full face and one profile, models a small head in clay, casts it and then paints the result in life-like fashion, attaches it to a puppet body especially designed to take characteristic attitudes, and dresses the finished product in costume appropriate. Jetta's figurine could cast itself down on the floor with abandon, bury its face in its arms and heave with realistic sobs, among other accomplishments.

Proudly the young director took it out to Jetta's house and rang the bell. Jetta herself answered, and remarked that it was pretty late for a call. Argument being advanced that he thought she'd be interested in seeing her miniature self in action, she admitted her caller and allowed him to exhibit his treasure.

"What words do you say?" she demanded, unamused. "Maybe I sue you."

He explained that there were three verses, he couldn't remember them all, but they began with "I'm a most temperamental young lady."

No, Jetta wouldn't have herself called temperamental. He must send her at once copies of the verses. Maybe she'd sue him anyway.

The verses were sent her, and she tore them up. No, Jetta isn't temperamental. Not at all!

Marie Dressler is a favorite with the Teatro Torito, her mimic self garnering more applause from audiences than any other puppet, just as she steals scenes and pictures from stars in life-size theaters. When the George Arliss puppet, as master of ceremonies, introduces Marie and she ambles onto the tiny stage in the shabby habiliments of *Marthy* of "Anna Christie," they laugh so that what she says is almost lost. Her remarks are to the effect that there are only two reasons for talkies—one of 'em's Greta, and the other Marie!

"O, Marie! O, Marie!

Producers get corns on the knee
From begging me just to walk on for a while.

I can glare, I can frown, I can blink, I can smile,

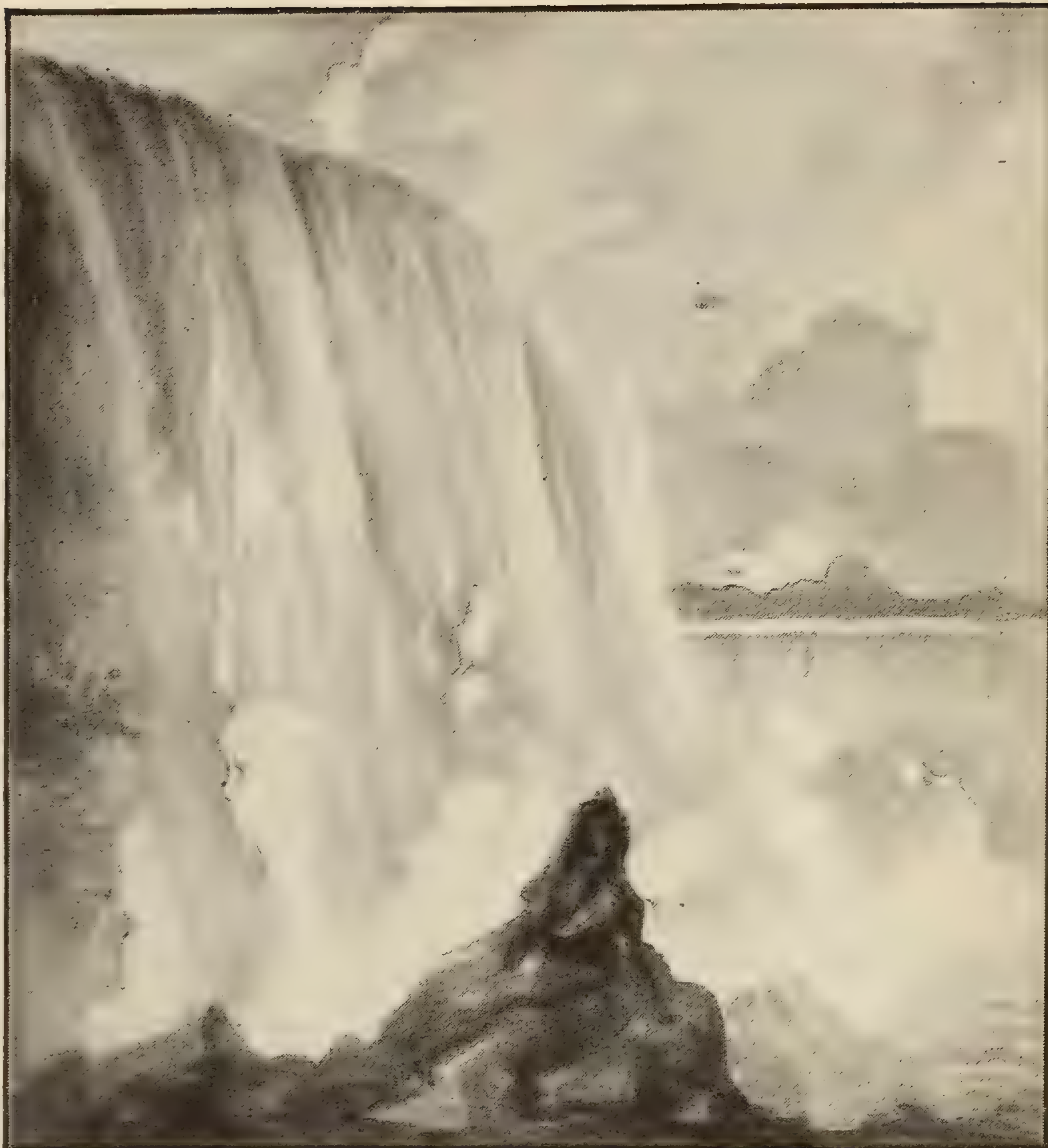
And if I should hiccough, they roll in the aisle!

O, Marie! O, Marie!"

Marie enjoyed her first visit to the show so much that she returned the next night with a large party, was very cordial to the young men, declared she must "know you boys better," and arranged to have her puppet made from *Marthy* photographed.

Charlie Chaplin stayed an hour after everyone else had left on his initial visit. He was interested in puppets from the standpoint of pantomime and had theories and ideas about them that kept the young men actively arguing for days. His puppet can use its cane, characteristically, knock off its derby hat and shamle about in the famous big shoes.

Lawrence Tibbett came down with his wife and surprised them, so that his puppet was made later, but they usually try to belittle each star who enters, rushing it



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into production if given the leeway of an hour. Douglas Fairbanks and Richard Barthelmess are among those whose images await their arrival, Doug smiling his famous smile, Dick grave and handsome. Doug will probably be seen leaping and bounding over tables and trees, but Dick will have the distinction of being the only puppet to wear a business suit.

The Tibbett figure can swell out its chest, shake itself tremolo-fashion while it sings its stuff, all about how it can say "I love you!" and be heard for eighteen blocks.

Ruth Chatterton gave a party at which the puppeteers entertained. As usual at parties, they worked the puppets in the open instead of behind the scenes, and Ruth sat with her eyes shaded that she might not see the strings.

"Don't disillusion me!" she begged. "I don't like to see the wheels go round!"

The party was the result of a visit to the theater where she had seen the belittled Ruth performing with the belittled Ralph Forbes. Thereby hangs a tale, for Mr. Burnett, not being movie-wise, hadn't known Ruth was married to Ralph and hadn't an idea that Ralph was coming until twenty minutes beforehand, when he rushed through a puppet of the actor to whom Forman Brown gave lines composed on the spur of the moment.

"The most brilliant man I ever met," is the encomium given by Mr. Burnett to Milton Sills, who visited them two weeks before his death. He was well informed about the art of puppetry and with Doris Kenyon, his wife, had discussed his own puppet which was being made when he died.

Talking of 'mosts,' Kay Johnson is the "most stunning girl" who has set foot in the house, say the puppeteers.

Ramon Novarro had a puppet show of his own in Mexico and is still interested in them, but explains that the action of his figures was not so intricate nor so well characterized. He is belittled as "The Pagan."

Anna Q. Nilsson's autograph appears on the brown wall, too. Her last act before she left for Sweden was to arrange that

the boys give a Guignol show for the children's hospital as a present from her. Anna Q. knows what it is to lie helpless and lonely in a hospital bed.

Gary Cooper sent his mother down to admire the performance of his puppet when he had seen the minute representation of "The Texan" in action. Gary said nothing himself, being a strong, silent he-man.

Younger players, including Arthur Lake, Russell Gleason, Billy Bakewell, Mary Brian, Marguerite Churchill and Lola Lane are frequent attendants, who usually make an evening of it by dining first at La Golondrina or the Italian restaurant on the Street and coming in in a body.

But not only the starry folk of Hollywood have found the Teatro Torito. Alfred Hertz, director of Hollywood Bowl, where the symphonies under the stars have grown famous all over the world, comes down and sits in front to conduct his knee-high orchestra.

Stuart Walker, who not so many years since was travelling about with his Portmanteau Players, is an enthusiastic visitor.

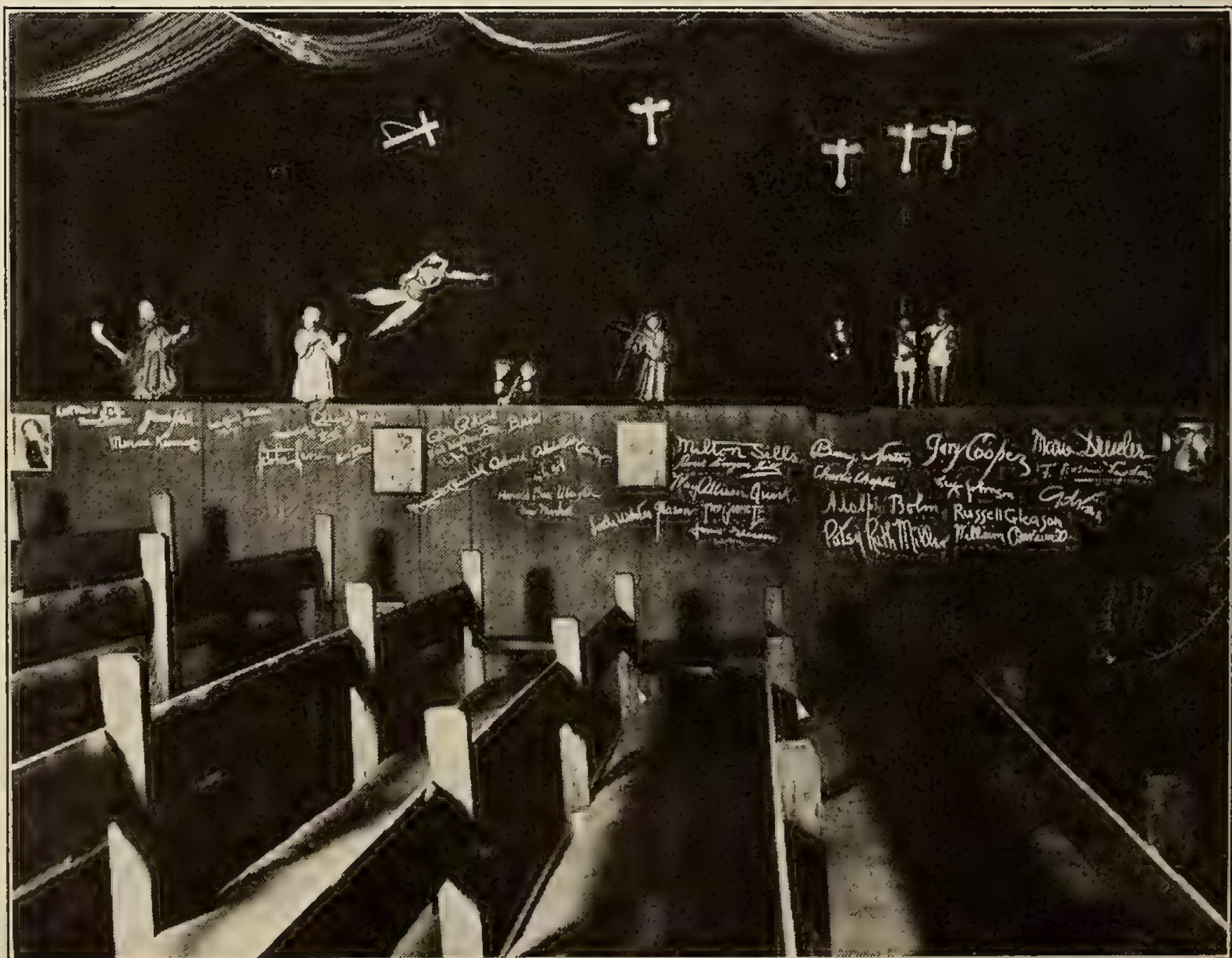
Harold Bell Wright has autographed the wall.

And the well-known evangelist, Aimee McPherson, has a puppet with bright gold hair and flowing robes named for her. It falls on its knees, throws out its arms, takes theatric attitudes and proclaims: "Hallelujah, let's take a collection!"

You might think that Aimee would take exception to so naive a duplicate, but she liked it! She had it brought out to the Temple, where it was shown during a healing service. However, when the belittled Aimee flipped forward on one knee, someone cried: "It's dancing!" in great horror, and the evangelist suavely swept puppet and puppeteer out of sight.

Among the new puppets planned for early production is Marlene Deitrich. Then perhaps we shall be able to find out which girl really looks most like the mystery star of M-G-M, Greta or Marlene?

In the meantime, if you visit California and want to go to the theater of the little bull, reserve your seats. It's sold out every night!



The interior of Teatro Torito, the puppet theater, with its many autographs of the screen stars on the walls.

Not a Ladies' Man

Continued from page 21

stage because I was stage-struck as a high school kid. I did amateur theatricals and liked them. Besides, I felt I had more aptitude for the theater than for anything else. I certainly preferred it to a mercantile career. I abominated mathematics and was best in English. I decided my talents, if any, were for the stage. If I weren't an actor, I think I could direct, or my third choice might be writing."

"Do you think anyone could act, or should they have a certain flair for it?" I asked him.

"I think some could do better than others, certainly. I know I couldn't be a mechanical engineer to save me. Why try?"

William Powell, let's call him Bill, certainly hasn't the reputation of being a ladies' man off the screen. Much has been written about him as the recluse, the aloof and elusive, who prefers going off on yachting trips with Ronald Colman and Richard Barthelmess.

"It's true, I like the companionship of men," he says. "With men you can be yourself. Let down. Be comfortable. They talk the same language, have the same viewpoint. With women, you must be more formal. And besides we like to keep our private lives to ourselves. Because we do not choose to parade our amours, if any, to the show gaze of the public, we are labeled 'women haters.' That is such a farce.

"I think the ideal relationship is between a man and a woman. The one woman, who could be everything to you. It is deeper, more elemental than any friendship could be. I won't say more lasting—but it satisfies the soul hunger, the heart hunger. It's the second most important urge in the world."

An idealist. A one-woman man! William Powell, the sophisticate!

"Perhaps. Certainly I have an 'idea' of the companionship possible with one woman. Not that I expect ever to fully attain that perfect idea, or ideal. It wouldn't be an ideal any more then, would it? But certainly I am optimistic of finding something like the perfection of this idea. In fact, I'm afraid I'm getting

to be an incurable sentimentalist—in my old age!"

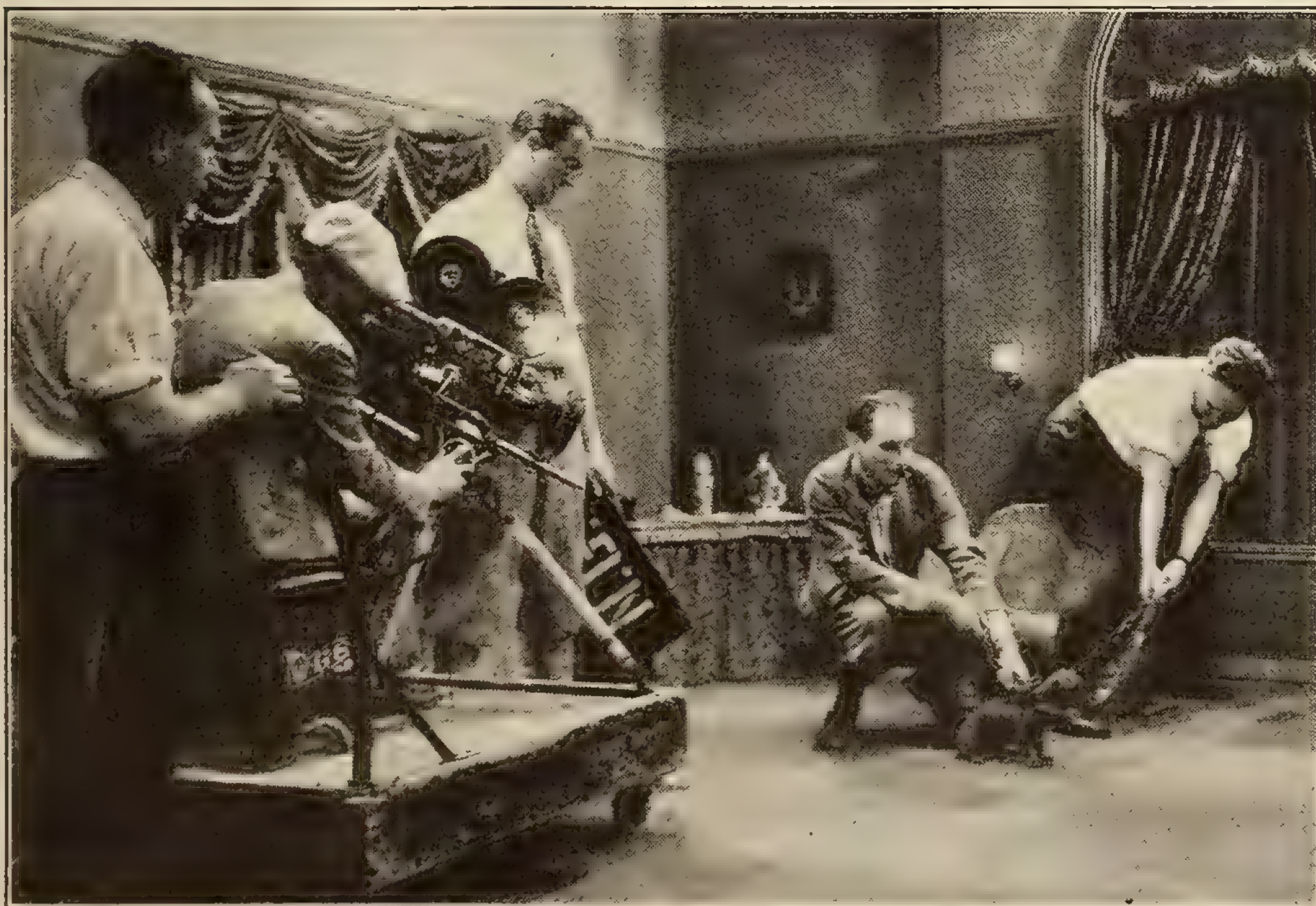
Bill would like to be economically independent so that he could do the things he wants to do. Travel, live with dignity, make a picture or two every year, the kind of story he wants, something that appealed especially to him. Now, whenever his contract doesn't call, he's off exploring places, doing things.

"Between pictures what do I do? Generally, more pictures! No. I like to do something I suddenly take a fancy to do. I spent several months this summer traveling in Europe. I went over with Ronald Colman and Ernest Torrence and his wife. We intended going to Spain and suddenly decided one night the chateau country should be 'done.' We packed and the next day we were off. We had three weeks and then went back to the Riviera. We had no set itinerary. Decided one day to go some place and were off. Vagabonding."

But a civilized vagabondage, I reminded him.

"Not always. Perhaps tomorrow, if I could get away tomorrow, it might be a fishing trip. I like to fish spasmodically. Or a camping trip, something out of doors. Anything just so it isn't a Cook's Tour."

You can see Bill isn't a ladies' man; nor, on the other hand, a big outdoor athlete. He's the polished gentleman of his screen characterizations. And in spite of his modesty in admitting his histrionic abilities, he has made many difficult characters live on the screen. Remember him in "Forgotten Faces," "The Great Gatsby," his *Philo Vance* stories, and "Street of Chance?" Perhaps because he cannot 'feel' *Jamie Darricott* of "Ladies' Man," naturally, comes his reluctance to play such a character. Certainly the *Jamie* as conceived in the novel is not such an admirable person. A gigolo, a handsome wastrel whom women ran after. Supported practically by a wealthy woman and adored to distraction by her own daughter, he was the despair of the men and the darling of the ladies until vengeance found him. But ten to one, Bill Powell makes of "Ladies' Man" another real character.



Jules White and Zion Myers, directors of the 'barkies,' coaching one of the 'stars' for a scene. Note the miniature sets.

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Screen Society

Continued from page 89

far away from them, but the wind changed before it reached their house. And though the boy worked to get things out while the fire was threatening, the little girl slept all through the excitement.

Joe Santley, noted on the stage as dancer, actor and director, may go into the acting end of pictures, he said.

And by the way, the small daughter had a chance to go into pictures, but her dad wouldn't let her. However, she takes after her mother by taking to dancing like a duck to water.

Genevieve Tobin was there, too, with her mother. She had been so happy, she said, to have her mother and her brother and sister-in-law with her. They are going to take a house. There weren't very many young beaux for her at the party, but she is a quiet, old-fashioned sort of girl, and seemed to enjoy her talk with the older people.

That sweet, lovely Ann Harding, whom everybody adores, was present with her husband, Harry Bannister. She talked as usual about her baby daughter. Even in winter time Miss Harding is a little tanned and has a fine, rosy complexion, due to the fact that she works a great deal in her garden at home. And she never wears any make-up, not even any powder!

Grace LaRue, well known to the vaudeville and musical comedy stages, arrived shortly with her husband, Hale Hamilton. Hale is in pictures, and it is just possible that Miss LaRue too may adopt them.

Virginia Harned, once famous on the stage, now in pictures, was among the guests, too. She was the original *Trilby*, you know, on the stage. She and John Barrymore, who is to be starred in the picture, "*Trilby*," when he plays *Svengali*, had had many talks about the old play.

Supper was served, à la buffet, quite late, after which everybody gathered in the big dining room and joined in singing *Old Lang Syne*.

Joe Cawthorn has been making a very big hit in pictures, so that there is little chance of his returning to the stage.

After supper we said hello to Mrs. Leslie Carter, who, by the way, is returning to the stage and David Belasco's management. She is looking fine, and is as fascinating as she can be.

Mr. and Mrs. David Butler were there; Mrs. Winifred Farnum, widow of Dustin Farnum; Donald Crisp, Ralph and Vera Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Crauford Kent, Martin Burton, David Torrence, Philip Klein, son of Charles Klein, noted playwright; Mr. and Mrs. Lumsden Hare, and others.

EDDIE LOWE'S and Lilyan Tashman's Sunday afternoons at home are always delightful, and so when Patsy and I were reminded of the pleasant event, we went over there gladly.

John Davidson went with us, and we found a number of charming people already gathered in that most livable of rooms, the Lowe-Tashman living room.

There is a big fireplace, with upholstered seats at right angles to it, and there we found ensconced the chic Kay Francis and the gallant Kenneth McKenna, who had arrived together. They will be married by the time you read this.

Sandwiches and tea and fruit were loaded on the dining room table, and you helped yourself if you desired, or a maid brought trays of cakes and sandwiches to you as you sat close to the fire.

Kay Francis was living up to her reputation as an unusually well-groomed young

lady by wearing a smart sports suit of dark red. She declared she would like a trip to Paris just to see if there really was going to be any change of fashions.

However, she is rapidly being known for her acting as well as her clothes, and we had a nice little chat about talking pictures.

Dashiell Hammett, author of "*The Maltese Falcon*," was there with his wife, and proved to be a quiet, unostentatious young man, with not a trace of the adventurousness that characterizes his books.

Lilyan Tashman was wearing rose-colored velvet pajamas, so loosely cut that they looked like a divided skirt, really, and a rose velvet jacket. Lilyan always manages to make whatever she is wearing look as though it were exactly the right thing from a fashion standpoint. And it always is!

Bill Haines brought Mae Sunday, and together the two kept everybody shouting with laughter.

Edward Knopf came in shortly afterward. His wife, he said, was in New York, and he was feeling a bit lonely. And when he felt lonely, he declared, came over to see Eddie and Lilyan, because their warm friendliness kindled a glow in his heart. His wife had had to go East to see about some business, he explained.

Jobyna Howland was there, and Walter Hagen, the golf champion, and Lynn Starling, the playwright. Lothar Mendez brought Lady Inverclyde. Jetta Goudal came with her husband, Harold Grieve; and there were David and Myron Selznick, Roland Young, Sol Wurtzel, Barney Glazer, Eileen Percy and others.

"**C**OLONIAL houses all lighted up just do seem like real party houses, don't they?" demanded Patsy, as we journeyed up to the home of Paul Sloane, the director, and his lovely wife, Lillian Sloane, who once on a time, you know, was a grand opera singer. These two charming people were giving a party, and we had been invited.

"If only," Patsy went on, "a colored butler in a long-tailed coat opens the door, it will be perfect."

And there, sure enough, was the colored butler in all his glory!

Mrs. Sloane was looking beautiful in a white evening gown, and she and Paul bade us the pleasantest welcome.

"There are a bride and groom downstairs," Mrs. Sloane whispered to us excitedly, as she accompanied us to her bedroom to 'rest our wraps,' as the colored maid said.

Leni Stengel and Boris Ingster, the Russian director, were the bride and groom in question. They had stolen a march on their friends and got married that day, instead of waiting a week, as they had told everybody they were going to do.

We found the bride wearing a smart black evening gown, but even the black couldn't obscure her radiance. She told us in amused fashion how they had gone to a judge to be wed, and had found him half asleep over a law book, had awakened him and made him perform the ceremony. They aren't going to have a honeymoon until later, but will go to Canada this summer. Miss Stengel is the vamp in "*Beau Ideal*," you know.

We found the big living room full of guests, and as the occasion was Paul's birthday, many gifts were piled in a corner.

Patsy Ruth Miller was there with her husband, Tay Garnett, the director, and

we had a nice chat with her. They had lately returned from Mexico, and had some amusing things to tell us.

"We couldn't speak Spanish," said Patsy "and so when we heard that we were to meet a personage named Pat Healy, we were all ready to fall on his neck and jabber in English. And especially when we saw him, and saw that he was fair and red-headed, we felt that here at last was a haven from all the Spanish we were hearing talked every moment. But alas, he turned out not to be able to speak any English at all! You see, when General Scott left Mexico, a company of his soldiers, Irish, deserted and settled in Mexico. And he was a descendant of one of those Irish soldiers.

"We adored the Mexican people, as they were most hospitable. One custom of theirs is charming, but a bit wearing after a long evening's entertainment. Everybody shakes hands all around when arriving and departing! No matter if a man goes away for an hour and returns, he shakes hands with everybody when he leaves and when he comes back. We decided that the Mexicans are, after all, a very energetic people."

Patsy Ruth is coming back into pictures, you know, just as many other former picture stars, somewhat relegated to the background by the stage stars, are doing.

Kenneth Thomson and his wife were there; and Mr. and Mrs. Crauford Kent, Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, the composers; Mr. and Mrs. Ray Hatton, May Robson, James Creelman, Bertram Milhauser, and many others.

Mildred Harris was there with Leonard Sillman, of the stage and pictures. Mildred has been working very hard of late on her voice and dancing, and is playing in an after-theater show known as the "Eleven-Fifteen Revue."

Her little son is about four years old now, and though she is divorced from her husband, Terry McGovern, she has the little fellow with her all the time. She says he reveals some signs of wanting to be an actor, but is very fond of drawing, too. She has developed greatly from the frivolous, thoughtless child who was married to Charlie Chaplin. That seems a long time ago!

Of course there was some delightful impromptu entertainment at the party. Mrs. Sloane made the announcement quite seriously that a certain noted Hungarian prima donna would appear, assisted by two Hungarian male singers and a Hungarian pianist.

She disappeared and returned clad in a lovely Hungarian costume, which she explained afterward, she had bought from a lady in Budapest during her recent trip there. Then Messrs. Kalmar, Ruby and Steiner all appeared, also wearing Hungarian native costumes, and looking funny enough in them, one must admit, according to our American way of thinking. They sang together most melodiously, doing comic folk songs, and were a riot.

A real gypsy orchestra was one of the features of the evening. Its music is fascinating and stimulating, and one wonders why more gypsy orchestras don't come to this country. It's an idea!

Tune In

Continued from page 62

comers to radio but their place in radio is not only fair, it is fixed.

Since Gibbons flashed upon the microphonic scene as a fast-spouting chronicler of news and adventure in various parts of the world, radio has halted in its welcome of spectacular stars. In the words of the current song it is bidin' its time, waiting for something to turn up, some new personality who will capture the fancy as well as the ears of the public as a score of others have already done. It looks like a long wait.

Of the score of others, of the old-timers, all are exclusively the products of radio with the exceptions of Lopez and Damrosch. All were obscure figures in the entertainment world until the broadcasters seized upon them and made them known wherever radio penetrates.

McNamee was a church baritone when he entered the old studio of WEAf on lower Broadway one day and asked for work. The M. Vallée had been driven from jazz pillar to syncopation post in search of employment before his special style of crooning captivated all ages of women from eighteen to eighty. When the M. Vallée's imitators swarmed upon the air the leader of the crooners, able showman that he is, did not strike an attitude of deploring. He quickly abandoned his amorous tribute to deep night and the vagabond species of lover and with a stein song rode in on the anti-prohibition tide.

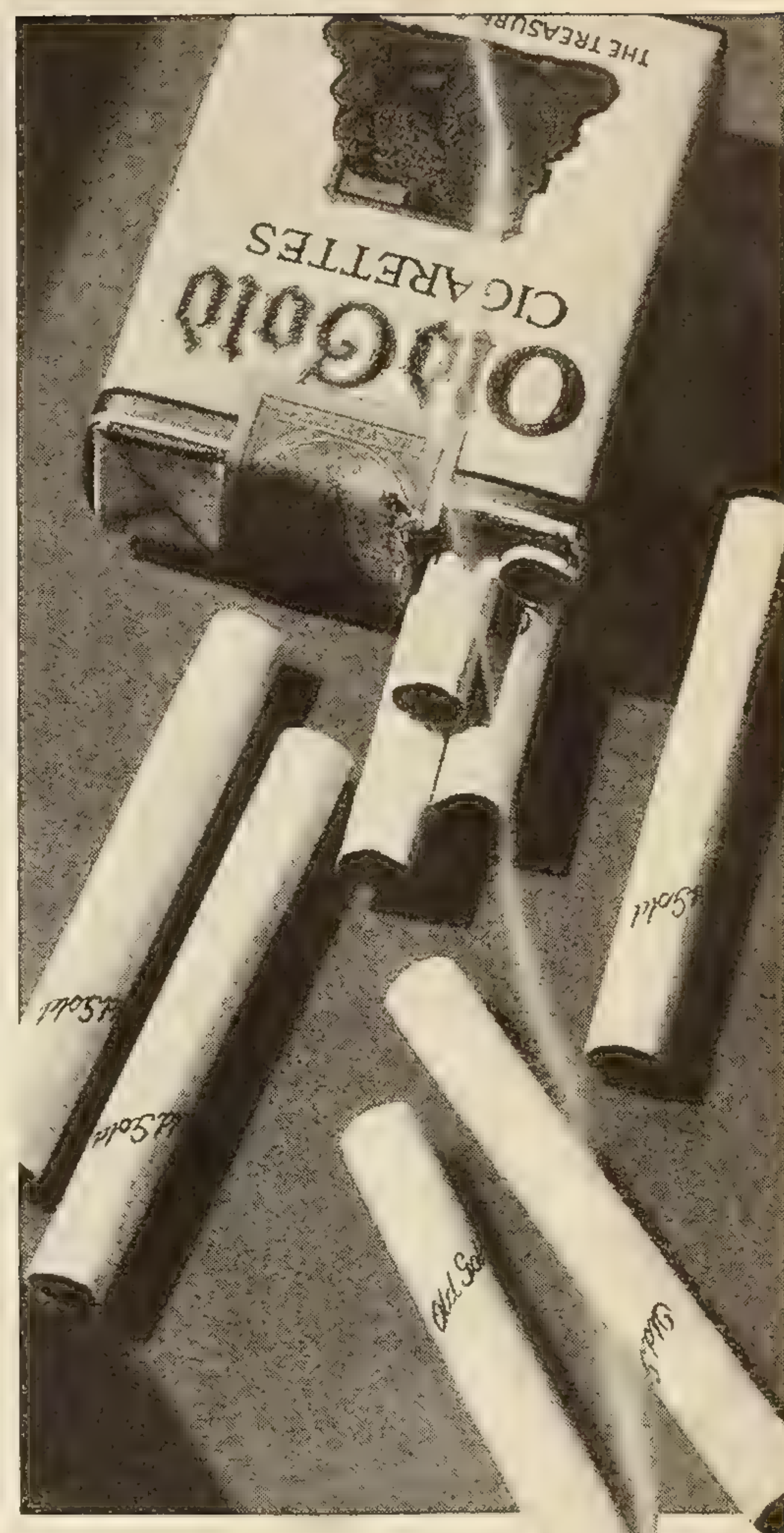
Jones and Hare had had some small measure of success in Broadway revues. Hare had been an understudy to Massa Jolson, such an able one, indeed, that once when the Massa was missing from a per-

formance he assumed the rôle without detection from the customers. Radio brought Hare the fame and fortune he was denied on the stage.



John Boles is going dramatic, not operatic, in "Seed," his next. He has two leading ladies—Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin.

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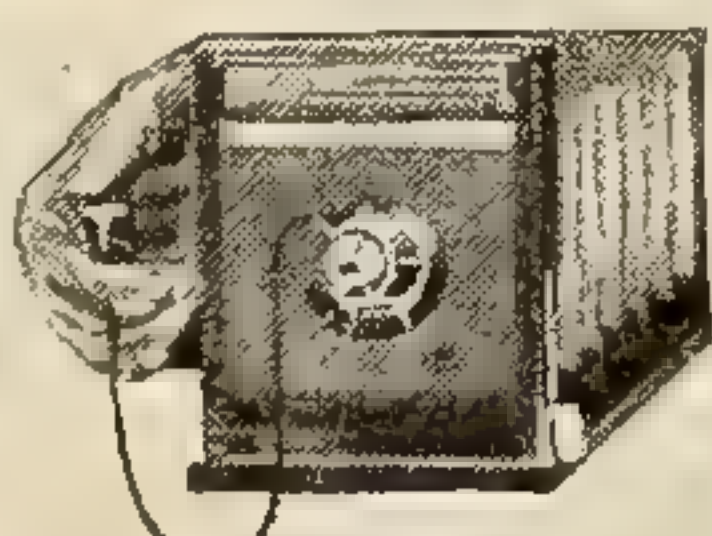
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Likewise, La Dragonette was once the lyric but invisible Angle in "The Miracle" and later, as if to demonstrate her physical substantiality, played the part of the earthly Kathie in "The Student Prince." Radio, too, brought her acclaim that had not been forthcoming from Broadway. Today she is reputed to be the highest paid soprano on the air.

The history of Amos 'n' Andy is familiar. Obscure actors and impresarios of amateur productions in the south, they recognized in radio the promised land to renown and riches. Though they are nearing the end of their second year on the networks, their popularity shows no sign of diminishing. Madame Kazanova is the best known Russian artist on the microphone, airing on violin and to the accompaniment of balalaikas the folk songs of her native land. Dad Pickard was a traveling salesman in the south who used a facility with the harmonica as a means of garnering bigger and better orders before the broadcasters hunted him down with their dotted lines. Today Pickard has his whole family in a radio program, a pro-

gram in which he regularly revives the picturesque jigs of a more primitive America.

Cross, like McNamee, was a church soloist. Husing developed his gift for gab as a salesman of wicker furniture. Cook had been engaged in writing musical shows and Miss Breen had been busy recording ukulele music for the phonographs.

Of the later recruits to radio stardom, Gibbons and Julia Sanderson were, of course, well known before they joined the microphonic hosts. Today, Gibbons, while remembered as a newspaper correspondent, is known primarily as a radio personality. Miss Sanderson has come into a new reward as a sentimental balladeer. Lord and Munday are exclusively radio products.

Radio, like the movies, has developed the majority of its magnificoes. It will continue to do so or we are talking more than ever through our gray derby. It is about time, right now, that some new star appeared in the broadcasting heavens. But even when that time comes the old stars will continue to hold their place. Radio stars are not easily dislodged.

Their Private Wives

Continued from page 20

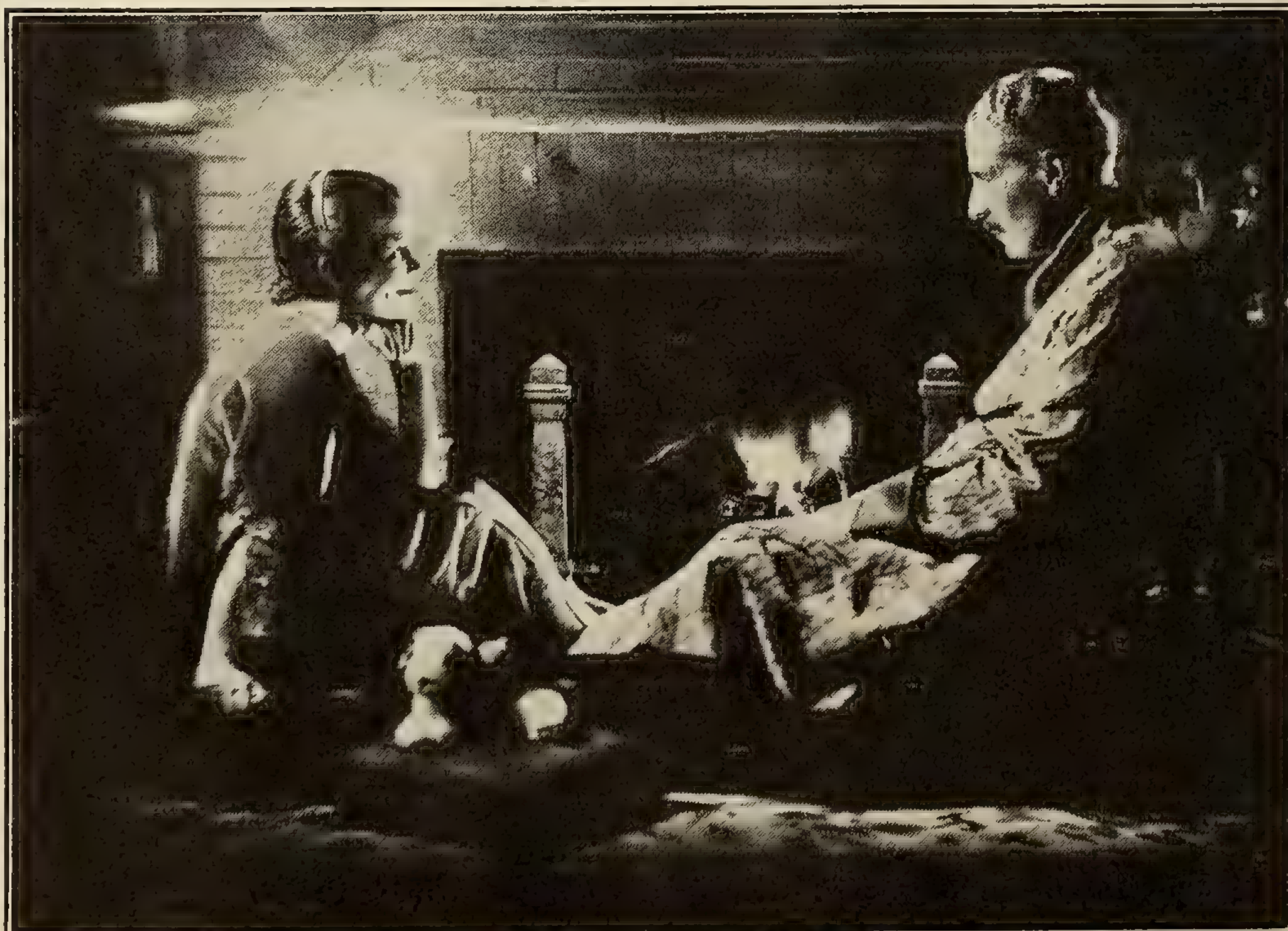
Although Bob Montgomery is so silent about his private wife, we know that she is an extremely pretty girl, who was Elizabeth Bryan-Allen before marrying her Bob. A sister, Martha Bryan-Allen, was well known on the New York stage before she, too, married and retired. The Montgomery heiress is named Martha for her.

Chester Morris' spouse, Sue, is petite and pretty. There are two children who are such grand camera subjects that it's a shame Chester's screen fans won't have a chance to see and admire their photographs. Oh, come on, Chester—ask us over, won't you?

In a general way, however, it's a pretty hectic matter to be a private wife to a

famous star. You are in it but not of it; as it were. You participate in the merest glimmer of the glory, but jolly well share all the responsibilities and calamities to the very hilt.

Such wives often get very restive, as for instance the first Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, who had the strongest objection to backgrounds appertaining to herself. It takes no end of amiable philosophy to be a private wife in Hollywood and an almost divine selflessness to make a genuine success of it. Her husband must be her sun, her moon, and all the electric lights for her life. It's easier when there are children, for the most essential thing for a private wife is plenty of exacting preoccupation!



After a strenuous day at the studio Lawrence Grant sits by the fire with friend wife. She gave up an interior decorating career to be Mrs. Lawrence Grant.

Bachelor of Hearts

Continued from page 88

picture was released 'Such things never happen in a university,' I was to be the living refutation.

"After the picture was over a couple of fellows in my group said: 'Why don't you go out to Hollywood during vacation and look 'em over?'"

"I thought that was an excellent idea and did go. Only when my vacation was over I couldn't leave. I was badly bitten by the Hollywood bug. But for a year I could get nothing to do—just playing bits here and there—until suddenly 'Devil's Holiday' came along. And what with Nancy Carroll, Edmund Goulding, and a good story, to say nothing of the fields of waving corn—I woke up one morning and found my name on the dotted line of a contract.

"From that moment on, every producer seemed to want me to work in a picture—after a year of nobly concealing their eagerness. I finished 'Devil's Holiday' one Saturday afternoon at five o'clock. Started another picture that same night at nine. Finished one for Fox at two o'clock one day, started at Warner's the next morning. Worked there twenty days and began the next noon at Columbia on 'The Criminal Code.' Remained until the picture was completed—eight-thirty one Tuesday night—and then dashed off the lot with a police escort to catch the eight-forty train for New York. Missed it. Didn't reach New York until Saturday morning. Began work that afternoon and have been on the go ever since. So you can see how much good I'd be to a wife.

"The trouble is you get so wrapped up in your work you forget everything. It is the most selfish profession in the world for if you want to be any good you've got to give all of yourself to your films and if you do that—where does a wife or a family come in?

"I got so excited when I played the sailor in 'Her Man' I could think of nothing else. It was my first tough part and I was crazy about it. Nobody believed I could do it. Everyone said: 'Gee, Phil, you won't be any good as a sailor.' But it comes natural for even the most conservative person to have his tough moments! The chief difficulty I had was to get my voice right. I had to have a certain tough tone which can only be gotten by adopting a peculiarly nasal quality. After I had that down, I enjoyed the picture more than anything I've ever experienced in my life. Particularly the scrap which put twelve people in the hospital. That film was realistic, all right. But any good melodrama is, for it goes back to primitive living.

"It was sheer luck that got me into pictures, and looking back over my life I've been lucky all along except for one mishap which occurred the day I was born. My mother was on her way from the West back to New York where I was to have made my first personal appearance. But being a premature infant even then, I decided to come into the world in Grand Rapids, Michigan, instead. And you can imagine the blow that was to my Broadway Thespian parents! However, it was a great bit of luck being born into a stage family for, no matter what people say about talent not being inherited, after all there's a certain sensitiveness which a son of artistic parents is bound to have handed down to him. He's bound to be the same type of emotional being. But a son of an already famous actor has to work like the devil before people are willing to admit he can stand on his own.

"Although I had absorbed a certain amount of stage technique from watching my father all these years, when I went to Hollywood I had to learn that most important part of all screen acting—how to project myself. How much to give out—how much to hold in. When you're before the mike you can't tell if you're any good. You have to see your scenes 'played back' first. When you're actually before the cameras you get so tied up in your part that you're apt to overdo it. It's only by keeping a tight rein on your emotions that you can give a good performance. Which seems strange to outsiders since most of them think it's by cutting loose and letting your emotions carry you along that you earn the great big villa in Beverly Hills and that large red roadster!"

Of all the women in screenland, Holmes likes Swanson best. "Gloria has a magnificent mind and she exudes a certain romantic flavor which is absolutely fascinating to me," he explains.

Gary Cooper and Dick Arlen are his pick among the men. For sport he likes flying but doesn't know one gadget from another. He's not one bit mechanical. He has no hobbies. Doesn't care to read. Doesn't play the piano—or the zither. Can't work himself into a froth of excitement over golf, tennis or polo. But he does like athletic girls with nice sun-tanned skin who don't insist upon *his* being athletic! Nice, good-natured girls whose idea of a swell afternoon is to sit by his side on the Pacific sand and listen to the rollers breaking on the more or less stern cinema coast.



How much does a comedienne weigh? Daphne Pollard has the weight of many Educational comedies on her shoulders but she supports them nobly.

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BAYER ASPIRIN

What Makes a Girl Popular?

Continued from page 98

plaining. Laugh and we'll all laugh with you, but weep and you weep alone; is their usual attitude. Cheerio!

Don't be so unintelligent as to be envious of your friend's good looks or clothes. And don't try to make yourself into her type or anybody's type. Gentlemen may sometimes seem to prefer blondes but brunettes have a good chance, too, and so have red-headed girls!

I remember a demure little blonde with curly hair and peaches and cream complexion. She used light rouge and powder to go with her skin and when other girls became sleek-haired she let hers continue to fluff. But as she grew older she became more modern, and feeling that nature had typed her she envied her taller, darker, more sophisticated friends who conveyed by their appearance that they were all grown up and knew their way about. So she modeled her hair into sleek, graceful lines, darkened her light brows and deepened her flesh tones with skilfully blended powder. Her cheeks were unrouged but a vivid lipstick gave sophistication to her curving mouth. She changed her style of dress which had been charmingly feminine and wore slender tailored suits and smart little hats.

But, a man whom she liked very much and who liked her *because* of her old-fashioned femininity was puzzled at the change in her appearance and frankly disapproved. "What's the idea?" he wanted to know. "You used to be in a class by yourself. Now, you look exactly like every other girl I know." So, not too promptly or too obviously, as it's never wise to let a man know you're trying to hold him, she let her hair go fluffy again, went back to the skirts and sweaters that became her so well, back to pink rouge and powder.

Be individual, Leonora! In a class by yourself. With red hair and green eyes you're in luck because yours is a most interesting type and with infinite possibilities. Bring all your cleverness into play. Wear

green and black. When you want to be particularly devastating wear reddish brown to bring out the red in your hair, with green accessories to make your eyes look greener. In the evening wear creamy white with green earrings and necklace. Be glad and proud of your lovely friend and her endearing ways. Be glad you have a devoted boy friend and a job and are making good. Never mind about lack of leisure. Leisure is all right if one knows how to use it, but how many do? A bird in a gilded cage, a flock of gold fish swimming about in a shiny, iridescent bowl are nice to look at but who wants to be one of them?



Betty Compson is blonde, beautiful and charming—all the attributes that make a girl popular.

The Talkie Teetotalers!—Charles Chaplin

Continued from page 32

may be marred for Charlie Chaplin.

"Smart little fellows, you know—regular little Chaplins," grins this proud papa, whose most important endeavor these days is to keep up with the kids.

But then Charlie always was a wonder with children. During the war days Charlie drove me home after a party. My small boy was in bed, with a little friend his own age. They woke up when we entered, and soon we heard the usual, "I want a drink of water!"

Charlie stood entranced. Right there I went up many points in his estimation. He begged to be allowed to get the drink of water, and later sat on their bed telling them marvelous stories—at midnight! When they realized it was indeed the real Charlie Chaplin in the flesh, even if he hadn't his funny boots on, their excitement knew no bounds. Can't you imagine what grand times Charlie has with his own precious two?

This celebrated papa says he is studying up on children, but all the same he hasn't the slightest intention of trying to mould

their characters. He is, he says, only learning how to be a good father, not to cultivate parental possessiveness. He's doing his best to see that they are healthy in mind and body, and humbly hopes things will turn out all right.

In spite of his two unsuccessful marriages, Charlie has always oozed family affection. No mother ever had more fond attention and genuine love than Charlie's mamma, whom he was able to raise from dire poverty—even unto bread lines—to almost queenly glory. The change was too much for the old darling, and finally her mind broke under the strain—only to have a more devoted Charlie than ever lavish every possible care and affection upon her. The United States Government itself was prevailed upon to recognize the ties of filial love and stretch the immigration laws a wee bit in the cause of humanity.

So through all the excitement of launching "City Lights" upon an expectant world, all the doubt and anxiety of testing his faith in silent drama in competition with the talkies, Charlie took time off to keep in touch with his boys.

Fashion's Made a Star Out of Mary!

Continued from page 63

contracts.' No written agreement of her status, her salary or anything. She just laughs about it.

"I just discovered," she is amused, "that my old contract has run out and my new one doesn't start for a week or so yet, so now I'm working—oh, under the old arrangement, I guess, but if my director and I had a falling out, wouldn't that be too bad for Mary!" And this from a Hollywood star where business is business and you demand things down in black and white!

It was just a little more than a year ago that Kenneth Hawks went down to an untimely death during the filming of "Such Men Are Dangerous." For months Mary was confined to her home with a nervous breakdown. Weeks of a milk diet. Then back to the movie lots to a broader, fuller career. "Holiday." "Adios," with Richard Barthelmess, and the cycle of fashion has whirled around again—to Mary!

Away back in 1921 her very first picture was "Beggar Maid," a wistful, shy little heroine. That was the character Mary

was to portray for many pictures to come.

Her first big recognition came as the sweet ingénue in "The Bright Shawl." Never did she do the flaming youth parts. Colleen Moore was then high in the cinematic heavens.

Remember her with John Barrymore in "Beau Brummel?" Remember her in "Don Q" with Douglas Fairbanks? In "The Rough Riders" she was again the sweet, appealing heroine. All honors for Mary, but not great honors.

Then came the era of the flappers.

The going was not so good. She tried the high stepping kind of rôle. "Dressed to Kill," "Dry Martini," "Romance of the Underworld," "Lady from Hell." Mary wasn't that kind of girl. Applause was not for her. Alice White, Joan Crawford, Clara Bow held the stage. Mary was lost in the wilds of Cinemawood.

But Mary has become the woman the young girl promised, and a new age is here. Mary has come into her own.

So give a hand to the new star, 1931 style. Mary is on the crest of the wave!

Ask Me

Continued from page 101

Winslow B. of Hawaii. We do not send out pictures of the screen stars but if you'll write to them, using the addresses you'll find in SCREENLAND and ask for a photograph, you may get what you're looking for. But don't blame me if you don't write a 'come-hither' letter.

S. S. S. What intriguing combination have you concealed in your initials or is it a stuttering habit hard to break? "Lights Out" was released in 1923 with Ruth Stonehouse but I have no record of her leading man. Lon Chaney passed away August 26, 1930. You may be able to obtain a photograph of him by writing Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Sweet Sixteen. I'm not supposed to give advice on etiquette or beauty culture but here is a quiet tip before the Editor catches me. If you want to play the piano, don't get a finger wave. Roland Drew appears in "Ex-Flame," adapted from the novel "East Lynne," with Neil Hamilton, Marian Nixon, Norman Kerry and Cornelius Keefe. Roland is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair, dark grey eyes and is about 27 years old. He is not on contract to any one company.

Rose N. D. Charles Rogers was born August 13, 1905, has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He is not married or engaged. His next picture is "Along Came Youth" with Frances Dee and Stuart Erwin. John Mack Brown was born Sept. 1, 1904. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black curly hair and brown eyes. He is in "The Great Meadow" with Eleanor Boardman.

Mercedes K. William Collier, Jr., is one of the busiest players in pictures, having appeared in many of the banner films in the past two years or more. He was born Feb. 12, 1903, in New York City. He is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Not married. He has been active in stage and screen work about 16 years. He is in "Cimarron" with Richard Dix, Irene

Dunne, Estelle Taylor. He's known as 'Buster.'

Nicholas G. A list of screen stars who have had stage experience would take too much space but I'll give you a few. Clive Brock, Nils Asther, Richard Dix, Robert Ames, Robert Armstrong, George K. Arthur, George Bancroft, Joe E. Brown, Wallace Beery, John Boles, Charlie Chaplin, Charlie Chase, Lew Cody, Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes, Neil Hamilton, Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel. I could go on to the end of time but time's up.

Helen Jean C. Karl Dane is very much alive and is likely to bob up in most any picture to supply the comedy relief. He is co-starring with George K. Arthur in short comedies. He had a fine chance to do some 'funny business' in "A Lady's Morals" with Grace Moore and Reginald Denny. Karl was born Oct. 12, 1886, in Copenhagen, Denmark. He is 6 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 205 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes.

Sophia B. I'm sure Constance Bennett never played in "Ten Scars Make a Man" with Jack Mulhall—I can't locate such a film and the delicious Connie would look askance at such a suggestion. She is 23 years old and the sister of Joan who is 20. Connie has golden hair and blue eyes. She's in "Sin Takes a Holiday" with Kenneth MacKenna and Basil Rathbone; and "The Easiest Way," with Bob Montgomery and Adolphe Menjou.

Larry. I wouldn't call you silly for being madly in love with Clara Bow—there are many others who are 'this way and that' about her. She once played opposite Glenn Hunter of stage fame in "Grit," a silent picture. She has been one of Paramount's stars for a long time. Her latest release is "No Limit." Her new one will be "Working Girl."

Blue Eyes. Does Ramon Novarro like blondes and brunettes? I wouldn't be surprised for Ramon is a very discriminating

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person. He was born Feb. 6, 1900, in Durango, Mexico. He is devoted to music, playing the violin, piano and organ, as well as composing. He is also an accomplished dancer, having appeared on the stage with a famous dancing act, when he first came to the United States.

Ivan A. You want to give the Vee Dee Department a big hand, do you? I need many a big hand to answer all the questions you fans ask. Nils Asther hasn't made a picture since "The Sea Bat." I'll let you know through my department when he signs for a new picture.

Kit of Penna. You want me to settle a heated argument over the color of Colleen Moore's eyes. Your friend is right, Colleen has one blue and one brown eye, though they photograph the same color. Colleen and Tom and Owen Moore are not related; neither are Joan and Kathryn Crawford or Barbara and Larry Kent.



Charles Rogers with Anny Ann, Continental screen star, at the Paramount Studios near Paris.

Movie Fan from N. Y. John Gilbert is one of Utah's boys who made good in a big way in Hollywood and the rest of the world. He is 33 years old, was married to Leatrice Joy in 1923, and their daughter was born Sept. 6, 1924. Leatrice divorced him; and on May 9, 1929, John married Ina Claire. His real name is John Pringle. Douglas Fairbanks' real name is Ullman. He was born May 23, 1884, in Denver, Colorado.

Carl L. In case you haven't heard, Joan Crawford's name has become household word, like Santa Claus, Am 'n' Andy and what not. Joan's next picture will be a distinct departure from her previous rôles as portrayed in "Modern Maidens" and "Blushing Brides." In "Paid," her new film with William Bakewell, Robert Armstrong, Marie Prevost and Polly Moran, she has her first emotional heavy rôle. And she's splendid. Later, of course, she'll do more of her popular Whoopee films, following up the "Brides" series. What will it be next, Joan—"Our Dashing Divorcees?"

M. B. of N. O. If you are movie-mad as you say, we have a lot in common and I don't care who knows it. Yes, it's true that Richard Arlen has a young daughter by a former marriage. Charles Farrell is an only son as far as I know. Hedda Hopper is 5 feet 4 inches tall; Jobyna Ralston is 5 feet 1 inch; Nancy Carroll is 5 feet 4 inches; Lupe Velez is 5 feet 2 inches and Lloyd Hughes, 6 feet tall and weighs 155 pounds.

New Haven Friend. Will I let you write again? Try and stop me from not stopping your correspondence! Hugh Allan, whose family name is Hughes, was born Nov. 5, 1903, in Oakland, Cal. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. His first screen appearance was in "Sally" in 1924—that is, the first and silent version, with Colleen Moore. "Morocco" introduces Paramount's newest sensation from Germany, Marlene (pronounced Mar-la-na) Dietrich, who will cause many a male heart to flutter.

Charlotte E. With thousands of extras working in films who step out and do a song, a dance and a bit of funny business, I would have to have a more detailed description than you've given, to establish their identity. Victor McLaglen and Mona Maris appear in one of Vic's latest releases, "A Devil with Women."

Buddy W. You can find Betty Compson's address in Write to the Stars Department, see page 99, a service our readers will welcome. You will see Betty in "The Boudoir Diplomat" with Ian Keith, Mary Duncan and Jeanette Loff; and in "She Got What She Wanted" with Lee Tracy, Gaston Glass and Alan Hale.

Elaine K. You're right, I'm not an advisor, a casting director or what have you and to ask me about getting into pictures is simply futile, that's all! If I knew the answer I'd break in myself. Ronald Colman is in "Raffles" with Kay Francis. Bebe Daniels' next will be "My Past", with Ben Lyon in support.

Miss I. S. Sorry I don't know the birthdays of Clive Brooks' children—I have more fun keeping the dates of your favorite stars' natal days and I'd laugh myself to death if I tried to keep up with the kiddies, too. Clive Brooks' next film is "East Lynn" with Ann Harding, Conrad Nagel and J. M. Kerrigan. Mr. Brook was borrowed from Paramount and Miss Harding from Pathé for this Fox film.

Bubbles. So you're just bursting with joy over the thought of seeing your favorite, Robert Montgomery, in his next picture, "Inspiration," with Greta Garbo. That's something to feel all this and that over, isn't it? Richard Dix is still among the interesting but not missing single men.

Helen of Detroit. You only want to ask a few questions, do you? Can I depend on that? Fie, fie, how should I know who has the prettiest legs in Hollywood? After all, does it matter so much? I nominate Marlene Dietrich as a runner-up for the honor, anyway. Ruth Roland is the wife of Ben Bard. I do not know her age but I know she doesn't look it. Both Bards are now in vaudeville.

R. O. L. So you are the one who has been following me for a long time—step a bit lively or you'll never catch up with my shadow. Where have you been not to know Sue Carol is still in pictures? Her

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latest release is "Check and Double Check" with Amos 'n' Andy, Irene Rich, and Charles Morton.

Elizabeth A. B. The whole movie fan world was all hot and bothered over Janet Gaynor's long absence from the screen but now everything is 'hoitsy-toitsy' and the little Gaynor will be seen with Charlie Farrell in "The Man Who Came Back."

Balie A. You are not alone in your warm admiration of Robert Montgomery—he has a wife and a baby who are 'rooting' for him, too. One of his latest releases is "War Nurse" with Anita Page, Marie Prevost, Zasu Pitts, Martha Sleeper and Robert Ames. Sorry I can't give you his home address. His wife might not like it. Besides, I don't know it.

Eddie Lowe Fan. Edmund Lowe had the record of being the youngest member of the Santa Clara University faculty from which he graduated in the Law Department. He was a noted baseball player as well as a fine student. He was on the stage three years before going into pictures. He has never played anything but leads—his first was with Dorothy Dalton in 1918. He is in "Scotland Yard" with Joan Bennett.

Star Couple: Intimate View

Continued from page 29

without ceremonies. That *Without a Song* and *Great Day* are lost to the screen is a minor tragedy. They were torchy tunes of the first fire.

Which brings us to the announcement of Joan's next 1931 picture—"Torch Song," a dramatic affair that flared briefly this past Fall on Broadway. In it Joan will impersonate a Salvation Army lassie who forgets her tambourine in the arms of a travelling salesman. The screen version will probably metamorphose her into a Park Avenue debutante in love with her uncle's chauffeur. "Torch Song" will still be a good title. Things are figured out that way in Hollywood.

When speaking of his own career, Fairbanks, Jr., was inclined to be a trifle dour. Following "Dawn Patrol" he had been promised big things—even stardom. So he was disappointed to find himself engaged in "One Night at Susie's" with Billie Dove. It seems that it is the custom when playing opposite Miss Dove to use only the back of one's head. Then there was "Little Caesar"—a good story, Doug pointed out, on which he was employed seven weeks. "But I worked only six days. A bit. Gee!"

"I know exactly how it feels," said Joan. "They were all set to star me. Then just to keep me from losing my head, they put me in a Tim McCoy picture. Horse opera. And I hate horses!"

Audite Colbert was expected for tea in the afternoon, which moved me to tell of our tryst in a cup-custard peakeasy, already familiar to the readers of SCREENLAND.

This led the young couple to ask that very soon I show them some of the more genteel speakies, upholstered and elegant. "Not that we'll drink," said Doug. "But we want to see what they're like."

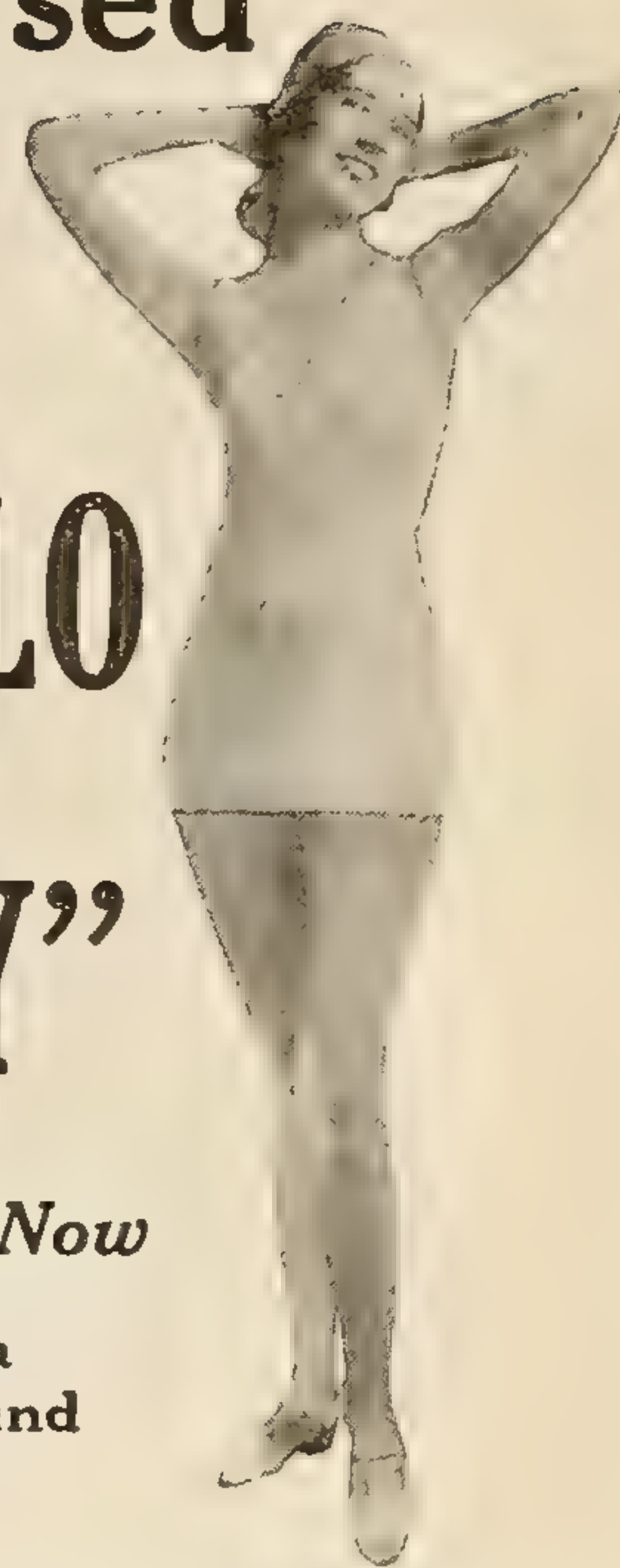
Well, I told you that they were a nice couple!

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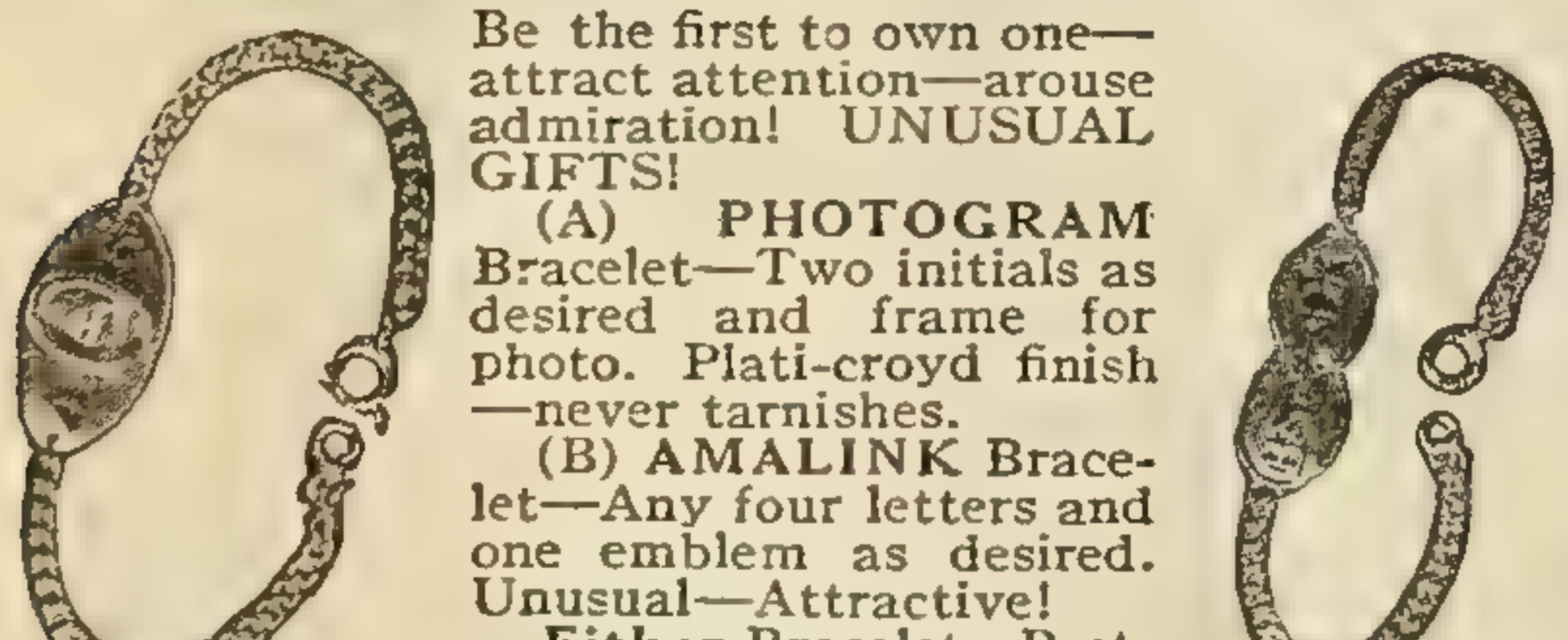
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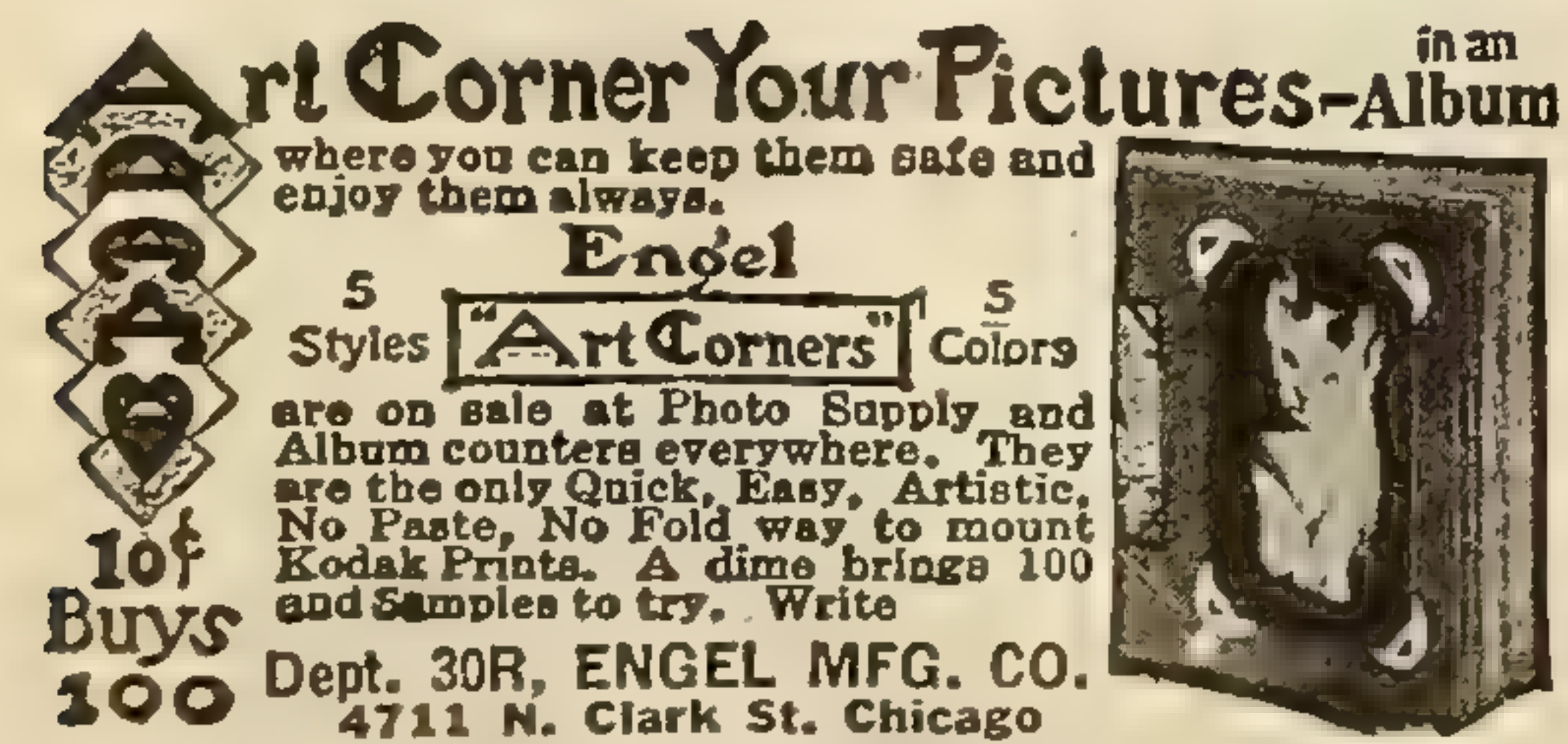
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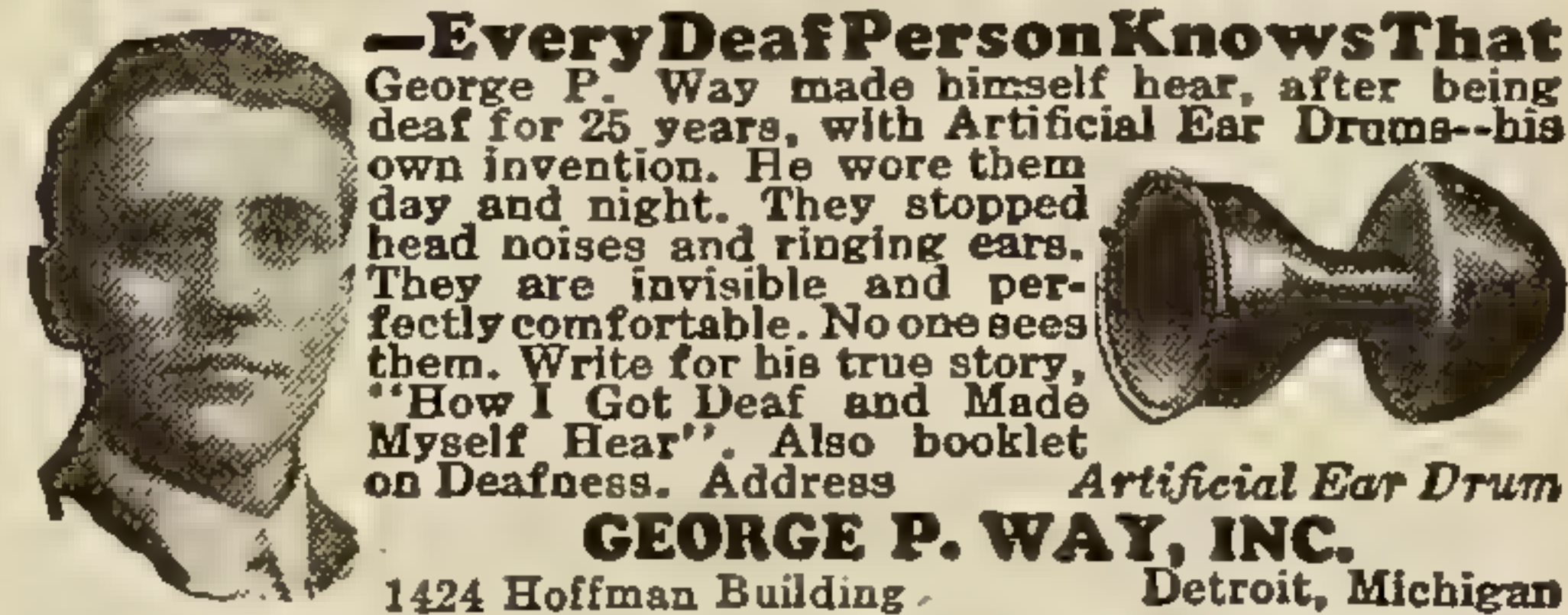
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Beau Gallant Forbes

Continued from page 66

So that makes him practically American, he contends. Even now he talks like us except for an unintrusive and authentic British accent. His mother, also of stage fame, lived on this side of the Atlantic for years, and he himself while still in school, made several trips to the United States, so he understands American ways and speech. At school, he confesses, they even called him 'the Yankee'!

"When I first came over," he says, "I understood America better than America understood me. But when I came West for the first time I must have been pretty much of a 'sap.' For instance, I thought a cow-boy was a valet or something!"

He was born in good old London, the crown of the Thames. He received his formal education in Denstone College. His family was opposed to his going on the stage. He was destined for the law. But the footlights winked to him.

"Of course," he tells you, "the acting profession is recognized and respected in England now. But it was only in King Edward's time that a law was repealed which made it unlawful for 'strolling players' to act without a special grant from the King. It was a dead law, hundreds of years old, which had never been taken from the statutes. In those unlightened days when a king could do no wrong, if a stroller was caught performing without such a royal grant, his ears were cut off summarily! Lupino Lane's—the little comedian's—family had such a grant from the King centuries ago!"

But Ralph decided that débutantes were without color and that actresses were the most charming women in the world, so he became an actor! Isn't that a 'beau geste'?

He came to New York for a short time originally to play in "Havoc" at the Maxine Elliott Theater. But he met Ruth Chatterton and that played havoc with him! He'd sworn to be a bachelor, but nine weeks later he married her. That was in 1926. He has never gone back to England. Not even to visit!

He thinks New York is incomparable to any other city. Hectic. Gargantuan. London is more of a typical English town than New York is American. Manchester and Liverpool are typical English cities that are comparable to our Pittsburgh and Chicago. San Francisco is more like London than any other American city. And Hollywood like nothing else in the world. But life in Hollywood is just the same. You have the same friends, do the same things, talk of the same things. No orgies here!

Ralph's stage career began in 1922. It was then he made his first movie in England. Then he went on the stage in London, appearing in "The Flame" and "Far Above Rubies."

Then came his trip to New York to play in "Havoc." He remained to play in "The Little Minister" and "Magnolia Lady." And more recently in Los Angeles in "The Green Hat" and "The Swan."

His first prominent screen rôle was that of John Geste in "Beau Geste." Since then he has been one of the screen's most sought-after leading men. The talkies were no menace to him, equipped with a bona fide English accent and all. He has been seen in "Mamba," "Inside the Lines," and "Her Wedding Night" with Clara Bow. He played with Ruth Chatterton in "The Lady of Scandal." He is enthusiastic about his new-old rôle of John Geste.

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Revueettes

Continued from page 6

THE WIDOW FROM CHICAGO. First National. A fairly interesting film of gunmen with Edward G. Robinson, Alice White and Neil Hamilton.

UNDER SUSPICION. Fox. A Mounted Police yarn with songs and forest fires and Lois Moran and J. Harold Murray. Fair.

Short Features

ANYTHING BUT HAM. Paramount. A comedy about a butcher and a banker with Smith and Dale. Doesn't quite make the grade.

A TOYLAND TALE. Fables-Pathe. The old story of the dolls in the toymaker's shop, but well done.

CLEANING UP. Universal. Slapstick comedy with Chester Conklin in a 'white wing' role. Slow moving and not particularly funny.

DON'T LEAVE HOME. Educational. Johnny Hines brings out his old gags in this one but you'll enjoy it nevertheless.

FISHERMAN'S PARADISE. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A fish story that you won't find boring. Something 'reel-ly' different. See it.

HELLO RUSSIA. Universal. Slim Summer-ville and Eddie Gribbon soldiering in Russia with Lucille Hutton getting all the 'attention.' Funny.

HIGH C. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Charley Chase does some good yodeling in this and, of course, his comedy is okay.

MARRIAGE ROWS. Educational. Lloyd Hamilton in a rib-tackling domestic comedy with Al St. John and Addie McPhail.

NINE NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM. Tiffany. A very entertaining comedy with an all-chimp cast. Good plot and lots of laughs.

ONE GOOD TURN. Vitaphone. A light drama, with songs by Ruth Etting neatly woven in to make a pleasing whole.

POLITICS. Vitaphone. George Jessell corking in a first-rate short. Fine comedy with a nice touch of sentiment.

SERVICE STRIPES. Vitaphone. A good comedy with a war background and Joe Penner supplying the laughs in fine style.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS. Universal. A series of oddities on the 'Believe it or not' order. Very interesting and entertaining.

TAKE YOUR MEDICINE. Educational. A color comedy with Andy Clyde as a hypochondriac. This proves to be the wrong machine for Andy or anyone else.

THE SHINDIG. Columbia. A cartoon comedy of the barn-yard style. Good entertainment for the kiddies.

UP A TREE. Educational. A slapstick comedy about marathon dancing, tree-sitting and what have you, with Lloyd Hamilton cavorting.

Casts of Current Films

Continued from page 97

Marjorie Rambeau; Ben, J. Farrell MacDonald; Agnes, Clara Blandick; Nick, Clark Gable.*

"THE GANG BUSTER." Paramount. From an original story by Percy Heath. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: Cyclone Charlie Case, Jack Oakie; Sylvia Martine, Jean Arthur; Sudden Slade, William Boyd; Andrew Martine, William Morris; Gopher Brant, Tom Kennedy; Zella, Wynne Gibson; Pete Caltek; Francis McDonald; Carle, Albert Conti; Falkner, Harry Stubbs; Sammy, Ernie Adams.*

"THE GREAT MEADOW." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the novel by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Adapted by Charles Brabin and Edith Ellie; Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: Berk Jarvis, John Mack Brown; Diony Hall, Eleanor Boardman; Elvira Jarvis, Lucille La Verne; Betty Hall, Anita Louise; Evan Muir, Gavin Gordon; Reuben Hall, Guinn Williams; Thomas Hall, Russell Simpson; Mistress Hall, Sarah Padden; Sally Tolliver, Helen Jerome Eddy.*



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SHE'S the newest blonde. And her name's Blondell! Both the blonde and the Blondell are real.

She is five feet four inches tall, with grey eyes and hair the color of corn-silk in the sun. And she's the hottest little dynamo in that torrid little town of Hollywood.

Perhaps you saw her as the breezy sister of Dorothy Mackaill in "Office Wife." You will see her again in "Illicit," "Other Men's Women," "My Past," and "When the Devil Was Sick." Before these pictures were out of the Warner Studio projection room production officials threw their hats in the air in honor of Joan Blondell and trotted out the well-known contract for her to sign.

She is new to the screen, but not to the stage. A property trunk was her cradle. At the age of four months her father carried her on the stage of the Globe Theater in "The Greatest Love." Since that time she has been on the stage for all of the twenty-odd years of her interesting life. Her favorite stage rôle is *Etta* in George Kelly's play, "Maggie the Magnificent."

She has played tank towns in China with repertory companies, split weeks in Australia, one-night stands in Germany. She has been a circus hand, a clerk in a New York department store for the shortest period any one ever held a job—fifteen minutes—and now she is on the road to movie stardom.

Joan was born in New York City in 1909. She attended the College of Industrial Arts and she did her bit on the swimming team. She wanted to get school all washed up in a hurry and start work, so she shipped to Australia and that, my dears, was the beginning of her career.

When the globe-trotting era of her life finished she came to New York and secured a rôle in the stage play, "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Her fine work led to a screen contract. Her earliest movie ambition was to play opposite Frank Fay—and that ambition is now



She has played tank towns in China, split weeks in Australia, one-night stands in Germany. And now she's a screen feature!

being realized for she is playing opposite Fay in "The Devil was Sick." Her favorite rôle to date is in "My Past," with Bebe Daniels.

Her present ambition is to be a combination of Ruth Chatterton and Helen Hayes. Her favorites of the screen are Ruth Chatterton and James Cagney; and of the stage, Helen Hayes and Leslie Howard. Her favorite playwright is George Kelly and George Gershwin is her favorite composer.

She prefers the screen to the stage, declaring "There is more money in the movies. Not that money is everything!"

She does not do anything in particular to keep fit. She likes to take long walks and she enjoys swimming. She doesn't bother much with beauty formulas, but washes her teeth with peroxide and water once a week, and uses the Amos 'n' Andy brand of toothpaste between times. Her pet economy is to shampoo and dress her hair herself.

She dislikes beets, bridge, diets, getting sand in her fingernails, masculine mashers and ritzy people. She is in favor of domesticity and declares it is very nice to go to a 'real home' after a day's work at the studio. To date there is no 'Mr. Blondell.' Which is entirely her own fault!

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